

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

JUNE, 1883.

CONTENTS.

1. A PERSONAL VISIT TO DISTRESSED IRELAND. Part I. <i>By the Editor</i>	153
2. BOTANICAL TRANSGRESSORS. <i>By Rev. W. Strappini</i>	176
3. A MODERN ECSTASIA. <i>By A. M. Clarke</i>	184
4. DRIED LAVENDER. <i>By May Probyn</i>	198
5. THE SUPPRESSION OF POISONOUS UTTERANCES. <i>By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, M.A.</i>	200
6. ANNE BOLEYN AND MARY TUDOR. <i>By the Rev. Joseph Stevenson</i>	211
7. ALESSANDRO MANZONI. <i>By Agostino Olivieri, LL.D.</i>	228
8. BIRDS AND THEIR HOMES. <i>By M. Bell</i>	234
9. FRENCH DIPLOMACY UNDER THE EMPIRE. <i>By the Rev. William Loughnan</i>	250
10. A HUSBAND'S STORY	256
<i>Chapters XII., XIII.</i>	
REVIEWS	276
1. The History of Mary Stewart. <i>By Claude Nau.</i> 2. Cromwell in Ireland. <i>By the Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J.</i> 3. Patron Saints. <i>By Eliza Allen Starr.</i>	
4. Hymni Usitati Latine Redditi. <i>By J. A. Lawson, LL.D.</i> 5. The Life of St. John Baptist de Rossi. <i>Translated by Lady Herbert.</i> 6. The Supernatural in Nature. <i>By J. W. Reynolds, M.A.</i> 7. A Woman of Culture. <i>By John Talbot Smith.</i> 8. The Golden Chersonese and the Way Thither. <i>By Isabella L. Bird.</i>	
LITERARY RECORD	298
I.—Books and Pamphlets.	
II.—Magazines.	

LONDON :

OFFICE OF THE MONTH, 48, SOUTH ST., GROSVENOR SQ.

LONDON : BURNS AND OATES. DUBLIN : M. H. GILL AND SON.

AGENTS FOR AMERICA : THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Price Two Shillings.

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

NOW READY, THE JUNE NUMBER OF
MERRY ENGLAND:
The New Illustrated Magazine.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE.

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY. By R. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES. With an Etching of the Abbey by TRISTRAM ELLIS.
LOVELY AND PLEASANT IN THEIR LIVES. By ALICE MEYNELL.
A DOUBTFUL PARISHIONER. By JOHN OLDCASTLE.
A ROPE-MAKER'S SATURDAY NIGHT. By JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.
THE LAW OF THE MOTHER AND THE CHILD. By JOHN GEORGE COX.
BOGIES OF PROVINCIAL LIFE. 2.—SOCIAL LIABILITY. By Mrs. LOFTIE.
DRESS IN MERRY ENGLAND. By Mrs. HAWES.
REVIEWS AND VIEWS.

Sent Post-free for 12s. to Yearly Subscribers who pay in advance. Cheques and P.O.O.'s payable to JOHN SINKINS, at 44, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

Lamplough's PYRETIC SALINE.

EFFERVESCING AND TASTELESS.

Forming a most Effervescing, Vitalizing, and Refreshing Beverage.

Gives instant relief in HEADACHE, SEA or BILIOUS SICKNESS, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, LASSITUDE, HEARTBURN, and FEVERISH COLDS, and prevents and quickly relieves or cures the worst form of TYPHUS, SCARLET, JUNGLE, and other FEVERS, PRICKLY HEAT, SMALLPOX, MEASLES, ERUPTIVE OR SKIN COMPLAINTS, and various other Altered Conditions of the Blood.

The testimony of Medical Gentlemen and the Professional Press has been unqualified in praise of LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE, as possessing most important elements calculated to restore and maintain health with perfect vigour of body and mind.

In Patent Glass-stoppered Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.

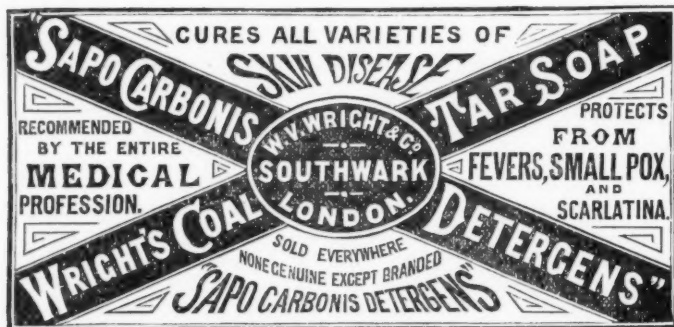
LAMPLOUGH'S CONCENTRATED LIME JUICE SYRUP,

A PERFECT LUXURY,

Forms with the addition of Pyretic Saline, a most delicious and invigorating beverage.

In Patent Glass-stoppered Bottles, at 2s. and 4s. 6d. each.

H. Lamplough, 113, Holborn Hill, London, E.C.



ST. EDMUND'S COLLEGE, OLD HALL GREEN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

PRESIDENT—THE VERY REV. P. FENTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT—REV. WILLIAM LLOYD.

The College is situated within thirty miles of London, on the main road to Cambridge. The nearest station is Standon (about a mile and a quarter distant) on the Great Eastern Railway.

The courses of studies are variously adapted for (1) candidates to the priesthood, (2) those who are destined for the learned profession or for careers involving competitive examinations, and (3) those who are intended for commercial life.

For the COMMERCIAL or MODERN division great stress will be laid on *précis* writing, short hand, mental arithmetic, and English composition.

For the CLASSICAL and SCIENTIFIC division the College is affiliated to the London University. In addition to the ordinary staff, the following distinguished men have kindly undertaken to deliver regular courses of Lectures in their respective subjects :—

Jurisprudence—Sir GEORGE BOWYER, Bart., D.C.L.

Connection between Science and Religion—Rev. R. F. CLARKE, F.L.S.

Biology—Prof. ST. GEORGE MIVART, F.R.S.

Chemistry—Prof. F. S. BARFF, M.A., Cantab.

Botany—J. BRITTEN, Esq., F.L.S., Editor of *Trymen's Journal of Botany*.

Zoology—JAMES E. HARTING, Esq., F.Z.S., F.L.S., Editor of *The Zoologist*.

Great attention will be paid to constant drilling, which will be under the supervision of a resident drilling-master.

Adjoining the College is *St. Hugh's Preparatory School for Boys of seven years and upwards*. An experienced matron superintends all that relates to the health and comfort of the children. The Vice-President of St. Hugh's, Rev. Fenwick Skrimshire, undertakes the discipline and religious education of the children.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE VERY REV. THE PRESIDENT.

FOR MILITARY EDUCATION CANDIDATES FOR SANDHURST, WOOLWICH,
AND COMMISSIONS THROUGH THE MILITIA.

BLENHEIM HOUSE, 9, LEYLAND ROAD, LEE, KENT, BLACKHEATH, S.E.

FOUR MINUTES' WALK FROM LEE STATION.

REV. E. VON ORSBACH, late Tutor to their Highnesses the Princes of Thurn and Taxis, assisted by a Staff of able and experienced Masters, prepares Gentlemen for Military Examinations.

Tutorial Staff :—

Principal	Rev. E. von Orsbach.
Preliminary Subjects	The Principal and L. Davies, Esq.
Higher Mathematics	G. Merrit Reeves, Esq., M.A.; 13th Wrangler, 1873; late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge.
Trigonometry, Algebra, Euclid	T. A. Pease, Esq.
English Literature and History	L. Davies, Esq.
Latin and Greek	The Principal.
French Language	Mons. Victor Lemaire, Bachelier ès Lettres et ès Sciences.
German Language	The Principal.
Experimental Science, Geology, and Physical Geography	T. Morris, Esq.
Political Geography	The Principal.
Geometrical and Freehand Drawing	T. A. Pease, Esq.
Drill and Fencing	Sergeant C. B. Cunningham, R.A.

The pupils have the privilege of daily Mass in the house.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE PRINCIPAL.

QUARTERLY SERIES.

Now Ready.

Price 7s. 6d.

THE RETURN OF THE KING.

DISCOURSES ON THE LATTER DAYS.

BY THE

REV. H. J. COLERIDGE,

Of the Society of Jesus.

Contents :

SERMON	I.—Anticipations of the Last Days.
"	II.—Prophecies of the End of the World.
"	III.—The Decay of Faith.
"	IV.—The Creed of False Science.
"	V.—The Decay of Charity.
"	VI.—The National Spirit.
"	VII.—The Abomination of Desolation.
"	VIII.—The Days of Noe.
"	IX.—The Loosing of Satan.
"	X.—The Man of Sin.
"	XI.—The Church in the Last Days.
"	XII.—Reasonableness of the Judgment.
"	XIII.—Particular and General Judgment.
"	XIV.—The Ways of God manifested.
"	XV.—The Book of Life.
"	XVI.—The Saints of God.
"	XVII.—All things made new.
"	XVIII.—The Greatness of Death.
"	XIX.—The Sacredness of Death.
"	XX.—The Happiness of Death.
"	XXI.—Our Lord and Death.

New Edition.

The Life of St. Antony of Padua.

EDITED BY THE

REV. H. J. COLERIDGE.

Price 3s. 6d.

LONDON: BURNS AND OATES.

RECORDS OF THE ENGLISH PROVINCE OF THE
SOCIETY OF JESUS.

By H. FOLEY.

Now ready, Vol. VII. Part II. To Subscribers, 21s.

In Eight thick demy 8vo volumes. The Series contains much general information about Catholic affairs in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and is probably the fullest record extant of the sufferings of Catholics and the working of the penal laws. Numerous Biographies of Martyrs and Confessors for the Faith, with Portraits, and notices of old Catholic families, &c. Vol. I. London and District. Vol. II. Lancashire District. Vol. III. Northern and Hampshire Districts. Vol. IV. Midland, Devon, and Wales. Vol. V. General History of the Province, the Oates Plot, &c. Vol. VI. English College, Rome, and Pilgrim Book of the Ancient Hospice, with Notices of upwards of 1,300 English Students. Vol. VII. (Part I.) English Mission and Province S.J., 1593—1773; *Collectanea* of English Jesuits from the earliest period to the present day, with biographical notes, &c. (A to Q). Vol. VII. (Part II.) *Collectanea* concluded; Catalogue of nearly 900 aliases or assumed names of Jesuits; Biographies; Annual Letters or Reports from all parts of England, 1601—1716; Scotch Jesuits; Complete Catalogue of Irish Jesuits, 1550—1814, &c.

Price to Subscribers, 21s. each. Non-Subscribers, 26s. each (net) for Vols. I. II. IV. VI. and VII. (Parts I. and II.); 30s. each (net) for Vols. III. and V. Subscribers to apply to the Editor, 111, Mount Street, London, W., or James Stanley, Roehampton, S.W.; Non-Subscribers to Messrs. Burns and Oates, Publishers, London.

FOR FAMILY READING.

The Christian Mother: The Education of her Children and her Prayer. Translated from the Original of Rev. W. CRAMER, by a Father of the Society of Jesus. 32mo, extra cloth, 3s.

A Sure Way to a Happy Marriage. A Book of Instructions for those Betrothed and for Married People. From the German. By Rev. EDWARD I. TAYLOR. 32mo, cloth, red edges, 4s.

Golden Sands. Third Series. Translated from the French by Miss ELLA MCMAHON. 32mo, cloth, 3s.

Maxims and Counsels of St. Francis de Sales for every day of the year. Translated from the French by Miss ELLA MCMAHON. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

New Year Greetings. By ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. Translated from the French by Miss MARGARET A. COLTON. Maroquette, full gilt side, 1s.

Blind Friend of the Poor: Reminiscences of the Life and Works of Mgr. Ségur. Translated from the French by Miss M. MCMAHON. Cloth, 2s.

Hours Before the Altar; or, Meditations on the Holy Eucharist. By Mgr. DE LA BOUILLERIE. *New Edition.* Enlarged from the 51st French edition, by a Sister of Mercy. 32mo, cloth. 2s. 6d.

Names that live in Catholic Hearts: Memoirs of Cardinal Ximenes—Michael Angelo—Samuel de Champlain—Archbishop Plunkett—Charles Carroll—Henri Larochejacquelein—Simon de Montfort. By Miss A.T. SADLER. 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

PRINTERS TO THE HOLY APOSTOLIC SEE,

NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, AND ST. LOUIS.

By REV. W. H. ANDERDON.

Afternoons with the Saints. Ninth Edition. Cloth, 4s.

Owen Evans. Seven Illustrations. Seventh Edition. Cloth, 4s.

In the Snow. Eighth Edition. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

Bracton: a Tale of 1812. Cloth, 3s.

BURNS AND OATES, ORCHARD STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE.

Burns & Oates' Recent Publications.

Cathedra Petri; or, the Titles and Prerogatives of St. Peter, and of his See and Successors, as described by the Early Fathers, Ecclesiastical Writers, and Councils of the Church, with an Appendix containing Notes on the History and Acts of the first four General Councils, and the Council of Sardica, in their relation to the Supremacy of the Pope. By C. F. B. ALLNATT. Third edition, enlarged, cloth, 6s.; plain, 5s.

Catholic Controversy. A Reply to Dr. Littledale's *Plain Reasons*. By H. I. D. RYDER, of the Oratory. Fourth edition, 2s. 6d. This edition contains an Index Rerum.

Children of Mary. Before Jesus Forsaken in His Tabernacle. By GEORGE GRETTON, of the Third Order of St. Dominic. Twelfth thousand. 1d.

Familiar Instructions and Evening Lectures on all the Truths of Religion. By Mgr. DE SEGUR. Second edition, 16mo, 2 vols., 6s.

Granville Popular Library:

Conscript. Cloth, extra gilt, 1s.

Lucy Ward. Cloth extra, 1s.

Madeleine the Rosière. Cloth, extra gilt, 1s.

Miser. Cloth, extra gilt, 1s. 6d.

Miser, and other Tales. Cloth, extra gilt, 3s.

Rich and Poor. Cloth, extra gilt, 1s.

Rickticktack. 1s.

Growth in the Knowledge of our Lord. Meditations for Every Day of the Year, exclusive of those for Festivals, Days of Retreat, &c. Adapted from the Original of ABBE DE BRANDT. By a "Daughter of the Cross." Vol. III. 7s.

History of England. Fifth edition, continued up to 1880. By AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE. Cloth extra, 6s.

Heiress of Elshamstowe, The. A Drama in Three Acts. 1s. 6d.

Irish Distress and the Action of the Catholic Church in Ireland. By the BISHOP OF SALFORD. 3d.

Is the Pope a Prisoner? A Common-Sense View of the Roman Question. By Mgr. O'BRYEN, D.D. 1s.

Life of Henri Dorie. By LADY HERBERT. New edition, cloth, 2s.

Life of Saint Dominic. Translated from the French of HENRI DOMINIQUE LACORDAIRE. Cloth extra, bevelled boards, red edges, 6s. 6d.

Life and Times of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland; St. Elizabeth, St. Clotildis, St. Radegund, and St. Bathilds. In one handsome volume, cloth extra, gilt, 1s.

Life of St. Vincent de Paul. By HENRY BEDFORD. A new and complete Biography. New edition, cloth, 3s.

Little Hinges to Great Doors, and other Tales. By Miss AMES. Cloth extra, bevelled boards, 3s. 6d.

Little Handbook of the Holy League of the Heart of Jesus, called the Apostleship of Prayer. 132 pp., wrapper, 4d.; 3s. per dozen.

Mystery Play, A. With Songs and Music for Girls' Schools, in four Acts. The Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, at the age of seven years, in the Temple. By the Rev. H. FORMBY. 1s. 6d.

Quarant' Ore. New Visits to the Most Blessed Sacrament; containing Devotions for the Quarant' Ore and other occasions of Exposition and Benediction. Edited by H. E. CARDINAL WISEMAN. New edition, cloth extra, gilt lettering, red edges, 2s.

Granville Mansions, 28, Orchard Street, London, W.
AND 63, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

Burns & Oates' Recent Publications.

Sermons for the Spring Quarter. By the late Very Rev. CHARLES MEYNELL, D.D. Edited by H. I. D. RYDER, of the Oratory. Cloth extra, bevelled boards, 6s.

Scotch Franciscan, A. A.D. 1606. John, Master of Forbes. From Contemporary Records of the Order of St. Francis. Wrapper, 6d.

St. Francis de Sales, The Works of. Translated into the English Language by the Rev. H. B. MACKEY, O.S.B., under the direction and patronage of the Right Rev. Dr. HEDLEY, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia. Vol. I.—Letters to Persons in the World. With Introduction by Bishop HEDLEY. Now ready, price 6s.

Tales from Twelve Tongues. Translated by a British Museum Librarian. Cloth extra, gilt lettering, 4s. 6d.

BOOKS FOR JUNE.

SACRED HEART BOOKS.

Glories of the Sacred Heart. By H. E. CARDINAL MANNING. 6s.

Imitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. In four books. New edition. By Rev. FATHER ARNOLD, S.J. With a notice of the author by the Rev. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J. 4s. 6d. and other bindings. Ditto, antique elegant, with six beautiful engravings and clasp, £1 5s.

Guard of Honour of the (Tickets), per 100, 1s.

Account of the Origin and Objects of the Devotion. 1d.

Print of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, with Devotions, 3d.; ditto, 1d.

Guard of Honour (Dial), 2d.

Novena, per 100. 1s.

Thirty-three Tickets for each Friday in the Month. 4d.

Devotions for. With photograph, borders, &c. 3d.

Manual of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. 2s. and other bindings.

Blessed Sacrament, Novena and Devotions for. 1d.

Month of Sacred Heart, containing three Novenas and a Triduum for all the days of the Month of June. By FATHER ALEXIS LEFEBVRE, S.J. 2s. 6d.

Month of Reparation to the Sacred Heart of Love. 4d.

Child's Month of the Sacred Heart. 4d.

Novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. By ST. ALPHONSUS. 4d.

Oratory Devotions to the Sacred Heart. 2d.

Festival of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (Clifton Tract). 1d.

Devotions for each Day of the Week. 2d.

Jesus Crucified, Sacred Heart of. 4d.

Jesus Consoled, Sacred Heart of. 3d.

Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. 1s. 6d. per 100.

Granville Mansions, 28, Orchard Street, London, W.

AND 63, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

Liebig's Extract of Meat & Malt Wine

(COLEMAN'S).

A DELICIOUS BEVERAGE AND TONIC,

Made from Port Wine, Liebig's Extract of Meat, and Extract of Malt; Nutritious, Strengthening, Stimulating, Flesh-forming, and Health-restoring; suitable for the Robust in Health as well as the Invalid. Strongly recommended by the Medical Faculty. An immediate benefit is experienced after taking it; the Frame is invigorated, and no ill-effects follow.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIALS FROM MEDICAL MEN AND OTHERS.

Rowley House,
Aldeburgh, Suffolk,
Oct. 16, 1882.

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the good result to be obtained through the use of your "Liebig's Extract of Meat and Malt Wine." I have used it with considerable benefit in the case of my own child, and consider it a very valuable dietetic agent.

I remain, Gentlemen,
Yours respectfully,
FENWICK HELE, M.R.C.S., L.S.A.

Cleveland House,
Bowes Park,
Dec. 2, 1882.

Messrs. Coleman and Co.

Gentlemen,—I have used your "Liebig's Extract of Meat and Malt Wine" (Coleman's), and can bear testimony to its value in all cases of general and stomach debility. Where there is waste of body—as in the period of convalescence from illness of a wasting character—I believe it to be an invaluable remedy. I shall certainly prescribe it extensively.

I am, Gentlemen, yours truly,
C. E. HOCKEN, M.D., M.B., M.R.C.S.

Sept. 1, 1882.
Mr. Merry, of Shottesham, thanks Messrs. Coleman for the bottle of "Liebig's Preparation," and will omit no opportunity of recommending it to his patients, and to general and permanent invalids.

Sudbury, Suffolk,
Sept. 13, 1880.

Messrs. Coleman and Co.

Gentlemen,—I am much pleased with your preparation of "Extract of Meat and Malt Wine," having tried it in several cases of debility. I can recommend it as an easily assimilated food and tonic, and of special use in cases of Consumption.

Yours truly,
J. SINCLAIR HOLDEN, M.D.

Hertford,
Nov. 15, 1882.

Messrs. Coleman and Co.

Gentlemen,—I have tasted and recommended your Extract of Meat and Malt Wine which you were good enough to send to me, and I have much pleasure in informing you that it gives great satisfaction. You have a good Agent in this town, viz Mr. Lines.

Yours faithfully,
THOMAS ODELL, M.R.C.S., &c.

Harpenden, Nov. 23, 1882.

Messrs. Coleman and Co.

Gentlemen,—I am obliged for sample of your Wine. I have used it for one of my children, and have recommended a patient to make a trial of it, and he has promised to procure some and do so.

Very truly yours,
F. R. SPACKMAN, M.R.C.S.

Sir,—A short time since I was induced by the novelty of the title to send for a bottle of your Liebig's Extract of Meat and Malt Wine. I was perfectly acquainted with the value of the *Extractum Carnis*, and not quite a stranger to the invigorating and fortifying properties of Malt Wine, and therefore felt a natural curiosity to test them when combined.

Men who work hard, as I do, not muscular hard work, but that which is quite as exhausting, viz., brain work, very often experience the need of, and have sometimes an almost irresistible craving for, a "pick-me-up," and very often the panacea for a time of lassitude and that state of mind which renders work irksome, are alcoholic stimulants, the use of which must, sooner or later, end disastrously.

The man who can furnish a remedy, sure, certain, and harmless, for the lassitude which follows constant brain-work is a benefactor of his species, and may be said to have added many years of usefulness to the lives of useful men.

Your Extract is a success, and when more generally known, will be used by all toilers of the mind.

Yours faithfully,
Norwich, Feb. 23, 1881. O. D. RAY.

Queen's Crescent,
Haverstock Hill, London,
March 5, 1881.

Dear Sir,—Some time since, being greatly fatigued with overwork and long hours at business, my health (being naturally delicate) became very indifferent. I lost all energy, strength, and appetite, and was so weak as to be scarcely able to walk.

As you are aware, I sent for a dozen of your Extract of Meat and Malt Wine, which, in a few days, pulled me up marvellously. Three or four glasses of it daily have quite altered and restored me to better health than ever, "without the assistance of a doctor."

I am now giving it to my son, twelve years of age, whom we have always thought consumptive, and from a puny, ailing boy, he seems to be fast growing into a strong healthy lad.

Enclosed you have cheque. Please send me two dozen of the "Extract." With thanks for your prompt attention to my last,

I am, Sir, yours truly,
GEORGE A. TYLER.

Pints, 30s. per doz.; Quarts, 50s. per doz. Carriage paid to any railway station in Great Britain. Sample Bottle sent for 33 stamps. P.O.O. payable to

Coleman and Co., Muspole Street, Norwich.

LONDON OFFICE: 151, CANNON STREET, E.C.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom, in Bottles, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. each. Ask for Coleman's Liebig's Extract of Meat and Malt Wine, and "see that you get it."

R. Washbourne's List.

WORKS BY FATHERS OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

- Elevations to the Heart of Jesus.** By PÈRE DOYOTTE, S.J. Translated. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 3s.
- The Sacred Heart of Jesus offered to the Piety of the Young engaged in Study.** By A. DEHAM, S.J. Cloth, 9d.
- Solid Virtue.** By Father BELLECIUS, S.J. Translated by a Religious of the Ursuline Community at Thurles, with a Preface by the Archbishop of CASHEL and EMLY. Second edition, crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
- Life and Letters of the Countess Adelstan.** From the French of the Rev. PÈRE MARQUIGNY, S.J., by Mrs. F. RAYMOND-BARKER. Foolscap 8vo. 2s. 6d. Cheap edition, 1s. cloth.
- To Rome and Back.** Fly-leaves from a Flying Tour. Edited by Rev. W. H. ANDERDON, S.J. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.
- Devotion to Our Lady in North America.** By Rev. Father XAVIER MACLEOD, S.J. 8vo, cloth, 5s.
- God our Father.** By PÈRE BOUDREAUX, S.J. *Author's edition.* Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 2s. nett.
- Paradise of God; or the Virtues of the Sacred Heart.** By PÈRE BOUDREAUX, S.J. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 4s.
- Happiness of Heaven.** By PÈRE BOUDREAUX, S.J. *Author's edition.* Foolscap 8vo, 3s. nett.
- Frassinetti's Dogmatic Catechism.** Second English edition. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 3s.
- Directorium Asceticum; or Guide to the Spiritual Life.** By SCARAMELLI. Translated and edited by the Fathers at St. Beuno's College. 4 vols. crown 8vo, cloth, 24s.
- Sermons on the Sufferings of our Lord.** By Father DE LA COLOMBIERE, S.J. 18mo. New edition reprinting.
- The Duchess Transformed.** A Drama for Girls. By W. H. A. 6d.
- St. Eustace.** A Drama for Boys. By Rev. T. MEYRICK, S.J. 1s.
- Heaven opened by the practice of frequent Confession and Communion.** By Abbé FAVRE. Carefully revised by a Father of the Society of Jesus. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; cheap edition, cloth, 2s.
- Devotions to the Sacred Heart.** By PÈRE FRANCO, S.J. Cloth, 4s.
- Sanctuary Meditations for Priests and Frequent Communicants.** By Father BALTASAR GRACIAN, S.J. Translated from the Spanish by M. MONTEIRO. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 4s.
- Elements of Philosophy.** By Father HILL, S.J. 6s. nett.
- Ethics, or Moral Philosophy.** By Father HILL, S.J. 6s. nett.
- Panegyrics of Father Segneri, S.J.** With a Preface by Father HUMPHREY, S.J. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
- Origin and Progress of Religious Orders, and Happiness of a Religious State.** Translated from the Latin of Father PLATUS, S.J. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
- Life of St. Wenefred.** By Father MEYRICK, S.J. Crown 8vo, cloth. 2s.
- Lives of the Early Popes.** By Father MEYRICK, S.J. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth. 10s.
- The Spiritual Life.** Conferences by PÈRE DE RAVIGNAN, S.J. Translated by Mrs. ABEL RAM. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.
- Life of Pere de Ravignan, S.J.** Crown 8vo, cloth 12s.
- Meditations on the Life of our Lord.** By PÈRE NOUET, S.J. 2 vols. 12mo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
- The Jesuits.** By FEVAL. 12mo, cloth, 2s. nett.
- The Jesuits, and other Essays.** By WILLIS NEVIN. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
- Miraculous Cure of Blindness through the intercession of our Lady and St. Ignatius.** 2d.

R. WASHBOURNE, 18, Paternoster Row, London.

A. M. D. C.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, CHESTERFIELD, DERBYSHIRE.

Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

This College provides a thoroughly sound classical and commercial education at a very moderate Pension. The course of studies is directed to Matriculation at the London University. The College is situated nine miles from Sheffield, seven miles from Chesterfield, and one mile from Eckington Station (N.M.R.).

For particulars apply to the Rector, Rev. JOHN CLAYTON, Mount St. Mary's, Chesterfield; Rev. PETER GALLWEY, 111, Mount Street, London; Rev. JAMES CLARE, 8, Salisbury Street, Liverpool; Rev. W. LAWSON, Portsmouth Street, Manchester; Rev. THOMAS HILL, Trenchard Street, Bristol.

ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE, ST. CHARLES' SQUARE, NOTTING HILL, W.

Founded by H. E. the Cardinal Archbishop, and conducted by the Oblates of St. Charles, assisted by competent Professors.

For particulars apply to the Rector, the Very Rev. R. Butler, D.D.; the Very Rev. Father Superior of the Oblates of St. Charles, St. Mary of the Angels', Bayswater; or the Very Rev. Canon Johnson, D.D., Archbishop's House, Westminster.

The Oblate Fathers take charge of the moral and intellectual training of the Day Scholars equally with that of the Resident Students.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, OSCOTT, ERDINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE.

STUDENTS ARE PREPARED FOR THE ARMY, THE NAVY, AND THE PROFESSIONS.
For Terms, &c., apply to the President, as above.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, CLAPHAM, S.W.

The College Course includes the classics, modern languages, and commercial subjects. Special attention is paid in the Senior class to physics, chemistry, and the higher mathematics.

The Course prepares for the London University, and for the Preliminary Professional Examinations. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior boys.

ACADEMY OF ST. PAULINUS, CATTERICK, YORKSHIRE.

Candidates prepared for the London Matriculation, Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham Locals, Medical and Legal Preliminaries, Civil Service, Government, Science and Art, and other Public Examinations.

A List of upwards of Three Hundred successful Pupils sent from this School to these Examinations may be had on application to the Principal, MR. SKELLON.

CONVENT OF NOTRE DAME, CLAPHAM COMMON, NEAR LONDON.

The Course of Studies includes thorough Religious Instruction, and all the branches of a sound English education, together with Modern Languages, Music and Drawing.

Young Ladies whose parents desire it are prepared for the University and Preceptors' Local Examinations.

The pupils sent up in 1880, 1881-2, passed the Oxford Senior and Junior Examinations with special distinction in French.

FRANCISCAN CONVENT OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, Portobello Road, Bayswater, W.

Under the special patronage of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

The Religious of this Community receive a limited number of young ladies for education. The terms for the course are £50 per annum, which comprises all the usual branches of a sound English education, in which Latin, French, German, and every kind of needlework, are included. Music, drawing, and dancing are extras. The recreation grounds are spacious, and the locality a most healthy one. Children remaining at School for the Summer Vacation are taken to the sea-side.

For further particulars apply to the Mother Abbess.

CONVENT NOTRE DAME DE SION,

*Sion House, 17, 18, 19, 20, Powis Square,
Bayswater, W.*

Under the Patronage of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

The Religious of Notre Dame de Sion receive a limited number of Young Ladies as Boarders or Day Pupils. French is generally spoken. London masters attend. The houses are spacious, and in an open and healthy situation. Terms, 36 guineas per annum.

A Middle School for Day Scholars is attached to the Convent, but is entirely separated from the Ladies' School.

For further particulars, apply to the Rev. Mother Superior, Sion House, Powis Square, Bayswater.

CONVENT SCHOOL, MARK CROSS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus, from St. Leonard's-on-Sea. The pension is £18 per annum. Inclusive terms. Music, 15s. per quarter. Entrance Fee, £1 1s.



OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA

(ESTABLISHED 60 YEARS).

The best and only certain remedy ever discovered for Preserving, Strengthening, Beautifying, or Restoring the

HAIR, WHISKERS, OR MOUSTACHES,

And Preventing them Turning Grey.

PRICE 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. PER BOTTLE.

C. & A. OLDRIDGE,

22, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

And all Chemists and Perfumers.

For Children it is invaluable, as it forms the basis of a magnificent head of hair, prevents baldness in mature age, and obviates the use of dyes and poisonous restoratives.

THE UNIVERSAL HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES!!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

These excellent FAMILY MEDICINES are invaluable in the treatment of all ailments incidental to every HOUSEHOLD. The PILLS PURIFY, REGULATE, and STRENGTHEN the whole system, while the OINTMENT is unequalled for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Possessed of these REMEDIES, every Mother has at once the means of curing most complaints to which herself or Family is liable.

N.B.—Advice Gratis at 522, Oxford Street, London, daily between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

ESTABLISHED 1730.

Prize Medal Wax Candles with Platted Wicks. Patented.

2s. 2d. and 2s. per lb.

Prize Medal Vegetable Candles for Church use.

1s. 5d., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 1d. per lb.

N.B.—Twopence per lb. on Wax, and on penny per lb. on Vegetable Candles charged extra if credit be taken over three months.

Vegetable Oil for Sanctuary Lamps.*(Selected and Imported specially for this purpose).***Pure Incense, with ordinary care, warranted to burn without flame,**

2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 6s., 8s., and 10s. per 1 lb. tin.

Candles of every description, Night Lights, Oils, Starches, and all other articles for domestic purposes.

HOUSEHOLD and LAUNDRY SOAPS, well dried and fit for immediate use.

Toilet Soaps of all kinds.

THE REFINED PALE YELLOW SKIN SOAP, producing an agreeable softness to the skin, 1s. per box containing five tablets.

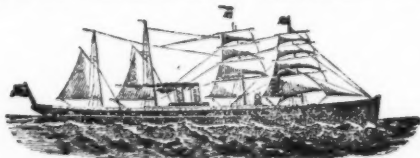
Religious Houses, Institutions, Schools, &c., placed upon the most favourable terms. Goods delivered free within the postal district, and carriage paid beyond it to the nearest country railway station on orders not less than £5 in value.

For Price Lists, Diagrams, and full particulars, address

FRANCIS TUCKER AND CO.,
18, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE; or, MANUFACTORY,
KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.

*The only Catholic Establishment in England for the Manufacture of Wax and Church Candles.***VANHEEMS AND WHEELER,***Exclusively Clerical Tailors.*

The only House in England which is conversant with the Roman formula in respect to the canonical dress of the Catholic Hierarchy.

47, Berners Street, London, W.**ALLAN ROYAL MAIL LINE.***Direct Services between Liverpool, Quebec, Halifax, Boston, Portland, and Baltimore.*

The Steamers are among the largest, fastest, and most comfortable of ocean passenger ships. They are of unusual strength, being divided into seven water-tight and fire-proof compartments. They run alongside the railway train, and passengers and their luggage are transferred free. This exceptional advantage adds considerably to the popularity of the Line.

The Allan Line has a well-earned reputation for the comfort and care bestowed on all classes of passengers. The Saloon accommodation is unsurpassed.

Saloon Fares, £12 12s. to £22 1s. Intermediate, £8.

Steerage as low as by any other Fast Line.

Particulars can be obtained from Allan Brothers and Co., James Street, Liverpool; Allan Brothers and Co., Foyle Street, Londonderry; J. and A. Allan, 70, Great Clyde Street, Glasgow. James Scott and Co., Queenstown.

THOMAS BAKER,

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN THEOLOGICAL BOOKSELLER,
20, GOSWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1849.

Commentaries on the Bible; Works of the Fathers, Schoolmen, and Church Historians;
Reformation Literature; Devotional, Liturgical, and Controversial Works; and Books for the
Clergy and Theological Students generally.

Catalogues of Selections published periodically, and sent post-free on application.

Special attention given to American, Colonial, and Foreign Orders.

MR. BARRAUD,

263, Oxford Street, London, W. (Regent Circus).

PHOTOGRAPHY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

ENLARGEMENTS, MINIATURES, &c.

PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.

MR. RUSKIN, the greatest Art Critic of the age, writing of Mr. Barraud's Portraits, says :—
"They are extremely and singularly beautiful, and as pure Photography go as far as the art can at
the present day, and I do not see that it can ever go much further."

GROUPS AND CHILDREN TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY.

The Studio is approached by a Patent Lift, and is the most perfect ever erected in this country.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED,

DUBLIN, 1865. PARIS, 1867. HONOURABLE MENTION INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.
VIENNA, 1873.

BOOK BINDING,

In the Monastic, Grolier, Maioli, and Illuminated Styles,

In the most superior manner, by English and Foreign Workmen.

JOSEPH ZAEHNSDORF,

36, CATHERINE STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

WILLIAM LEWIS AND SON,

Architects, Surveyors, Measurers and Valuers,
and Land Agents,

46½, STONEGATE, YORK.

Marriage Law Defence Union.

Patrons :

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

President :

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, K.G.

Vice-Presidents :

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.
THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
THE LORD COLERIDGE, CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

Chairman of Committees :

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, M.P.

The following are Members of Committees :

J. F. AYLMER, Esq., M.P.
THE LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.
THE MARQUESS OF BATH.
THE RIGHT HON. SIR M. HICKS BEACH, BART., M.P.
THE EARL BEAUCHAMP.
H. BELLINGHAM, Esq., M.P.
THE RIGHT HON. G. SLATER-BOOTH, M.P.
THE EARL CAIRNS.
F. CALVERT, Esq., Q.C.
J. A. CAMPBELL, Esq., M.P.
THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER.
THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF CHICHESTER.
THE LORD CLINTON.
T. COLLINS, Esq., M.P.
SIR JOHN CONROY, BART.
OCTAVIUS COOPE, Esq., M.P.
THE VISCOUNT CRANBROOK, G.S.I.
THE RIGHT HON. G. CUBITT, M.P.
THE EARL OF DALKEITH, M.P.
THE EARL OF DEVON.
A. AKERS DOUGLAS, Esq., M.P.
THE MOST REV. THE LORD ARCHB. OF DUBLIN.
THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.
THE EARL OF EFFINGHAM.
THE LORD EGERTON OF TATTON.
THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF EMMANUEL.
THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.
THE EARL OF GLASGOW.
THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.
ADMIRAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. C. D. HAY, BART., M.P.
SIR JAMES M. MCGARREL HOGG, BART., M.P.
THE HON. KENNETH HOWARD.
THE RIGHT HON. J. G. HUBBARD, M.P.
SIR H. SELWYN IBBETSON, BART., M.P.
COLERIDGE J. KENNARD, Esq., M.P.
THE EARL OF LANESBOROUGH.
STANLEY LEIGHTON, Esq., M.P.

THE EARL OF LIMERICK.
THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.
THE EARL OF LONGFORD.
THE MARQUESS OF LOTHIAN, K.T.
THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP MACDOUGALL.
THE VERY REV. CANON McMULLEN.
COL. MAKINS, M.P.
THE LORD JOHN MANNERS, M.P.
SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., M.P.
THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. R. MOWBRAY, BART., M.P.
THE EARL NELSON.
THE LORD BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE.
THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, E.M.
THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP OXENDEN.
THE REV. H. N. OXENHAM.
THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.
LIEUT.-GENERAL PATTERSON.
THE LORD ALGERNON PERCY, M.P.
THE EARL PERCY, M.P.
THE LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.
W. G. F. PHILLIMORE, Esq., D.C.L.
THE REV. DR. PORTER, Pres., Queen's Coll., Belfast.
F. R. WEGG-PROSSER, Esq.
THE RIGHT HON. CECIL RAIKES, M.P.
THE EARL OF REDESDALE.
THE REV. RICHARD ROBERTS, City Road Chapel.
THE LORD BISHOP OF SALISBURY.
THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, K.G.
T. SALT, Esq., M.P.
THE LORD HENRY J. SCOTT, M.P.
THE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, M.P.
THE EARL STANHOPE.
J. G. TALBOT, Esq., M.P.
THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF TRURO.
THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.
THE HON. C. L. WOOD.

Treasurers :

SIR WALTER FARQUHAR, BART., 18, King Street, St. James's, S.W.
SIR CHARLES MILLS, BART., M.P., Camelford House, Oxford Street, W.

Bankers :

MESSRS. HERRIES, FARQUHAR, & CO., 16, St. James's Street, S.W.
MESSRS. GLYN, MILLS, & CO., Lombard Street, E.C.

Secretary :

G. J. MURRAY, Esq., 20, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

THIS Union is formed to maintain the ancient marriage law of the land, and in particular to resist the legalisation of marriage with a wife's sister.

Its efforts are directed to organizing Committees throughout the United Kingdom, to diffusing information by lectures, publications, and otherwise, on a subject on which public opinion has been much misled, to encouraging petitions to both Houses of Parliament, and to directing the attention of the Legislature to the true bearings of the question. A Ladies' Committee has been formed to assist the Union.

The whole principle on which the Marriage Law of this land is based is involved in the acceptance or rejection of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. In all countries where the Marriage Law has been relaxed in this one particular, other relaxations have, after some lapse of time, been adopted; in some countries not only may a woman marry her sister's husband, and a man marry his brother's wife, and his wife's niece, or, as in the State of New York, his wife's daughter, but in others a man is freely permitted to marry his niece by blood.

As the operations of the Union are very extensive, Subscriptions and Donations are earnestly requested.

It will be obvious that the publications circulated by this Union, although the arguments and considerations contained in them point to the same conclusion, represent in particulars only the mind of their respective authors.

N.B.—A List of the Publications of the M.L.D.U., and other information, may be obtained gratuitously on application.

A Personal Visit to distressed Ireland.

IT was soon after sunrise on a fine spring morning that I sailed into the rippling waters of Kingstown Bay. All round the horizon the blue sky was but chequered with passing clouds—all around, save in front of us, where a thick dark mass of cloud was brooding heavily over the land we were approaching. It was impossible not to see in it a symbol of the condition of poor Erin. A dark cloud—moral, social, political—hangs over the Emerald Isle. What is it has gathered the darkness and the distress over the land of St. Patrick's children? Why is it that famine swoops down upon her, not once or twice, but over and over again, in these days when material resources have filled other lands with plenty? How is it that we have the sad story of an almost chronic destitution? How is it that outbreaks of violence and murder, in a country where other crimes are comparatively unknown, make the whole civilized world stand aghast in horror and dismay? How is it that the most Catholic nation in Christendom lives in a constant state of hostility to the power that governs her; and priests and bishops, while they strive to keep their people within the bounds which the law of God prescribes, have nevertheless taken part in the outcry of national discontent? How is it that so warm-hearted, affectionate, devoted a nation regards each boon which England grants her as a spoil won from the enemy: sees in it no claim to her gratitude, but considers it as extorted only by fear and as a ground for fresh and increased demands? Who is it that is to blame for the famine, distress, disaffection—for the murders, the outrages, the secret societies, the revolt against authority? These questions could not but occur to me as I drew near to Ireland: questions easy to ask, but far more difficult to answer.

I am not going to attempt to answer them in the following pages. I am only going to state facts which cannot be denied: inferences I leave to my readers. If here and there I indicate

a solution of some branch of the intricate question which at the present moment is of such intense interest to the whole world—of such absorbing interest to Great Britain and America as well as to Ireland itself—I will do my best to state my opinion as dispassionately and impartially as I can. I ask my Irish readers to remember that I am a loyal Englishman, loving my country. I ask my English readers to remember that I am but stating those things which I have seen and heard. I ask both one and the other to remember that I am no politician, and disclaim any part or lot in matters political. My visit to Ireland was undertaken in order that I might form on the spot, so far as I could, a well balanced opinion of the reality and of the causes of Irish distress and destitution, and might lay before the readers of *THE MONTH* the results I gathered there. With distress and destitution all must sympathize, to whatever nation they belong, whatever their views or politics, whatever their opinion as to the origin of the misery that oppresses the famine stricken districts of Ireland. Here at least is common ground for all, and it is on this common ground that I claim their consideration and forbearance.

It was useless to attempt in the very limited time at my disposal to traverse more than a fractional part of the districts where famine now prevails. A hurried visit to a large expanse of country may enable a visitor to speak as from a wide experience, but practically such a visitor has no sort of insight into the real condition of the people through whose country he has made his rapid passage. He knows little more of them than the ordinary English tourist knows of the habits and customs, the character and the disposition, of the inhabitants of Italy or Syria, when he is conveyed through those countries on some monster excursion by the *employés* of Mr. Cook. For this reason I chose only a small area in a single county. I confined myself almost entirely to Mayo, and to those parts of Mayo where I learned that the land was the poorest, the poverty the greatest, the country most uneasy and unsettled. The best proof that my choice was well directed was that I found myself in the very centre of the district chosen by the Emigration Committee as the scene of their labours, and as furnishing the largest number of those whom dire distress forced to seek in distant lands those material resources which had failed them in the country of their birth.

In my visits to the huts of the poor I always took care to

have the priest of the parish as my guide. Those who know Ireland are aware of the close and intimate relation existing between the parish priest and his people. He is not only their spiritual guide and pastor, but their counsellor in the every day affairs of life, he is their father, their friend, their consoler in trouble, their refuge if they are in distress. They look to him as their natural leader, and it is one of the worst evils that could befall Ireland if the illegal agitator or the agent of the secret societies were to draw the people aside from their loyal allegiance to the priest. The priest knows their circumstances, their history, has often watched them from childhood to youth, and from youth to middle age. He is at every one's beck and call—*servus servorum Dei*. In return, his word is law; he wields an *altum dominium*, a right of universal sovereignty. The poor address him with that curious mixture of familiar banter and submissive reverence that is almost unintelligible to an Englishman. He issues his orders in a tone which might be domineering, were it not that the very tone of command sounds gratefully in their obedient ears. He takes them to task with a severity and boldness of language which they deprecate with half playful self-defence, but rarely, if ever, resent.

No one who visits Ireland has much chance of really arriving at the truth unless he makes friends with the parish priest. The ill-feeling existing between rulers and ruled makes them dread the visit of a stranger, and while they welcome him with hospitality, they are on their guard against his inquiries, and the replies to his questions will often be most ingenious in their evasiveness. But if the parish priest is there, all fear and suspicion disappears—every detail is given with the most friendly readiness. Misrepresentation has little chance with one who knows their circumstances full well, and the priest has in their eyes a sacredness which is a strong preventive of attempted fraud.

After a couple of days spent in Dublin, of which I need only say that I received everywhere the greatest kindness and hospitality, I started by the morning train from Broad Stone Station for the West. Professor Baldwin, the well-known agriculturist of Dublin, to whose courtesy I owe much of the success of my expedition, had already written a letter on my behalf to Father O'Hara, the parish priest of Ballaghaderreen, a little town lying in the centre of one of the congested districts, who very kindly came to meet me at Castlereagh Station, some twelve miles distant from

his home. As we drove along the road we passed a number of groups of men and women returning to their homes from the station. They had been down to escort on the way and bid the last farewells to a batch of emigrants who were on their way to America. Slowly and mournfully they were returning to the hearth whence dire necessity had forced son or daughter to depart. I had not witnessed the parting scene, as the emigrants had left by a train previous to that by which I travelled. But a few days later, at Ballina Station, I had an opportunity of witnessing the sad farewell, and I may perhaps be allowed to break through the story of my visit, and introduce it here. A large crowd, consisting chiefly of the peasant and labouring class, had gathered on the platform, and were collected like a cluster of bees around the carriages which contained the emigrants. It was unlike anything I had ever witnessed. It resembled the scene at an Irish funeral more than anything else. There was the same wailing and moaning of the women, the same silent tears of the men and boys. Sometimes a piercing shriek broke from mother or sister, sometimes the low mournful wail resounded familiar to those who have mixed with the Irish poor in times of sorrow and bereavement, sometimes there was heard that clapping of the hands that seems to Englishmen so strange a mark of sorrow. It was with difficulty that the railway porters, exerting a gentle violence, thrust aside the crowd and closed the carriage doors. When the train had started they ran along by its side as far as they could, shouting, crying, sobbing, waving their handkerchiefs, as a last farewell. For miles along the side of the railway, groups had assembled from hut and village and hamlet to greet their acquaintances, and express their friendly sympathy and wish them God-speed on their way. These scenes of parting are now an every-day occurrence in Ireland, none the less sad because so frequent—nay, all the sadder as one gap after another is left in the little circle. To matter-of-fact, undemonstrative Englishmen, it is hard to understand the intensity of grief with which they bid adieu to those they love.

But I hope to return hereafter to this subject of emigration. I am now concerned with the misery which is the immediate cause of the emigration. My first acquaintance with a congested district—one too which I believe can rarely be surpassed—was in the parish of Loughglin, which lies about half-way between Castlereagh and Ballaghadereen. The priest of the place, the

Rev. John McDermott, kindly guided us through one portion of his wide-spread and thickly-inhabited parish. Poverty in England I had often witnessed, but it was wealth and comfort compared with what I now beheld, not here and there, but in almost every home we visited in the various clusters of huts thickly scattered by the roadside. We enter one of them; it consists of a single room—if room it is to be called. No window is to be seen, no chimney, no fireplace, no furniture. It is a square cavern rather than a room. A few lumps of peat smoulder on the floor, the smoke escaping through the door or forcing its way through the holes in the roof. A decent comely-looking woman gets up from a square box on which she was crouching over the smouldering peat. Tidy she might be called if rags and tidiness are compatible. She brightens at the sight of "Father John," and greets us with the well-bred courtesy of the Irish peasant. "Your Reverences are heartily welcome." A few questions are readily answered. In fact, it is one of the differences between the English and Irish peasant that the latter is pleased with the minutest inquiries into his personal affairs, and, so far from resenting questions Englishmen would consider impertinent, looks upon them as a proof of friendly interest, when asked by one in whom he has confidence.

The questions elicit that she is a widow with three children. She has three acres of land, for which she pays £2 10s., the valuation (Griffith's valuation) being £2 3s. Her husband died two years since, and she has struggled on since then, tilling the land herself, hoping for better times. Her neighbours have helped her a little from time to time, but now the universal distress renders such help impossible. She has nothing in the house to feed the children save a few handfuls of Indian meal. Everything has been disposed of to keep sheer hunger from the door, even the potatoes which would have furnished the coming crop. The hens she had hoped would supply her with eggs, which she would barter for meal, had all died some months since. Everything was gone, and God alone was left to help her.

We again looked around the room, and there was no doubt of the reality of her utter destitution. But where is the bed on which she and her little ones sleep? At the question she looks a little confused, and when we repeat it, she points half apologetically to a heap of straw in one corner of the hut—where an

Englishman would scarce litter his pig. While the cold north-easter sweeps across the plains, and pierces through the chinks and crannies of the ill-constructed hut, that poor woman has not a rag to shelter her shivering little ones, no bed, no blanket, no coverlet in which they can be safe from the rain and wind and draught as they crouch together on the damp straw, hunger within and cold without, distress behind them and famine before them. It was a piteous spectacle, one to move the hardest heart. If intemperance, or recklessness, or crime had been the cause it would have been sad enough, but the woman was sober, honest, intelligent, respectable, seeking to rear her children in the fear of God. If it had been a single instance we might attribute it to some chance circumstance, some series of untoward accidents. But it was only one among hundreds, among thousands, in the villages and hamlets of Western Ireland.

We enter another house, and there the father of the family is at home. There is the same abject poverty, no cow, no pig, only three or four hens that still survive. He has besides his wife and children an aged crone to support, and has nothing to give her. The money he brought home from England last year is all gone. The potato crop had failed him, and now he had nothing but starvation staring him in the face until he gather in the autumn crop. His five acres of land pay a rent of £3 15s., and how he is to pay the rent God only knows. He has five well-grown, intelligent-looking children, but poverty and want are writing their marks upon their childish faces. "The little ones asked for bread, and there was no one to break it to them."¹

Wherever we go it is the same sad story. Everywhere the same hopeless destitution, the same hungry looks, the same want of any clothing to cover decently the bodies of the poor children, the same scanty supply of Indian meal as the only article of food from which bone and sinew and muscle and tissue and fibre is to be built up. They all told readily their tale of distress. One or two old crones asked for relief, but in general there was no attempt to beg, though they gratefully accepted any trifle given them. Indeed, my experience in Ireland has been that begging was generally a mark that the poverty was not very great. Except in the case of aged and infirm persons I think this was almost universally the case. Fathers and mothers of families, accustomed to rely upon their

¹ Thren. iv. 4.

own exertions for their support, but now brought to the verge of starvation by the failure of their crops and the bad times, rarely if ever asked for relief. In one village where a family begged piteously, and the young and warm-hearted curate who accompanied me was moved by their apparent distress, we were afterwards informed by the parish priest that those on whom we had bestowed our alms were by no means among the most destitute.

But in Loughlin it seemed that all were destitute. As we go from house to house we find in a large proportion that the man is away in England, and will remain there until the harvest is over. This system prevails to a very large extent in the little towns and villages of Mayo. We are accustomed in England to see a batch of Irish harvest-men, and we pass them by too often without a thought of all that is entailed by their presence in our farms and homesteads. The plan pursued is as follows. In the spring of every year the husband leaves his home and makes his way by rail or steamer from Derry or Belfast or Dublin to England. The railways and steamers issue harvest-men's tickets for a few shillings, and the large numbers they carry make up for the smallness of the fare. The wife and children, meanwhile, remain at home. It is the wife who has to till the plot of land, carry the manure, and spread it over the land, dig the potatoes, get in the crop as best she can. The big girls and boys help her, but any boy big enough to work for himself goes with his father to England. During the husband's absence the family subsist on the potatoes still remaining from last year's crop, on the meal they obtain in exchange for the chickens they have reared or the eggs laid by the hens which are found in almost every cottage, on what they can obtain on credit at the shop, or on the charity of neighbours or of the priest. Sometimes the husband sends home some of his earnings from time to time, but as a general rule he saves it up and brings it back with him in the autumn. The average sum brought back is about £9, but in good years it will amount to £12, or even £15. It is on this that he relies for the payment of the rent, the clearing off the debts at the neighbouring town or village, and a purchase of necessities for the winter, and of such food as is not supplied from the little crop of oats and potatoes. On this the whole family subsists during the rest of the year, and their only employment during the winter and early spring is such tillage as is possible, and the care of

chickens and pig and cow (if they are so fortunate as to possess any stock). The small size of the holdings do not supply sufficient out-door work to occupy their time, and unfortunately indoor industries are unknown.

Now I ask my readers to consider for a few moments the results of this miserable system. During nearly half the year husband is separated from wife, father from children. During the months when the heaviest outdoor work has to be done it is the mother who is forced to do it. She has to labour in a way utterly unsuitable to a woman, often a delicate woman, a woman unable to supply herself with more than the minimum necessary for life, perhaps the mother of six or seven children, and sometimes with an infant unweaned at her breast. While the wife is living such a life at home, the husband is toiling from early morn till eve to collect what he can by the labour of his hands, sleeping in barns or in the open air, travelling from county to county to seek for grass to cut or corn to reap. Men call the Irish unthrifty, but I doubt whether you would find many English labourers who would take home unspent what is for them the large sum that they gradually accumulate by their continuous toil. How often they return with the seeds of consumption sown by damp and exposure, and the hacking cough conveys to the poor wife that her husband has gathered the money for quarter day at the expense of his life! How often they come back crippled with rheumatism from sleeping on the wet ground or in the draughty barn! Sometimes, too—for the sad truth must be told—they return sadly demoralized. They have been labouring in some county where there was no chapel, no priest for miles away—where their companions have been destitute of all religion and morality, and foul language and brutal indecency has become familiar to those who were nursed to love purity as a priceless jewel. Sometimes the temptation to drink has been too strong for them; sometimes—the poor boys especially—are led astray by evil company and bad example. When they return the harvest is over, and the winter is spent in an enervating idleness, and the absence of healthy employment brings with it a thousand evils.

Yet no one can blame them. Their little patch of land cannot support them. Even in good years and with the help of the money earned in England, they can barely make both ends meet. Their activity, their power of initiative has been crushed out of them. Their conditions of life are so much against them

that nothing but superhuman energy can raise them from it. They exhaust the land by unwise crops. Even under the tillage most favourable to improvement it is in many cases so bad that it would barely repay the labour. They can emigrate it is true, but where is the money to come from? Whither are they to go? Are they certain of finding a market for their labour elsewhere? At all events, the uncertainty is such as to render it quite unreasonable to expect of them the necessary effort, or the bitter sacrifice of the home and country that they love with an undying and romantic tenderness. So they struggle on in spite of all the miseries of the system.

But even this resource has failed them to a great extent of past years. The bad harvests in England and Scotland have diminished the demand for Irish labour. Where the harvest is good, another cause has produced the same result. The employment of machinery in large farms requires a much smaller number of hands to gather it in, and the money which formerly paid the Irish labourers now goes into the pockets of the workmen in the manufactories where the machines are made. All this tends to impoverish them still more. Misery produces depression, and depression discontent, and discontent agitation, and unlawful agitation crime. When the potato crop is good at home and the harvest abroad, the Irish will be found to live peaceably and quietly. But they are always living on the verge of destitution, and in a state of unstable equilibrium, if I may be allowed a mathematical metaphor. They resemble a man who has built for himself a house which does well enough in fine weather, but becomes uninhabitable in a heavy storm. A bad season upsets their calculations. There is no margin to compensate for the loss of their crops. Hence the recurring famines and miseries which are a proverb all over the earth, and a dark blot on the history of our times.

But what is it has brought them to this state of misery? How is it that they are living on those barren patches of land insufficient to provide them with the necessaries of life? How is it that they were ever driven to the miserable make-shift of harvesting in England for near half the year? Why did they settle in a place where it was impossible to live? As far as I could ascertain, various sources combined to produce the unfortunate result. Some of them were in former times driven out of richer land on the same or some other estate, because the owner desired to have more grazing land or farms on a large

scale. They were glad to find shelter where they could, and had in many instances reclaimed by their own labour from utter barrenness the plot they occupied. The agent accepted from them at first a mere nominal rent, though it was raised as the cultivated land acquired a greater value. In other cases the evil arose from the mischievous system of subdivision. The land of the father was divided among the sons, or the young married couple received from their several parents a portion of the farms they occupied. The widow could not cultivate the whole of her husband's land, and was glad to sell a portion to a neighbour who had none, for the sake of the ready money which would for a time supply the needs of her children and furnish a little capital for the purchase of stock. Thus the land was divided and subdivided, and subdivided again, and the hunger for its possession was such that each little plot would command its price. The landlord unfortunately found that subdivision, however disastrous in the long run, brought in at all events for a time an increasing income, and instead of exercising his power to prevent the evil, too often sanctioned or encouraged it.

But I must return from my digression, though I fear it is only to enter on another. I left Loughlin with regret, though it was sad enough, God knows, to witness misery that it was impossible to relieve. As we drove along it naturally occurred to me to ask who was the owner of the land on which these scenes of misery occurred? of the cottages unfit for human habitation? I was told that it was a wealthy nobleman, who from one year's end to the other never came near his property; that one or two of his sons occasionally visited it—for the shooting; that his estate brought him in a rental of between £20,000 and £30,000 a year; that its whole management was intrusted to an agent, and that the noble owner resided habitually in England, and there spent the handsome income which accrued to him from his Irish estate. He was not regarded as a hard landlord, for the agent he employed was a good Catholic and a kind-hearted man, one who had shown during the years of famine a benevolence quite exceptional in that he had never evicted a starving tenant for non-payment of rent. The rents, too, had not been raised of late years when the tenant improved the land, and though the rental had gone up from £9,000 to £29,000 without any serious expenditure on the landlord's part, yet the increase had taken place some thirty or forty

years ago, and was not attributable to the present management. But as for any personal inquiry on the landlord's part into the condition of his tenants, into the misery prevailing on his estates, as for any thought of visiting the widows or the orphans in their distress, or of taking any active measures to save his tenantry from starving—of this I heard nothing. It would have been a wild and romantic dream that a landlord resident in England should condescend to such Quixotic benevolence.

I am now approaching a question on which I know that I cannot speak with sufficient caution—so delicate is the subject, so many-sided, so difficult to treat with dispassionate justice. The landlord question is not only a burning question, but one which seems to kindle every one who handles it with fierce indignation on one side or the other. I must confess that I have heard few men speak of it without some distinct bias. I am not going to express any opinion myself. I shall simply state facts, and leave the reader to draw his conclusions.

Of these facts the most important is, I think, the different idea of the duties entailed by the possession of land prevalent in England and in Ireland. I believe this difference is at the root of a great deal of the miseries of Ireland. A large proportion of Irish landlords had their land as a grant in the time of James the First, of Cromwell, and of William of Orange. They regarded it and their descendants regard it as an absolute possession. If they charged a fair rent and did not evict their tenants without due notice and a reasonable cause, they consider that there their duty began and ended. In times of famine and distress they would regard it as incumbent on their charity not to exact strict justice, and to send to the parish priests a donation where there was great destitution. Outside this, no further responsibility: residence upon the land was not recognized as an obligation. If it was convenient to them, they lived on their estate, if not, in Dublin, London, Paris, wherever they pleased. Many a landlord living in England had an estate in Ireland, and regarded it as a possession as completely and entirely his as a house or houses which he might have bought in London, and of which he received the rent through some London agent. Just as he gave this agent a percentage for collecting it and instructed him to make such repairs as were necessary and to eject the tenant if he did not pay his rent on the appointed day, so he gave the agent

on his Irish estate a similar percentage and gave him similar instructions. Just as the owner of a London property would rarely think of condoning the rent of a tenant because harvests had been bad or American competition had undersold him, or because his customers had not paid their debts, so the owner of the Irish property could see no reason for making corresponding abatements. Just as the owner of a street in London would consider the notion of his being bound to reside himself in or near that street as a preposterous and ridiculous idea, so the owner of the estate in Ireland regarded the idea of any obligation of residence as ridiculous and preposterous. As the owner of London houses would naturally raise the rent of an improving property, independently of the means by which it was improved, so the Irish landlord regarded himself as justified in obtaining what he considered a fair rental, and therefore higher in proportion to the greater value of the land belonging to him. As the tenant of a London house would not consider himself aggrieved if his rent were raised because of improvements he had himself made without any agreement with the landlord, so in the estimation of the Irish landlord, the tenant who had improved his land by his own exertions without any previous agreement, must expect on the improved land to pay an improved rent. If not, some other tenant was prepared to pay the increased charge, and on the ordinary principles of supply and demand, the landlord was not only justified but bound in his own interest to accept the highest bid made him. Why should not Ireland be content with the ordinary business-like method of proceeding of which the English tenant did not complain? What was just in England and with reference to English tenants was also just in Ireland and with reference to Irish tenants. If the former were content why not the latter, when both were treated on exactly the same footing?

Such was and such to some extent is the landlords' view. Now let us look at the tenants' side of the question. In the mind of the Irish people, as has been more than once pointed out, there is indelibly rooted an altogether different conception of the tenure of land. The absolute possession of land is an idea altogether foreign to Irish ideas. It is the old notion of "gavelkind" handed on from generation to generation which moulds their conception of the right possessed by the landlord. His is a partial, not an entire possession. It is shared by the

tenant. In God's earth both landlord and tenant have a joint ownership. They are co-possessors, and one of them has no right to deprive the other of his share in it. There is a landlord-right and a tenant-right, each having a money value. For centuries landlords have very naturally been active on their own ideas of absolute possession, and so they look upon the Land Act, which recognizes the joint-possession theory and is a return to the old Irish custom, as an act of spoliation. The tenants on the other hand look upon it as a restitution of a small part of their ancient rights.

It is this notion of part proprietorship which accounts to a great extent for the indignation of the Irish tenantry when they are evicted. It is not merely that delicate women and tender children have been turned out to perish with cold and hunger, but it is the injustice, as they take it, which is so utterly unjustifiable. It is to them as if one partner in a business were unjustly to deprive the other of the share which was rightly and lawfully his. Nay, it is far worse than this, for it is in their eyes an injustice which robs them of that which is dear to them as the apple of their eye. Their cottage and land is a sacred inheritance; their love for it is deeply rooted in their heart. They cling to it with an intensity of affection which to the hard common sense of Englishmen seems a piece of maudlin sentimentality. What seems to an Englishman an assertion of an undoubted right, carried out perhaps on some occasions with a little unnecessary harshness, is in the eyes of the Irish tenant a piece of cruelty and injustice, crying to Heaven for vengeance. And, given their premiss, they are perfectly right in their conclusion. If the Irish notion of the fixity of tenure, such as has been handed down to them by an unfading tradition, and such too as is now recognized by English law, is more in accordance with the natural law, then they are right. If on the other hand the English custom, based on the feudal system, is the more equitable on principles of natural justice apart from legislation, then the ideas prevalent in Ireland are false and it is an unfortunate necessity which has forced the Legislature to adopt them. On this I express no opinion whatever. I am now merely contrasting English and Irish ideas of the duties of a landlord to his tenants, and showing how the difference explains mutual distrust and animosity.

From this notion of joint proprietorship which underlies the

Irish conception of the relation of the landlord to his tenant, there arises another important result. If the tenant improves his land by careful tillage, it is he who ought to enjoy the fruits of his industry. If he reclaims a piece of bog and makes it a fertile field, it belongs to him rather than to the landlord. The joint proprietorship gives in his mind a right in equity, a claim to a share in the profits, proportionate to the capital (whether of labour or money) that he puts in the business. It is as if one of two partners in some mercantile concern were to increase its profits fourfold by industry and attention to his business, while the other partner took no sort of pains to advance the prosperity of that on which they are both engaged, or rather remained a "sleeping partner." As the working partner would think that he had a claim to whatever value accrued to the business from his own exertions, and that the sleeping partner ought to be satisfied so long as he continued to receive the same percentage of the capital he had invested as before the improvement, so the Irish tenant considered as belonging to himself by the rules of equity all the additional yield which had accrued to the land from his own industry. If anything the landlord was *his* debtor; for he had transformed the desert waste into a smiling field. Hence, when he found not here and there but almost universally (I am speaking of course of the past) that the landlord rewarded the improvement made in the land, not by conferring any reward on the improving tenant, but by fining him for his labour; when he found that he not only did not acknowledge the benefit done to his land, but increased the rent in proportion to the labour and capital spent, and the improved value which resulted from the expenditure, can we wonder if he revolted at what seemed to him so unjust, so unreasonable, so cruel, so opposed to the most elementary rules of justice? He had hitherto paid 10s. an acre for his land, his improvements had made it worth double the money, and he was rewarded for his pains by having his rent raised from 10s. to 20s. or 25s. To take an instance which has I believe been mentioned in public. A poor man had a piece of land at the foot of a mountain. All above his holding was barren mountain land. He was industrious and intelligent, and finding that his own plot did not occupy all his time, he set to work to reclaim some of the waste land on the slope. After he had brought it into a fine state of cultivation the change came to the landlord's ears. For the waste land he had brought under cultivation he had hitherto paid 2s. 6d. an acre. But now under

those new conditions it was evidently worth six or eight times that amount, and his rent was raised from 2s. 6d. to £1 an acre on the portion of land he had himself reclaimed. He could not afford to pay the increased sum, and had to resign his land, and fell back on his original holding. But there was more land still higher up the mountain slope unreclaimed, and again he set to work at his self-imposed task. This time he had a tacit understanding that he was to keep the benefits of his own labour, and an assurance from the agent that he should be left undisturbed on payment of the original rent. Three years more labour, and the new piece was rendered fertile and productive. But the landlord refused to recognize the agreement, and once more the rent was raised, and the poor tenant, unable to pay it, had again to withdraw. A third time he set to work, and now on the security of a promise from the landlord himself. When the work was done he would surely be left to enjoy the fruits of his labour. But meanwhile the landlord died, and his successor declined to be bound by a promise which did not exist in writing, and in the end the results of all the tenant's industry was a pauper's death in the workhouse.

This story is a typical one of many like it. Such cases and others far worse used to be not unfrequent in Ireland. At first sight we are inclined to believe that no landlord would be guilty of such injustice, but we must remember that many of the landlords never came near their estates, and most of them, even if they resided in Ireland during a portion of the year, yet were utterly and entirely ignorant of the wishes, hopes, and characters of their tenants. A landlord in London or elsewhere heard from his agent that Pat Sullivan's land, for which he was paying £4 10s., was worth £8 10s. on account of the improvements made upon it, and that an offer had been made by another tenant of £8 10s. for it. The landlord, living at a distance, local or moral, from poor Pat Sullivan's holding, very naturally wrote back to the agent, that if the land was worth £8 10s., why Mr. Sullivan must pay it or make way for the higher bidder. There was an end of the matter as far as he was concerned. With his English ideas of land tenure he was not, could not be inflicting any hardship on the evicted tenant. So out poor Pat was turned, from the homestead endeared to him by a thousand ties, the homestead he considered as his own. Out he went with wife and little ones, cursing the unjust tyrant (as it seemed to him) who had robbed

him and turned him out of his own—cursing the law which sanctioned such injustice and afforded no redress—cursing the Government under which such laws were made and enforced.

This very common case leads me on, as of necessity, to the question of absenteeism. I have already stated what they call the ideas prevailing on the subject in England, and in the dominant class in Ireland. I now turn to the Irish ideas on the subject. To the Irish mind the landlord is the lawful or unlawful successor of the old head of the clan or sept. On him, therefore, there devolves all the duties which appertained to the chieftain of former days. The chieftain of old was the father of his people, their leader in war, their ruler in time of peace. He, or his Brehon representing him,² was the arbiter of their disputes, the adjuster of their rival claims. He wielded among them an almost absolute power. If want assailed them, he was bound to feed them. If they were oppressed by the petty chieftains, he it was who had to redress their wrongs. They had no written law, or a very scanty one. His word was law. As the priest in matters spiritual, so in matters temporal the chieftain reigned supreme. It was his personal influence which swayed their lives. He was elected by them, and to them the elect of the people was the elect of God. Their warm hearts clung to him with loyal affection. Such was the old tradition, and such the only attitude possible in the Irish mind towards their territorial chieftain. The very notion of an absentee chieftain would have been a contradiction. Perhaps a raid on to some neighbour's land might for a time leave his people without their leader, but disputes were postponed for settlement and quarrels patched up until his return. But if he had

² The Brehons were hereditary judges attached to the provincial kings or chieftains. They heard causes on the summit or slope of the hills where the provincial assemblies were held. The Brehon law was universally observed in Ireland up to the year 1172, when Henry the Second made an attempt to enforce the English law throughout Ireland. The abolition of the Brehon law seems to have had little or no effect. Statute after statute was passed, abolishing it, in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James the First, Cromwell, and William of Orange, but it lived on in the hearts of the people. The chief difference between Brehon and English law was the far greater leniency of the former. In this respect it embodied the various changes which an advanced civilization has made in the English law. Sir John Davies, Attorney General of Ireland under James the First, attributes to this leniency the evils then prevalent in Ireland. The Brehon laws, he tells us, punished even the greatest offences with a fine, whereas "by the just and honourable laws of England and all other well-governed kingdoms and commonweals, murder, manslaughter, robbery, and theft were punished with death."

settled elsewhere he would *ipso facto* have ceased to be the head of the clan.

When the old chieftains were driven out or slain, and their possessions handed over to Cromwell's Ironsides, or the soldiers or courtiers of the Revolution period, the tenants on the land were in the position of those whose lawful King had been succeeded by an usurper. Their attitude was from the first one of deep, bitter, determined hostility. The English settlers were a garrison in a hostile country—race, religion, habits, character, utterly and entirely different from and opposed to those of the people among whom they settled. Some of them, by patient kindness and gentleness, won over their tenants, and there are estates in Ireland in which (until very lately) even the Protestant landlord was recognized as a sort of monarch among his tenantry; and they transferred to him at least a portion of the confidence and allegiance that the old chieftain enjoyed from them. Such landlords were, I fear, few and far between. The great majority found their position among their Irish tenantry a painful and, indeed, a dangerous one, and they either went to live elsewhere, leaving an agent in possession, or remained on their estates, but kept aloof from any intercourse with the people around them, living in their house as in a citadel or fort, and appealing from time to time to the English Government for military or police protection. Whichever were the alternative adopted by them, how could they expect from their tenantry that personal loyalty, that devotion of the heart, that mingling of reverential fear and love by which alone Ireland and Irishmen can be permanently ruled?

I think these are the three causes which lie at the root of Irish hostility to landlords and landlordism. The landlord regarded himself as the absolute master of the soil, and those who occupy it, therefore, occupy it at his will and pleasure. The tenant is firmly rooted in the idea that the landlord and the tenant are joint proprietors, and that the landlord is guilty of a flagrant injustice if he expels him. Beside this, and as a consequence of it, the landlord considered himself justified in charging on the tenant the full value of the land as it existed *hic et nunc*, whereas the tenant believed that the fruits of his own industry are his by right, and that to raise his rent because he has improved the land is a crying shame and a brutal fraud. From the same source proceeded the landlord's conviction that he was free to reside or not to reside upon his estate, just as best

sued his own pleasure and convenience. Why should he banish himself and his family to the wilds of Connemara or Donegal, simply because he had a property there? To the mind of the Irish tenantry, on the other hand, an absentee landlord forfeits in the eye of justice, if not of the law, whatever claims he had to the estate of which he receives the revenues. How can he perform the duties entailed by his position? How can he be the father of his people? How can he rule them as he ought? How can he carry them in his bosom when they are in distress, or see to their necessities in the days of famine and of sickness?

Add to this, and I perhaps ought to have introduced this consideration at an earlier stage, that the majority of Irishmen would not allow to the settler, thrust in by violence in the days of Cromwell or of William of Orange, a Protestant, an alien, and above all an Englishman, any sort of right to the land that he claims as his own, or any power to transmit it to his descendants. They do not recognize any right of prescription to a property gained by wrong and held by violence. Just as they do not acknowledge the British Government as having any right to their allegiance, so the Protestant landlord, the descendant of one of their cruel and brutal persecutors in the days of Cromwell, is in their eyes a usurper whose title is a purely fictitious one. As they would take the first opportunity of ridding themselves of the present system of government from England, so they would take the first opportunity of shaking off the dominion of their alien absentee landlord. Where a landlord has been resident, and has by his friendly kindness and devotion to his tenants won their hearts and obtained a hold on their affections, the memory of the unjust foundation of his claims to the property may have faded away; but where the landlord lives elsewhere, or living on the spot has treated his tenants with harshness, the traditional feeling of revolt against the intruder still lives in all its vigour in the hearts of the tenantry. This is one of the many points of contrast between the English and the Irish character. An Englishman soon forgets. He nurses no strong hereditary attachment or aversion. The present for him blots out the past. What is it to him that one of his ancestors had some grievous wrong inflicted upon him by the ancestor of his present landlord? Let bygones be bygones. It costs him nothing to forgive and forget. It somehow comes naturally to him. Not so the Irishman. He may forgive but he cannot forget. What was done to his ancestors was done to him. The old

man will tell of the brave soldier, his uncle, it may be, or cousin, who had enlisted in the service of France, and had come over with the French in the ill-fated landing of '98, and was hanged as a rebel by the English, and the listening group will receive the romantic story as if it had almost happened before their very eyes, and the glistening tears of sympathy for the rebel will mingle with the expression of an undying hatred for those whom they regard as his murderers. The old granny will call the children of the house around her, and show them the spot where, some one hundred years ago or more, her grandfather was murdered by the English troops in cold blood. The tale of wrong will be handed down from generation to generation, and the family gathered round the hearth will have each detail of the story recounted, with all the picturesque reality, as if it happened only yesterday. An incident that happened the other day exactly illustrates this feeling. An English gentleman driving through the West of Ireland inquired of his Irish carman who was the owner of a fine old house which stood at some little distance from the road. "Well, your honour, the gentleman who lives there is named —, but the real owner is Mr. O'Brien who lives down yonder," at the same time pointing to a mud hovel which had been built on the estate. The stranger in surprise made further inquiries. "Why, surely it must belong to the gentleman who occupies it?" "Belong to him!" answered the carman, indignantly; "why he was one of Cromwell's drummers."

This intense traditionalism of the Irish; this identification of a man with his ancestors is the key to much that seems to the English mind utterly unreasonable. I have heard it called vindictiveness; but this is not true, for the Irish are equally strong in their traditional loyalty as in their traditional hate. It is in their blood; it is the mainspring of their ancient customs; the key to their history. It is one of the many almost insuperable barriers which divide England from Ireland. To ignore it is simple folly; to decry it as a vice is one-sided and unfair. It has its good and its bad side. If on the one hand it perpetuates the hatred of the past, on the other it is the natural means which God in His mercy has employed to maintain unimpaired the faith of the children of St. Patrick.

But I cannot leave this subject without saying a word more about absenteeism. The joint proprietorship in the soil, and the consequent rights to fixity of tenure, and to the recognition of

tenants' improvements as belonging to themselves, are now recognized by the English law. It is a law which certainly bears hard on many of the landlords. Many Irish estates are heavily mortgaged, often so heavily that the margin left for the present landlord is a very small one; and this margin has been cut down in part or altogether by the reduction of rents consequent on the Land Act. I am not surprised when I hear them call it a measure of spoliation. For them, and with their notions of property, *it is* spoliation; it is a deliberately depriving them of that which has been theirs for generations, and which they regarded as absolutely their own. One of its unfortunate consequences is that it bears most hardly on the resident landlords, since they are the least wealthy members of the class, and can least afford to have their incomes reduced.

To the absentee landlords it may indeed cause some little inconvenience, but to many of the residents it will be a serious matter, and some will be almost beggared by it. Take, for instance, the case of a man whose gross rental is £2000 a year, and whose estate is mortgaged to the extent of three-fourths of its value. The diminution which will ensue on the remaining £500 will be such as in some cases to reduce his income to almost nothing at all. And the worst of it is that absenteeism is not and cannot be touched by any Land Act. To compel a landlord to reside upon his estate is impossible, and in many cases would be very undesirable in the interests of the tenants. A man whose ideas of the duties involved in the possession of property are such that he considers himself under no obligation to make personal inquiry into the welfare of his tenants; who takes no sort of interest in them, such as would prompt him to dwell at least for a portion of the year among them; who, in the days when gaunt hunger stalks through their midst, when their little ones cry out for bread and there is no one to break it to them, lives undisturbed and with a tranquil conscience in another land, enjoying the good things bought with the money which these tenants pay into his coffers,—such an one is perhaps better away. If he were there he might bring a curse instead of a blessing. He would only entail a fresh expense upon his estate by the police escort necessary to defend him, or the English soldiers who would be quartered in his vicinity. Sometimes the absentee landlord is better esteemed than he deserves, because his agent happens to be a kind-hearted and just man. The landlord of Loughlin and the country around

it was spoken of as a "good landlord," partly, I think, *comparative loquendo*, in comparison with some of the other landlords of the West, partly because his agent was a good, kindhearted, and upright man. If "Master Charlie," the agent, was from the necessities of his position a despot, he was at all events a benevolent despot. If his frown drove terror into the poor tenant's heart, and banished sleep from his eyes until "Master Charlie" was propitiated, yet there was always some reason for his frown. If he was positive and high-handed, it was necessary and even desirable for so great a man to speak without hesitation and to lay down the law as became the dignity of his position. He was in fact the lord of countless serfs, and he exercised his dominion with forbearance and kindness. Whatever cause there was for complaint was the result of the system rather than of the individual, of absenteeism, of the traditional disregard of the tenants' interests and the tenants' rights, of the English view of property and its responsibilities.

While I am on the subject of absenteeism, I must describe another scene illustrative of its effects that I witnessed a day or two later, and with which I must conclude my present article. I was driving along the road from Ballaghadereen to a village called Cloontheh. On a bog which skirted the road the peat had in one place been cut away to a depth of some eight or ten feet, in such a way as to form two walls at right angles to each other. The rapid slope of the ground had made it easy to do so, and one of those muddy clearances had been formed which most of my readers will have seen in Ireland or in Scotland. In the corner where the two peat walls met there was a sort of rise in the ground—a hovel it could scarcely be called, and certainly not a hut. The turf had been piled up into something resembling walls, and the whole was covered with some earth on which the green grass was growing. Surely this could not be a place of human habitation! Yet there was a sort of door, and smoke was issuing from it. So my companion and I alighted, and we entered with difficulty in by the hole which served as an entrance. Through the smoke which filled the hovel three little children were visible grouped round the fire—a little girl of about twelve or thirteen, dressed in the usual rags, just decently covered and that was all, a boy of some two or three years younger, and a mere baby. The furniture consisted of a couple of stools, a pile of potatoes in the corner, and a heap of rags called by courtesy a bed. The little girl was intelligent, and ready, as usual, to

respond to the friendly inquiries. Her father was in England, her mother was "setting" potatoes. She herself "went out hiring," *i.e.*, helped some neighbours to set potatoes and carry the manure in return for a little meal. This was why she did not go to school. The food of the family consisted of the customary mixture of Indian meal and water, dignified by the name of "stirabout." Flour and water for breakfast, flour and water for dinner, flour and water for supper! Her mother had formerly had some hens, but they had all died last winter, save one old hen, perched in a hole in the roof in solitary grandeur, and looking down upon us with a sort of mournful dignity, as became the sole survivor of an ancient and ill-fated race.

The sight of these poor children was a piteous one to look upon. What hope of healthy men and women when from day to day and week to week they had nothing whatever but a scanty supply of Indian meal and water? no milk, no potatoes, no oatmeal. The sad story was told uncomplainedly and with no idea of eliciting any help, just as if it were a matter of course and nothing to be surprised at. I turned away with a sick heart at the thought of mother and children doomed to famish on, as I suppose they are famishing on still, on their unhealthy diet. For though Indian meal is wholesome and fairly nutritive, yet when unmixed with other food it is quite insufficient to support life, and the infallible result, as time goes on, is that diarrhoea and sickness make their appearance, and fever finds the emaciated body an easy prey to its attacks. On that bare heath, living in a hovel which in England no sanitary inspector would allow for a single day to be a human habitation, far from all charitable aid, from medical help in time of sickness, starved and half-naked, alone, and with none to say a kind word, save the priest as from time to time he rides by on some errand of mercy, this hovel and its inmates was but one out of a thousand more which are thickly scattered over famine-stricken Mayo.

I inquired of my companion whether the sanitary inspector had no control over them, and would not condemn as unfit for human habitation such a hovel as this. The answer I received was that the inspector was the nominee of the landlords, and therefore slow to interfere, and besides in a wide district where half the houses were not much better than this, his task would be a thankless and an endless one. But the landlord himself? He was a man who lived comfortably in the South of England,

far removed from sights so unpleasant, from stories so inconvenient. But the agent? It was no business of his to interfere. If the people paid their rent regularly and did not complain, was it for him to suggest that his employer used them hardly? So they are left to grow up—if they are so happy as to escape the famine and the fever—to grow up and to bear, as so many from day to day are bearing, to the Great Republic of the West, those memories of childhood which exert such an influence over our lives, and which alone will fashion in all their intensity the love and the hate which the Irishman all over the world bears to the friends and the foes of his country. What sentiments can we expect these children, if they see manhood and womanhood, to entertain in after times, if one day, prosperous and wealthy, they listen in America far away to a discussion on the landlord system, and recal with painful vividness the incidents of their childhood and their youth?

In the next number of *THE MONTH* I hope to continue my story, and in the course of it to give as fairly as I can the sentiments prevalent in Ireland on emigration as the panacea for Irish misery.

R. F. CLARKE.

Botanical Transgressors.

WE do not usually associate the members of the vegetable kingdom with any shape or form of naughtiness. Anarchy and lawless self-assertion seem incompatible with a purely vegetative existence, and fabulists have not yet thought of drawing a moral from the delinquencies of a misguided vegetable. And yet plants can be naughty in their own fashion, and, to some extent, in our fashion too. As in other well ordered communities, so also among plants individuals are found to transgress rules and regulations, and in singling out such individuals for reprehension it must not be imagined that any sweeping condemnation is being passed upon the entire floral world.

The problems of individual and collective existence in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, approximate more nearly than we often suspect. Our own temporal welfare too is not a little bound up with the action, or inaction, of certain laws which regulate the lower creation. About these laws it is true that we know something, but our knowledge of things about us is like the view we get by climbing up a hill, the higher we mount the more widely our horizon spreads out. Our progress largely consists in learning that there is more to be learnt than we ever imagined, and it is well to remember that the scientific knowledge possessed by our present century is knowledge in a state of transition, it is not yet as fixed as the hills or as eternal as Carlyle's verities.

As amongst men we may distinguish two kinds of laws which are partly distinct and which partly overlap—the natural law, and the written laws, framed by more or less wise legislators—so we may similarly distinguish two kinds of laws applicable to the vegetable world. There are the natural laws which regulate growth, permanence, and physical properties, and which, except to a very slight extent, are independent of us, and there are laws of classification which depend upon us a good deal. We desire our classification to be not arbitrary but natural. The

classification of the various forms of plant life now generally followed we call the Natural system : it fairly deserves its name, though there is a growing feeling that it requires some re-adjustment. The selection of the *Ranunculus* as the type of a perfect flower, is looked upon by many as not so remotely unlike the selection of the freezing point of mercury as the degree of greatest cold. Be this as it may, we have a recognised classification, a recognised code of floral laws, and it is instructive to see how some of these laws are kept.

After much observation and comparison and generalisation, we have partitioned the floral world, separating it into groups and orders, families and species and varieties, to the best of our power assigning to each individual its proper place in the scale of vegetative perfection. A convenient means for arranging our scale is provided for us by points of similarity and dissimilarity in leaves and flowers. Roughly speaking, plants with certain kinds of flowers generally have certain kinds of leaves to match. This law is usually so well kept that in a large number of cases we know what kind of flower to expect from plants with certain leaves. We do not expect a plant with geranium leaves to put forth fuchsia flowers, and yet this is the kind of thing that a fair number of plants, otherwise well behaved and orderly enough, have a tendency to do. There is an *Anemone*, which has adopted a *Pelargonium* (geranium) leaf, and another *Pelargonium* leaf has been imitated by an ambitious carrot. A *Thujopsis*, one of the *Fir* tribe, has a leaf like a *Selaginella*, a small plant which affects marshy places. Trees as distinctly separated from each other as the olive and the holm oak have varieties whose leaves, both as to their colour, venation, texture, and shape are identical. Examples of this communism in leaves are numerous, and though it is an anomaly, botanists, by skilfully combining a couple of names make the anomaly appear more natural than nature itself. There is a well known erratic *Polygonon*, which has somewhat changed its (presumably) natural characteristics, and has borrowed or appropriated some peculiar to the *Convolvulus*, so it is called *Polygonon Convolvulus*, and it hardly seems an anomaly at all.

Now these are certainly transgressions of a law, but in the nature of offences they hardly go beyond the mildly reprehensible. But there are offenders who show a cool independence of our laboriously-constructed laws, who might be denounced with stronger adjectives. Perhaps we ought hardly to be

surprised to find this indifference to our established laws very conspicuous in Africa. The perception of the moral fitness of things is said to be in a rudimentary state among Africans, so too much must not be expected from the plants of the Dark Continent. Now in Africa, there are no members of the cactus family, or rather the family so feebly represented by a single species found near the Cape. The Cactus is peculiarly American, growing abundantly in the deserts of New Mexico, one species being met with growing wild as far north as New York. It is a fairly numerous order, having some eighteen genera and more than eight hundred species. The cactus is a plant with a deal of individuality about it, and many people fancy they can tell a cactus at sight. Its succulent, angular, jointed stem, its numerous and formidable prickles, seem sufficiently to mark it from most other shrubs. Certainly any one travelling in Africa who came across a shrub having succulent, angular, jointed stems and numerous formidable prickles would not unnaturally be under the impression that he had found a cactus. And this impression would be deepened if, on comparing particular groups of these African plants with particular groups of the American cactus, he found them to correspond to a nicety. Even an experienced traveller might fondly fancy that plants at least actually were what they seemed to be. But frequently enough they are not. In spite of its appearance, the African shrub is not a cactus, it is not even a poor relation of the cactus family. It betrays its real nature when constrained to flower, for its flower, so to speak, tears off the mask and gives the lie to its angular stem and thorny prickles, and proves it to be not a cactus, but a Euphorbia, an African relative of the inconspicuous Sun Spurge (*e. helioscopia*), which grows so plentifully in our fields and waste places. Although some fifty orders intervene between the spurge and the cactus, the African, by swelling out its (naturally?) smooth stem and reducing its leaves to thorns, endeavours to conceal this fact, and herein lies its offence. If it were allowed to beguile our ears as it beguiles our too confiding eyes, it might argue that in its own continent at least it had a connatural right to the peculiarly inelegant shape which we consider an exclusive characteristic of the American cactus. But we have made a classification, many classifications in fact, of the vegetable world, and according to our classification a cactus is a cactus, it has an hereditary right to angular and succulent stems, while a spurge is a spurge, and it has no business to ape the family

features of a cactus. So the African spurge is a sham, it is an impostor, it is a glaring instance of illegal (botanical) impersonification.

Impersonification is a comparatively innocuous offence. Graver charges may be brought against the seemingly peaceful denizens of our fields and hedgerows. It is often noticed that special varieties of plants grow in special districts, and the guide books which find their way into the hands of autumn wanderers generally contain some account of such local varieties. These variations are often ascribed to differences of soil and climate, and certainly both have a good deal to do with the well-being and the perpetuation of specially varied forms. But many facts show that the potency of soil and climate is by no means so great as it is popularly supposed to be. Cultivated plants for instance, plants which are under the care of man, grow equally well and produce equally abundant fruit in very varying soils and climates. Wheat ripens in Siberia and in Egypt, in Southern Russia as well as in North-West Canada. The soil and the climate of Europe is sufficiently like to that of temperate North American to lead us to suppose that the flora of both would be the same, but in fact it is not. We might suppose that plants would flourish best in their native soil and in their native climate, and here again facts falsify many of our suppositions. English watercress (*Nasturtium Officinale*) was unknown in New Zealand, but when introduced there it took so kindly to its new home that it is not unfrequently found with stems twelve feet in length. This prodigality of growth was not only found inconveniently large for the breakfast table, but it made watercress a formidable impediment to river navigation, it blocks up river courses, and costs the New Zealand Government some hundreds of pounds yearly to keep it from altogether choking up the water way. Similarly the American water weed or ditch moss (*Anacharis Canadensis*), although harmless enough in America, has spread with such rapidity in this country since its introduction about 1840, that there are few rowing men whose sweet serenity of temper has not been occasionally ruffled by it.

The fact seems to be that plants depend not only on the soil and climate, but also, to an extent hardly as yet sufficiently appreciated, upon the good will and forbearance of other plants. Plants grow, it has been epigrammatically observed, not where they like so much as where other plants will let them. No idea seems more fittingly associated with the quiet beauty of foliage

and of flower than that of tranquillity and peace, and yet this seeming peacefulness only veils to the passer-by an internecine war which is ever going on. It almost seems a mere rhetorical flourish to assert that war, bitter and unsparing and to the very death, is carried on by the silent beauties of our fields and meadows. But war there is. Many species have faded away and have become quite extinct in certain localities, not because the soil was unsuitable or the climate too rigorous, but because they have been overpowered and crushed out of existence by their floral rivals. Warfare among plants is carried on in various ways. In park lands it is often noticed that no flowers bloom under the shade of the trees, although outside the shaded circle the grass is studded with gaily-coloured dots and patches. The ground beneath a fir tree or a yew is not only devoid of flowers, but as a rule the toughest grasses, tenacious of life as they are, have been choked and throttled out of existence by the layers of fallen leaves which cover the ground and shut out light and air. It is not the soil, but the absence of sunlight which is fatal. The leaves of the tree, by intercepting the light, deprive the germinating seeds of one of the main sources of their well being. Many large leaved plants war in this way upon their less favoured fellows; but to equalise the conditions of the combat a little, many plants are especially equipped to fight with large-leaved foes. Some, like the *Convolvulus*, are enabled to obtain a sufficient quantity of air and light by climbing; others, like the *Potentilla reptans*, which have not learnt how to climb and are in danger of being left too much in the shade, send out long trailing stems which throw out roots at every node or joint, and find compensation in this way.

Annuals, plants which die down each autumn and are grown from seed, fight at a great disadvantage when they have to contend with perennials. Perennials, once they have their roots embedded in the soil, are prepared at each successive approach of spring to push up their fresh shoots through the moistened ground, and they supply their nurslings with nourishment from already existing stores. But annuals have to begin at the beginning. Supposing the seed to have fallen by good chance on suitable soil, it has still many dangers to run when it begins to push its rootlet downwards and to expand its first pair of little leaves to sun and air. Taller plants may overshadow it, shutting out light and warmth, quick growing grasses may draw away from its immediate neighbourhood the moisture

which it needs, and its story is soon told. It dies in early infancy, and by a death which may be termed violent. Although the plants which are falling into the sere and yellow leaf cannot be said exactly to watch over the rising generation, there are many species which show some kind of parental forethought for the welfare of the seeds they bring to maturity. They are not content with allowing the seeds when ripe to fall down and grow up beside them, but they send them away to seek their fortunes in far-off fields and lanes and road sides. Some seeds are provided with an apparatus not unlike an open umbrella, an umbrella with many ribs and no covering. The round feathered heads of the dandelion are examples of this, and children who blow them to pieces to see the individual seeds sail away steadily on the still summer air have no idea of the start they are giving these seeds in their struggle for life. All seeds do not start life so quietly. There is a little Bitter cress (*Cardamine impatiens*) which grows in North Wales, whose erect linear shaped seed pods as they dry up contract unequally, and by this unequal contraction cause the shells to burst and curl up gracefully above the summit of the pod. This violent bursting of the pod causes the seeds to fly out to a distance of three or four feet. An American species of witch hazel (*Hamamelis virginiana*) shoots out its seeds to a distance of ten feet and more—but when anything done here is also done in America, it is naturally done on a larger scale. The yellow balsam (*Impatiens noli-me-tangere*), now rather rare as a wild plant in England, gets its botanical name from its propensity to fire off its seeds when touched or shaken by the wind. This scattering of the seeds gives them a fairer chance of finding unoccupied soil than they would otherwise have, and it is not so usual to find these species growing so close together as we find daisies for instance. In spite of its mild and placid appearance the Daisy is a great warrior, its close low lying leaves shut out light and air from any unhappy seeds that chance to be underneath them, and field botanists soon get to know that there is little chance of finding many varieties where daisies grow plentifully. Grass and mosses hold their own against most antagonists, but grass is not so very successful in its battles with the daisy, as those who try to preserve the unbroken green of a favourite lawn often experience.

Curiously enough it is not always the seemingly strongest plants, plants with the toughest fibre and hardest texture of

leaf, which win these floral contests. The small white or Dutch clover (*Trifolium repens*), with a weakly creeping stem, usually not much more than a foot in length, when introduced into New Zealand attacked and defeated an indigenous species of flax, an exceedingly tough, robust plant with strong leaves over six feet high. The vegetable Goliath had to succumb to the floral David, and the little clover is actually driving the big flax out of existence.

This struggle for life among plants shows that the farmer's antipathy to "weeds" is extremely well founded. Especially in the case of varieties cultivated by man; when his protecting hand is withdrawn it is found that they are in great danger of being swept away by their many competitors for a livelihood.

One result to which this botanical warfare largely contributes is that the flora of a district changes. Some species die out, and "colonists" come to take their place. Any one looking through an English flora will find that the number of plants marked "a colonist," "an alien," or "native?" is not inconsiderable. And this is true not only of shrubs and small plants, but also of forest trees. The remains of the Hyrcinian forest, which in the time of Cæsar was composed of trees which annually shed their leaves, is now mainly made up of pines and firs. But with respect to forests, there seems to be a rotation of various kinds of trees, the kind of tree which grows up to take the place of those decaying, depending upon the light and air and other conditions which are afforded to the young saplings by the kind of tree already existing.

Special antipathies seem to exist between particular plants. The long hanging creepers of the Brazilian forests readily climb up certain trees, but sooner than mount up others, they are said to prefer trailing along the ground until they find a tree which they, perhaps, feel to be *sympathique*. Thus, too, Darnel grass (*lolium temulentum*), distinguished amongst grasses for the poisonous nature of its seeds, has an especial antipathy to wheat. It seems to consider that this small world of ours is really not big enough to contain them both. That darnel is injurious to wheat is a fact, but the explanations of the fact are various.

And with the mention of misbehaving darnel these desultory remarks about the more or less irregular conduct of plants may be concluded. But even from these scattered facts we may gather something to set us thinking. Even if we look upon

plants as automata, still a real struggle is going on amongst them, and we, the collective human race, may be more nearly concerned in the results of this conflict than we may have imagined. Upon the victory or defeat of certain species our food supplies may, or at any time might, depend to an extent not easily definable. We are not only indirectly concerned inasmuch as herbs and shrubs and grasses carry on war among themselves, but directly also, for they war not so unsuccessfully against man himself. Farmers, for instance, are not inclined to show any mercy to darnel; farmers of old time fought against it long before Virgil wrote about *infelix lolium*, and for the two thousand years which have gone by since Virgil's time, darnel has carried on the contest, year by year, with unflagging pertinacity, and it has still vigour enough to do all the mischief it is allowed to do, and more. Yet darnel is only one of many species whose undue propagation would seriously injure and diminish our food supplies, and over whose disproportionate propagation we have no control whatever. What regulates the complicated network of success and failure among the struggling varieties? How is it that while we cannot exterminate *one* noxious grass from out of our well watched cornfields, there are limits set to the undue growth of unwatched noxious species in our meadows and pastures, limits which it is quite out of our power to set. To account for this and much more by attributing it to Natural Selection is indeed giving a name to a resultant fact which we observe, but it is in no sense a complete explanation of the fact, still less is it an adequate and ultimate reason for the fact. The more we get to know of the innate properties and capabilities of things about us, the more we know of the complicated interaction of the laws of nature; the more we are forced to admit the veiled presence of some Power over and above these laws, which without eliminating the connatural action of individual laws and causes, nevertheless controls, co-ordinates, and adjusts all things firmly and wisely for the well-being of the whole.

W. D. S.

A Modern Ecstatica.

"De cetero nemo mihi molestus sit : ego enim stigmata Domini Jesu in corpore meo porto" (Gal. vi. 17).

WE know so little of the ways and counsels of God that it often seems to us as if He chose out, arbitrarily and as it were at haphazard, certain souls on whom to bestow extraordinary favours and miraculous graces. Some obscure, common-place, in no way remarkable youth or maiden is selected, we know not why, out of all the teeming millions of the earth, to be the recipient of some wonderful, some singular mark of God's love and friendship. The parents of this chosen soul are matter-of-fact, honest, ordinary sort of people : good Catholics indeed, but in no way different from other good Catholics around them. The happy child on whom God has thus fixed His love has been good and pious from infancy, but the most ordinary observer has detected no traces of exalted sanctity. Childhood has passed into youth, and yet there is no sign of the favours laid up in store for this favourite of Heaven. True, there has been a steady advance in virtue ; there has been suffering patiently endured ; pain borne without a murmur ; a cheerful, happy, contented spirit where there seemed good reason for complaining and discontent. But yet there have not been any distinctive and special signs of the destiny God was preparing for the sufferer, such as we should have expected in one who was to receive such an abundance of grace.

The reason of this is clear enough. Sanctity loves to hide itself, and although God sometimes brings it out into clear relief almost in spite of its own reluctancy, yet He more often allows it to follow its own instinct, ripen itself in the shade, indeed, as far as man is concerned, but in the brilliant sunlight of His love who loves the meek and humble of heart, and exalts those of low degree. There is nothing showy about sanctity, nothing remarkable to the casual looker-on. Often, too, God allows it to be

misunderstood by friends and relations, even by those who are themselves good and virtuous. Often he allows its possessor to be cruelly persecuted with those petty persecutions which seem trifles from outside, but nevertheless entail a sort of perpetual martyrdom. And even when the wondrous gifts are given, these too are sometimes the subject of fresh persecutions and fresh misunderstandings, and those whom we might expect to venerate the saint are somehow unable to see any sanctity to admire.

To this class belonged Maria von Mörl, who was one of those chosen to the high honour of bearing in her hands and feet the sacred marks of the Passion of Jesus Christ. She was born on October 16, 1812, at Kaltern, amid the most lovely scenery of the South Tyrol. Her father's house, an unpretentious but roomy stone building, stands on the right bank of the Etsch, near the junction of that river with the Eisack; all around are sunny hills, clothed with vines and olives, their slopes rising one above another, until the charming picture is closed in by ranges of mountains adorned with ancient castles, the snowy peaks of the far-off Alps gleaming in the distance. In the centre of this enchanting valley is a crystal lake, which mirrors all the surrounding beauty in its glassy depths.

Maria's father, Joseph von Mörl, belonged to an ancient and noble, but impoverished family, and there is very little to be said concerning him, since he was essentially one of those commonplace people who in all ages and in every land compose the vast majority of mankind. His character presents no salient features; he was neither very good nor very bad, neither did he possess any special gifts; and indeed, the only remarkable thing about him is the absolute indifference with which he persistently regarded the supernatural vocation of his daughter, and the utter want of appreciation he manifested for all the wonders it pleased God to work in her. His wife, Anna Maria Selva, on the other hand, although not a person of good family, was distinguished for nobility of soul and eminent for true and unostentatious piety. She never allowed her religious exercises to interfere in the least with her domestic duties, which she performed in an exemplary manner, so that hers might be truly termed a pattern household. Her perfection as a wife must have cost her no small effort, as her affectionate and sensitive nature had much to endure in its daily contact with her uncongenial husband. As a mother she was no less perfect, and Maria was doubtless not a

little indebted to the careful training she received in her earliest years.

The future Ecstatica seems always to have been a good child, docile and obedient, pious and loving; ever ready to render to those about her any little service which might lay within her power, and distinguished at school by intelligence and application rather than by more brilliant qualities. She was unusually quiet and silent for her years, but this is to be attributed in a great measure to the state of her health, which commenced to fail when she was about five years old. She suffered from repeated and distressing attacks of hæmorrhage, and from a painful oppression of the chest, so that she could at times scarcely breathe. The aid of the best physicians was called in, but all their skill proved powerless to cure, and could at the most only alleviate her varied and increasing ailments, which she bore with a patience and cheerfulness surprising indeed in one so young. Several times her life was despaired of, and she seemed to be hovering on the brink of the grave; but the great vital power which she, in common with many persons of a weak constitution, seems to have possessed, ever and again enabled her to shake off her malady. When she was ten years old she was, to her great joy, permitted to approach the Holy Table. The strength of her feelings was, however, on this occasion too much for her feeble frame to endure, and no sooner had she received the Bread of Angels than she fainted away, and remained for some time in a death-like swoon. From this time her progress in the ways of God was surprisingly rapid, and she found in the joys of religion abundant compensation for all those childish pastimes in which her weak health prevented her from taking part. She was greatly aided in her upward path by the wise counsels of Father Capistran, a Franciscan priest, under whose guidance the Providence of God placed her when she was nearly fourteen, and who continued to direct her through a long course of years, and indeed up to the time of his own death. He displayed throughout, in the treatment of his penitent, a rare amount of judgment and discretion, as will be seen in the course of Maria's history. He was a man of high spiritual attainments, and no mean proficient in those lessons which can only be learnt in the school of suffering; besides this, he was a man of strong common sense, and soon became the friend of the whole family, his excellent advice being of great use to Frau von Mörl, amid the innumerable cares and difficulties which a very large family,

a very small income, and a very incapable husband must necessarily entail.

In the course of 1826 or 1827, Maria's health had so much improved that her mother decided on sending her to stay some time with relatives who were residing at Val di Non, on the other side of the mountain range at whose base Kaltern is situated; this was arranged with the twofold object of enabling her to acquire the Italian language, and also of procuring for her a thorough change of air, scene, and surroundings, and by this means promoting the complete re-establishment of her health. She had always been deeply, almost passionately attached to her mother, and when the parting moment came, an acute pang shot through her heart, piercing it with the sharpness of a sword, for as she clung round the neck of her beloved parent in a last tearful embrace, she felt a strong presentiment that they should meet no more on earth. This feeling cast a shadow over the months Maria spent in the lovely Val di Non, which would otherwise have been a season of well-nigh unmixed enjoyment, especially as she was too young and inexperienced to know that such times of peace and freedom from suffering are only granted by God to His children in order that they may gain strength for fresh trials, and are like the rest which a skilful commander always, if possible, allows his soldiers to take on the eve of a great battle. Poor Maria! her presentiment proved only too prophetic; and while she was basking in the sunshine of Val di Non, behind the mountains dark clouds were gathering, and a storm was preparing to burst over her home which would sweep all her earthly happiness away for ever.

She had been absent about nine months, when she was summoned in haste to return; she reached Kaltern, however, only to find her idolized mother lying dead, and an infant sister, whose birth had cost that precious life, added to the family circle. It would be vain to attempt to depict Maria's agonizing grief, which reached such a point as to be described by herself in after years as excessive. Nor did it pass away, as violent emotions so often do, but lasted until the time when her nature was so transformed by grace that every earthly element was eliminated from her naturally ardent affections, and her love for her departed mother was—not diminished indeed—but changed into a supernatural charity, through the union of her own wayward will to the all-wise will of God. But a weary road had to be traversed ere that happy time should arrive; and

the history of the Ecstatica affords a striking example of the truth of those words of the Wise Man which warn him who cometh to the service of God to prepare his soul for temptations. Her outward lot was indeed a hard one, and very heavy was the burden resting upon the shoulders of the young and delicate girl. She had one brother older than herself, besides nine younger brothers and sisters; the entire care and management of the numerous family devolving on her, as her unsympathetic father, far from affording her any assistance, had not the tact and prudence to support her authority before the children and servants, but on the contrary, aggravated the difficulties of her position by frequently reproaching her with failing to make the most of the scanty sums he allowed her for housekeeping expenses, and with employing in visits to the Blessed Sacrament and religious exercises the time she ought to spend in attending to temporal affairs. She bore his unjust severity in silence, and displayed a courage and energy truly surprising when we remember that she was barely sixteen; but there were times when her self-possession failed her, and the tiresome ways and provoking tempers of her little brothers and sisters betrayed her into expressions of impatience and irritability which she greatly deplored, although we cannot but ascribe these outbursts mainly to physical causes, as her health soon began again to give way. Yet she struggled on, and fought bravely against her increasing weakness and sufferings, which were characterized by her father as "mere nervous fancies," which it was quite within her power to shake off. Moreover, the devil began at this time to assail her with temptations of no common kind and severity, and the powers of Hell formed, as it were, an unholy League against her. Can we wonder then if she often exclaimed in the words of Him to Whom she was destined to be at a subsequent period so marvellously conformed: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death."

This painful and wearing existence continued for several years, until Maria was nearly eighteen. She then fell dangerously sick, all the ailments from which she suffered in her childhood returning upon her with tenfold aggravation, in addition to painful cramps and convulsions so severe as to make her fearful to behold. For thirty days she could swallow nothing but a little lemonade, and though the attack gradually yielded to remedies, it left a permanent weakness behind, and she never again enjoyed an ordinary amount of health. She

one day asked her kind doctor if she could hope for an ultimate cure, and on his answering in the negative: "In this case," she replied, "I am ready to bear all God may see fit to lay upon me, and do not wish to continue the use of these costly medicines; so you see, my dear doctor, you will have to give me up." In answering thus, she was actuated not only by a spirit of heroic resignation, but also by the desire to spare her father's slender purse the expense involved in constant medical attendance. Her bodily weakness was rendered yet more trying by the incessant persecutions she had to endure from evil spirits; dark and hideous forms beset her by night and by day, filling her little room, surrounding her bed, assailing her on her way to church, inspiring thoughts of blasphemy, suggesting every sort of evil desire and imagination, and trying to persuade her that she was predestined to eternal damnation. Sometimes she saw a huge black cat, with eyes that glowed like living embers, sit for hours on the sill of her window, or dart uncannily from side to side of the apartment; and Father Capistran on more than one occasion distinctly heard the sounds it emitted, and seized a broom which happened to be near in the hope of driving away the creature. His fruitless efforts and the unearthly agility with which it eluded the blows aimed at it, impressed Maria as being so very droll that she could not help laughing aloud. All this continued without intermission for more than two years, and at one period reached such a climax, that she was, in accordance with her urgent and repeated entreaties to this effect, privately exorcised, and experienced the greatest relief in consequence. She shortly after joined the Third Order of St. Francis, and took a vow of obedience to her director.

It was about this time that the Emperor granted her a pension from a fund appropriated to the relief of gentlewomen in straitened circumstances. The sum was not large in itself, but it proved no small boon to Maria, who as will readily be imagined, spent no part on herself, but devoted the whole to the benefit of her numerous brothers and sisters.

We have thus brought the history of the Ecstatica down to 1832, a year destined to be for her more important and eventful than any other of her life, since in its early months her ecstasies began to assume a definite form and considerable duration, and in the autumn of the same year the Stigmata began to make their appearance. On the feast of the Purification, shortly after she had received Holy Communion, she folded her hands, raised

her eyes to Heaven, and all at once was lost to external objects and impressions, remaining for twelve hours in this state, until at length those about her, alarmed at her condition, summoned Father Capistran. He called her by name, saying: "Maria, cannot you answer me?" She looked at him with a smile, and was at once her ordinary self again, firmly believing that only a few moments had elapsed since she made her Communion, and appearing greatly astonished when she heard the facts of the case. From the month of June, the ecstasy became a daily occurrence, and though every effort was made to keep the fact secret, it gradually leaked out, and increasing numbers asked permission to visit Maria, whose physical weakness became about the same time so great, as to compel her to take altogether to her bed, which she was never again able to leave. We give an account of the ecstasy in the words of Görres, the celebrated writer on mysticism.

The first time I saw Maria von Mörl, I found her in the position in which she spends the greater portion of the day, kneeling on the lower part of her bed, towards the foot. Her hands were folded together before her breast, her face slightly raised, and turned in the direction of the church, her eyes uplifted and having an expression of rapt contemplation. She would remain thus for hours, impervious to all impressions from without, disturbed by no sound, unconscious of all that went on around, absolutely motionless, with the exception of gentle heavings of the chest, and resembling the pictures our imagination loves to draw of those blessed angels who are ever before the throne of God absorbed in gazing on His Divine beauty and matchless perfections. She is occupied in adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and in contemplation of the life and sufferings of Christ, following the course of the Church's year, the various events of which she acts out, so to speak, in a manner very striking to beholders. Thus at Christmas she appears to be rocking an infant in her arms, while an expression of delight beams from her features; on the Epiphany she kneels behind the Three Kings, her eyes fixed lovingly on the wondrous Child; at the Marriage of Cana in Galilee she reclines upon her side, as the Easterns are in the habit of doing at table; a circumstance all the more remarkable because she had never seen any pictures from which this posture could have become familiar to her.

These wonderful manifestations, as well as those greater marvels of which we shall presently have to speak, were of course made the subject of the strictest investigation by both the secular and ecclesiastical authorities. The Prince-Bishop of Trent paid a visit to the Ecstatica with a view to convince

himself of the genuineness of what was going on, and several magistrates high in office came to Kaltern for a like purpose; all being equally ready to attest at a subsequent period the supernatural character of what they had seen and heard. And God saw fit to set His own seal to the sanctity of His servant by visiting with condign punishment a graceless sceptic, who dared to make her the subject of a jest. One day a visitor, after having been permitted to see Maria while in ecstasy, derided her on his homeward way, protesting to his companions that he could do exactly as she did, and proceeding to imitate the posture in which she knelt upon her bed. This happened about five o'clock in the afternoon, and for seven hours the unhappy man remained in the position he had assumed, and seemed to be in a sort of lethargy, for he could not hear when called upon by name, or feel if violently struck; and when his hands were forcibly dragged apart by strong men, they closed again immediately. About midnight he became himself once more, and bitterly repented his rash conduct.

In the autumn of 1833, Father Capistran began to notice a slight depression in the centre of Maria's hands, his attention being first called to the fact by her complaining of a severe pain in the same spot, and also in the corresponding part of her feet. The true significance of this at once occurred to him, but he kept his own counsel; and so the winter passed away, until upon the Purification, 1834, he found his penitent when first he entered her room, engaged in wiping her hands with a linen handkerchief. He asked her what she was doing, and she answered with the utmost simplicity that she must have rubbed the skin off in some way, as her hands were bleeding. The experienced priest, however, comprehended at a glance that she had indeed been deemed worthy to bear in her body during the remainder of her sojourn upon earth, the marks of the Lord Jesus. The wounds of the feet and that in the side opened not long after. Those of the hands and feet were slightly oval and affected both the upper and under surfaces of the members; the wound in the side was seen only once, by a lady who was on terms of the most intimate friendship with Maria, and it cannot therefore be described. The blood distilled from them slowly drop by drop during the Ecstatica's meditation upon the Agony of our Lord in the Garden on Thursday evenings, and again on Friday, when she assisted in spirit at the closing scenes on Calvary; at all other times they were covered by a crust of

dried blood, without the slightest sign of swelling or inflammation being ever observable in the adjacent flesh. Maria strove most carefully to conceal the great and signal grace thus conferred on her, and for some months succeeded in doing so. But on Corpus Christi, 1834, at the moment the procession was starting from the church, her ecstasy assumed that form which is termed a jubilant ecstasy, and in which she floated in the air, suspended over her bed, touching it merely with the tips of her toes, whilst her hands, usually folded before her breast, were opened and her arms spread out wide, thus attracting the attention of all who were in her room at the time to the existence of the Stigmata. And the number happened to be much larger than usual, on account of the festival, many persons having availed themselves of the freedom it afforded them from their accustomed avocations in order to come and gaze upon the Ecstatica. Thus the wondrous tale was soon spread abroad, and so great was the desire to see her who may be rightly described as *gratia plena*, that from the end of July until the middle of September no fewer than forty thousand persons visited Kaltern for that purpose.

The object of all this interest and curiosity remained unaware of its extent, as the greater number of visitors were admitted to her room while she was in ecstasy, leaving again before she came to herself. But whenever on awaking she perceived that strangers were present at her bedside, she invariably hid her hands under the clothes. She never conversed except with Father Capistran, in pursuance of an intimation she had received from God, her intercourse with other persons being carried on by means of signs. She was at all times perfectly simple and utterly devoid of self-consciousness, mannerism, or affectation of any sort; this being no doubt partly attributable to the judicious manner in which she was handled by her wise director, and partly also the reward of the perfect obedience she invariably rendered him. For no one, perhaps, ever entered more thoroughly into the meaning of the awful words in which the High Priest of the Church declares that He considers any want of respect shown to His representatives as shown to Himself, and pledges Himself to ratify in Heaven the decrees they choose to pronounce on earth. It never occurred to Maria von Mörl to question even in thought the commands of her spiritual guide, much less to cavil openly at them. Whether he saw fit that she should receive Holy Communion once a

week, or even more frequently than that; or whether he withheld the privilege altogether, as he at one period felt compelled to do on account of a spasmodic affection of the throat from which she suffered, and which induced him to fear it would not be possible for her to swallow the Sacred Host, she accepted his decision as final, the constant attitude of her soul being the same as that which found utterance in the words of her Immaculate Mother: *Ecce ancilla Domini, fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum*. At Father Capistran's desire, her ecstasies ever came to a prompt conclusion; and she told him that if she was, as she expressed it, "too far away to return at once," she was yet conscious of an instantaneous movement of her will in the direction of obedience.

And in order to appreciate this obedience aright, we must remember what it cost her who practised it with such perfection, and what a sacrifice it was to exchange the contemplation of Divine mysteries and of things so surpassingly beautiful that it was, as she said, "quite impossible to describe them," for the homely and prosaic occupations and interests which awaited her on her return to consciousness, and to which she devoted herself with cheerful readiness, never shirking even the humblest of them all. She kept the household accounts, arranged for the education of her brothers and sisters, superintended their wardrobes, entering into even the smallest details; and so thoroughly did she understand the art of making a little money go a long way, that she left at her death a considerable sum which she had accumulated for the benefit of such of her brothers or sisters as should survive her. She had, moreover, at all times a smile of greeting and welcome for visitors, although, as has been said, she never conversed with them except by signs; her marvellous power of reading their thoughts rendering this mode of communication more perfect than might at first sight be imagined. Upon one occasion she gave, according to her custom, a little picture with her autograph to a visitor, who was much delighted; and the thought at once arose in his secret heart, how glad he should be to have a few more such souvenirs of his visit to take home with him and distribute among his friends. Maria glanced at him, and then selected six additional pictures, which she handed to him with a smile full of meaning, appearing greatly to enjoy the slight confusion he could not help betraying.

Another time she used her power in a very different way. A religious who had unhappily fallen into a serious fault known

only to himself, came to see her, and commended himself to her prayers. She drew a psalter from under her pillow, opened it, and handed it to him, her finger pointing to a passage rebuking the very sin of which he had been guilty. He read the verses indicated, and burst into tears. She gently took back the book, looking at him with an expression of angelic pity the while. It is not surprising that she should have likewise possessed prophetic gifts, and at various times have foretold coming events of both national and individual interest, at home and abroad. She occasionally warned persons of impending danger with a view to their avoiding it. One autumn, for instance, she repeatedly begged her father to have the roof of the family abode repaired. He delayed, however, after the procrastinating fashion habitual to him, and put her off with one excuse after another. At last she showed herself so very much in earnest, that the workmen were sent for, who discovered upon examination that the beams of the roof were rotten, and must, if left in that condition, inevitably have given way during the course of the coming winter.

At another time Maria missed from her room a small silver vessel in the form of a shell, which she particularly valued as having belonged to her beloved mother, and which she was accustomed to use as a receptacle for holy water. The loss grieved her so much that Father Capistran suggested to her the idea of praying that she might recover it. The next time she saw him she joyfully exclaimed: "I shall get my dear vase back again!" He proceeded to inquire if she knew who was the thief, but she replied evasively that she had begged God to touch his heart, whoever he might be, and lead him to restore the ill-gotten spoil in such a way that he should not be put to open shame. About a week later the silver shell was found hidden among the cooking utensils in the kitchen. It had doubtless been abstracted by some visitor, for whose fragile virtue sudden temptation had proved too strong, and who had surreptitiously taken the elegant trifle from the little altar that always stood by the bed of the Ecstatica.

Her room was ever cheerful and scrupulously neat, and her own appearance was attractive and pleasing. She was of medium height and well-made, with very small and delicately shaped hands and feet; her eyes were dark and singularly expressive, and the paleness of her transparent complexion had nothing sickly about it, especially when her cheeks were, as was fre-

quently the case, tinged with a faint roseate hue. Her raven tresses fell in luxuriant profusion below her waist, remaining unchanged, either in colour or appearance, up to the date of her death. She never became emaciated, as might reasonably be expected, considering that she frequently passed several consecutive days without taking any food at all, and was not at any time able to digest more than small quantities of the lightest kind of nourishment, such as fruit, milk with a few crumbs of bread in it, and the like. She had a great love for flowers, and generally had a bouquet near her, and her love of birds was no less strongly marked. A pair of tame doves used to afford her much amusement from time to time; as soon as the door of their cage was opened they would fly to her, perch upon her bed, and allow her to fondle and caress them; always returning to their cage as soon as she expressed a desire that they should do so.

She was naturally very sensitive, and from her earliest childhood almost morbidly averse to the sight of suffering in others. This makes it all the more remarkable that, notwithstanding her nervous temperament and enfeebled health, she should have been able to contemplate week by week the awful scenes of the Passion, and yet survive the sight. How vivid that contemplation was, and how great was the effect it produced upon her, will be best described by the able pen of Görres, who was himself a witness of the spectacle.

Her contemplation of the Passion began each Friday morning, and as the hours went on and the dread climax approached, the sufferings which her mental eye beheld and the progress of which she watched with such rapt attention and intense sympathy, were, if we may so speak, reflected in her own person. The shadows of approaching death seemed to creep over her, threatening to overwhelm her altogether; her breath grew more laboured and difficult, a cold sweat broke out upon her brow, and painful spasms from time to time contracted her limbs. At length she presented every appearance of imminent dissolution; her nails became discoloured, her features pinched, her eyes fixed and glassy, while the death-rattle was distinctly audible in her throat. Finally her breath came only in gasps and at rare intervals, her eyeballs dropped, her head sank upon her breast; and if those around had ventured to break the solemn silence which reigned in the room, they would surely have exclaimed *Consummatum est!* And indeed Maria more than once told her confessor that she used to hear our Lord distinctly utter those last words of His. She usually remained about a minute and a half in the condition we have described, presenting a

living image of death; and then all that was unnatural gradually passed away, her limbs resuming their suppleness, and her countenance its normal expression.

In 1841 one of Maria's sisters died; and four months later her father also departed out of this world. She felt that the time had now come when she could carry out her long-cherished desire, and finally relinquish those household cares and earthly anxieties to which she had hitherto been compelled to give her attention. Two or three of her brothers and sisters had died quite young, and those yet living were all provided for in one way or another; her elder brother had become a Capuchin, and three of her sisters had embraced the religious life in different Orders. The home of her childhood was therefore given up, and she went to live in a house situated at the opposite end of Kaltern, and belonging to sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, who lived in community and managed the poor schools of the parish. She was at this time nearly thirty, and little indeed did she think, as she passed the threshold of her chosen abode, how many long years she was to spend within its walls before the time should come when she would be released from exile and admitted into her true country. From this date her life flowed in a uniform current for a quarter of a century; her days being passed in ecstatic contemplation, in prayer for the welfare of Holy Church and her beloved country, and for general and individual needs, as well as in receiving the numerous persons who desired to see her.

Towards the autumn of 1867, her small stock of bodily strength began visibly to diminish; and about the same time the malignant enemy of mankind made a last desperate attack upon her soul. During the closing weeks of this year her sufferings both interior and exterior, were indescribably severe; equalling, if not surpassing in severity, those which she had been called upon to endure nearly forty years before. But since then she had learnt the love of the cross, and was thus able to rejoice in her sufferings, and in her mysterious and privileged vocation of filling up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ. On the feast of the Epiphany 1868, she all at once seemed much better, so that she was well enough to receive the Fathers who had been giving a mission in Kaltern, and were just leaving the place. With the delicate thoughtfulness and hospitable instinct which had always characterized her, she begged that some choice grapes, which had been sent as

a present to herself, might be set before her visitors in order to refresh them after their fatiguing labours in the parish.

She had never foretold exactly the time of her departure, though she had repeatedly expressed her conviction that she should die in the course of that winter, "when all was again white." These words were understood to indicate that her decease would take place at a time when the ground was covered with snow; but their true import became apparent when, at the date of which we are writing, those about her noticed the gradual disappearance of the marks in her hands and feet, of which in fact at last not a vestige remained, even the skin having resumed its original colourlessness. She was perfectly calm and peaceful during her closing days, and retained full possession of her senses until the very end; her last hours were free from any painful struggle; ever and anon she whispered the sacred name of Jesus, and once she was heard to say, "Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful!" as if already permitted to behold the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. At length, about half-past three on the morning of Saturday, the 11th of January, two hours after she had received the Viaticum, she gently breathed forth her spirit, and went to join the ranks of those who are privileged to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

Crowds visited the chapel attached to the convent during the two days her body lay there, prior to its burial in the family vault of the von Mörls in the cemetery of Kaltern; and no one could fail to be struck with the remarkably sweet expression of her marble features, and the happy smile which hovered about her mouth. But why should this seem surprising? For had she not heard and joyfully responded to those words of loving invitation: *Jam hiems transiit, imber abiit, et recessit; surge, amica mea, et veni.*

A. M. CLARKE.

Dried Lavender.

Oh, the sweet dried lavender !
 Oh, the more than scent in it !
The butterflies and bees astir,
 The pipe of linnets pent in it !
Brick and smoke and mire have fled—
Time and space between drop dead—
 Oh, the sweet dried lavender !
 I can hear the pigeons whirr—
 I can count the quarters chiming—
 I can watch the ivy climbing—
 Close it clings from eave to basement,
 Clasps and shadows all the casement.
Within, against the raftered wall,
The oaken press stands black and tall—
 I see its folded linen store
 Glean athwart its open door—
 I smell the lavender fresh-dried
 Strewing all the shelves inside.
Unmade is yet your shroud, mother—
 Not yet you are in heaven—
You count the sheets aloud, mother,
 And smooth and lay them even.
Your jingling keys, with music low,
Measure your steppings to and fro ;
And, sorting, piling, still you croon
Some soft, half-uttered cradle tune.

Oh, the sweet dried lavender !
I hear the wise old tabby purr
Curled on the window-sill asleep,
Where winter's sunlights start and creep.
I hear, without, familiar babel
Of turkeys and of geese,
I. perched upon the kitchen table
In a smock above my knees ;
My head is all a golden mop ;
Upon my cheek the round tears drop ;
The frosty morning weather nips
My nose and toes and finger tips.
Mother, so quick you leave your sheets !
The shelf of sugars and of sweets
So well you rifle for my meal,
Almond and fig and candied peel !
You chafe my little palms, mother—
You kiss away their cold—
You take me in your arms, mother—
And I am five years old.

MAY PROBYN.

The Suppression of Poisonous Utterances.

IT made a vast difference in a man of the first century of our era, when he gave himself up to the preaching of the Apostles, and became a Christian. A vast difference indeed, not merely with the Corinthian sensualist, but with sober-minded, decent pagans, as was apparently the Proconsul Sergius Paulus. The new religion was the stripping off of old garments and being clothed all anew, and that in quite another fashion, from head to foot. It was more, it was the transfusion of new blood into the man, it was an alteration of his thoughts and affections, hopes and desires, and imaginations: it was all but the breathing into him of a new soul. His old pagan acquaintance knew him not again. He was become another man from them and from his former self.

And to this day the practical Catholic Christian stands differentiated from the rest of mankind. On the most momentous issues, all along the line, his thoughts are not their thoughts, and his ways are not their ways. For better or for worse he is apart from them, out of their sphere. He cannot link his thought with theirs; he cannot be their intellectual fellow without ceasing to be a Catholic. He may be very friendly with them, be their guest, join in their amusements, do business with them, argue with them, and go a certain way with their conclusions, but in the higher regions of practical thought the difference remains: there the strange element comes out, it is Greek conversing with barbarians, or barbarian with Greeks, which you please—the only thing it concerns us to remark is the depth of the difference.

It commonly happens, therefore, that a great practical question in moral and social science has an answer fitted to it on Catholic principles, an answer which cannot commend itself to any one, however upright and reasonable, who does not bow to the sway of the Catholic Church. A good example is found in the discussion, whether every man is to be allowed to utter and

make public whatsoever opinion he pleases about any person or thing whatever in this world or the next, or whether some utterances are to be restrained by human pains and penalties as being poisonous to the community ; and, if any, what utterances are to be restrained, and how.

The Catholic hangs upon the lips of One who said : " The words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life." Then the contradictory of those words will be corruption, miasma, and death. Therefore, if only we know for certain what our Lord's words are and what they mean, and if again there be any power on earth having authority to enforce those words, that power will be competent judicially to suppress as poisonous all utterances that contradict those words among the subjects of its jurisdiction. The Catholic hears from the Church what he holds to be for certain the words of Christ ; he takes the Church to be, not a mere school of thought, but a spiritual kingdom, whose rulers have authority given them by Christ over the religious belief and profession of His faithful, the members of that kingdom. Therefore, if the Church, or the Catholic State at her instance, restrains her children from apostasy by threats and punishments in this world, no Catholic need wonder. The thing may be overdone, it may be done cruelly or unwisely, but the principle on which it is done is a right principle. It is not persecution, it is an act of jurisdiction. The Church is as competent to punish apostasy as the State to punish arson. Arson belongs to the civil *forum*, apostasy to the ecclesiastical *forum* ; that is the difference. There must be such a thing as the ecclesiastical *forum*, or else the Church is not a spiritual kingdom.

But not all mankind are subjects of this spiritual kingdom, but only those who have been, at some time of their lives, professing Catholics. Over infidels and Jews the Church has no authority ; over ancestral communities of heretics her authority seems to have lapsed. Catholics only, or those who once were Catholics, can be brought up to answer for their religious profession at the bar of the Church's tribunal. Where there has been no personal apostasy from her fold, the Church cannot meddle with the Jew for being a Jew, the Protestant a Protestant, or the freethinker a freethinker ; she cannot punish or coerce them, or use violence of any sort against them, except in self-defence. In self-defence she resisted the Moslem profaner of her Lord's sepulchre. In self-defence, in a State wholly her own, as Rome once was, she has kept her Catholic children away from

Protestant services, and set guards for that purpose at the door of Protestant temples. In self-defence she may curb the free-thinker who tramples on the Cross. But she may not arraign decent, orderly non-Catholics for not being Catholics; she may not Catholicize them by force. On these principles it is hard to justify the *dragonnades* of Louis the Fourteenth, if common accounts are true.

All this is very evident to a Catholic who understands his position. It is very galling to other men, especially if their cast of thought is not more distinctively Christian than it is Platonist or Buddhist. It arches up their backs very high, and they spring at you fiercely for saying such things. But said they must be by a Catholic Christian, albeit denied by other men. By this appears the vast difference of which I have spoken, dividing a Christian faithful man from the rest of his fellows.

But the suppression of poisonous opinions may be discussed, abstraction being made from the Divine revelation of Jesus Christ, and from the Divine power which He has left vested in human hands to enforce the same. Under this abstraction the discussion is common to all reasonable men, to Christians, Mohammedans, and Positivists alike. There are poisonous utterances in the mere natural order. In the natural order we will henceforth dwell, and with these naturally poisonous utterances we will deal. The question is, how far the State is warranted in suppressing them.

Let us imagine that among an excitable southern population, some "oppressed nationality," an enterprising stage-manager calculates that a series of short interludes, representing assassinations of tyrants and tyrannical ministers may be depended upon to "draw." Accordingly, he gets up and sets forth in all the pomp and circumstance of his art, deeds of tyrannicide ancient and modern, Hipparchus of Athens and Philip of Macedon, Julius Cæsar, Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth of France, Rizzio, the Duke of Buckingham, President Lincoln, Alexander the Second, with much invocation of the shade of Brutus, much flourishing of bloody daggers and fizzing of bombs. Hard by, there is a lecturer wielding a masterful control over his audience on the question, How to destroy a tyrant. The pages of a monthly review are opened to a series of articles on "Suicide, the Last Refuge of the Unfortunate." A rival magazine competes with, "A Manner of Disposing of Old Relations, by Clinicus." Likewise there is set on foot an A.M.C. Society

the duty of each member being yearly to deliver in some large town, and print for popular distribution, two lectures on the Abolition of the Marriage Contract.

It is one of the primary duties of civil government to suppress utterances like these, that they may not flow forth to stream in at foolish ears and disorder light heads. For the end of government is not speculation but practice, not philosophy but public tranquillity. Politically it imports little that the notion of "the divinity that doth hedge in a king" be estimated among the people for no more than it is worth; but it is all-important that princes and ministers be tolerably sure of their lives. It is more important that John Doe and Elizabeth his wife shall not part company on the first day of domestic disagreement, than that he and she on that unlucky day should have the clear vision of all the arguments that our imaginary A.M.C. lecturer could possibly allege, and should victoriously refute them all, before resolving to endure "till death do us part." Eighteen-twentieths of mankind are not philosophers, and never will do right on philosophical principles. They do right as they are led by those about them, who understand better than they do. They do right by reverence for custom. Their inheritance is the traditionary wisdom of mankind, but they live upon it, as an infant on his estate, not understanding how their sustenance comes in to them. They cannot justify themselves when they do right. It is dangerous to batter them with objections against the truth. You will overthrow them, not confirm them. It is dangerous to show them reasons for doing wrong, for they are led to do right, not by reason, but by authority and tradition. If you reason with them you will perplex their intellect, you will confound their good purpose, you may readily awaken their evil passions. John Doe will be moved to put away his wife, not because he has attained to any understanding of the *pros* and *cons* of the marriage-tie, but because he lusts after another, and he has your word, the word of a learned man and a man that wears a good coat, as a warrant to his evil desire. It is all very well in philosophical schools gravely to argue on this side and on that, why a tyrant should be slain and why he should not; how much there is to be said for rebellion and what is the reason against it; what is the exact ground of the sanctity of marriage, and what the strongest position that can be taken up for the freedom of divorce. These are scholastic

exercises, but the world is not a philosophical school, no more than it is a parade-ground. There are principles on which the edifice of civil society depends, and yet reason for them is very deep and mysterious, and reasons against them are obvious as they are frivolous, and vulgar as they are shallow; frivolous and vulgar, and therefore accessible to the many, while the answers are far to seek.

The proper ultimate ground for any belief has been said to be the fact that it can stand the freest possible discussion from every possible point of view. There are men who proclaim this assertion, not in the domain of science alone, but likewise in that of divine revelation. They have no idea of the nature of an act of faith, no idea of what St. John Chrysostom calls, "quelling arguments and yielding oneself up to the Master." They do not agree with the poet, who says of Reason :

For the spirit needs
Impulses from a deeper source than hers ;
And there are motions in the mind of man,
That she must look upon with awe.

These men's way of regarding the things of faith is called rationalism, and it is inconsistent with the Christianity that St. Paul preached.¹ But we will keep clear of the domain of faith, and remain within that of pure science, and in particular of the sciences which bear upon moral action, as ethics, politics, and natural theology, for it is only here that the present discussion has any interest. And first I would ask, whether it is to be expected of the mass of mankind that their beliefs, moral, political, and religious, are all to be held on their proper ultimate grounds. Do the ultimate grounds of any right course of conduct lie so very much on the surface that all feet may tread there? Have all men sufficient time, sufficient intelligence, and sufficient love of hard thinking, to arrive at the final and adequate why and wherefore of their every duty? Is it desirable that no man should do right except he be a philosopher? And is it possible for the general public to be philosophers?² But surely it is of more consequence that right should be done somehow than that it should be philosophically done, especially as the great mass of mankind, though capable of doing right, are quite incapable of doing it

¹ 2 Cor. x. 5, 6.

² φιλόσοφον μὲν ἄρα, ἣν δ' ἐγώ, πλῆθος ἀδύνατον εἶναι: *Adύνατον* (Plato, *Rep.* 494, A).

philosophically. By all means then let there be free discussion in philosophical circles, free discussion among competent persons. But free discussion of a subject among the incompetent and the incapable, and the passionate and the prejudiced, is not good for the cause of truth; and if the subject be practical and momentous, it is not good for the disputants either, nor for the community. Few parents would wish to hear their children discussing the reasonableness of God's wrath against the Cities of the Plain. And if we allow that the science and practice of morality is not advanced by free debate of ethical questions in nurseries and boarding schools, we must bear in mind that a vast proportion of mankind remain all their lives long, for the purpose of such discussions, as incompetent as children. In morals, in politics, and in natural religion, as in medicine and engineering, the oligarchy of experts, the Few, must discuss and decide, and the Many must take their word and follow, in many things, without knowing why.

Here we seem to have come to the bone of the matter in contention. Why are utterances on social subjects and matters of religion to be guarded with external precautions more than the propounding of theories of medicine? A man may write as he likes on the treatment of diseases: he may set up to give medical advice, and no authority will search his capacity, or restrain him for incompetence: why is not the like free trade to be extended to the profession of curing the diseases of the body politic? If a Russian takes the house of Romanoff for a cancerous tumour, to be severed with fire and the knife, why does not the Czar rely on the simple force of truth to refute such a notion? Why does he beat it down, or strive to beat it down, with strong hand and outstretched arm? Is it not because he is afraid of the blind, ungovernable passions, which the Nihilist propaganda will excite? But there are claims of morality and of religion, no less certain, no less indefeasible, and far more precious, than the right of the Romanoffs to rule in Russia. These claims it is well not to expose to the passions, which reckless and unbridled discussion is sure to arouse. Here then lies the difference between medicine and morality. Pride and lust, irreverence and insubordination, will not send a man off to the consulting-room of a quack doctor, but they send men in shoals to hear discourse of treason and lewdness, and rebellion against God and man. Truth is great and will prevail, in what Bacon, and Heraclitus before him, called a "dry light,"

away from the damp and steaming exhalations of passion. But the fact is, while physical science dwells mostly on such serene heights above, and there is the very atmosphere of free discussion — the battle of ethics and politics and religion is fought out in the swamps below ; and there we invoke the secular arm of force to interfere, very moderately, very judiciously, but very firmly at times, to stop some brawling disputant from troubling the atmosphere, and setting astir the fumes of passion to obscure some certain and vital truth.

We are told, sometimes that we must not, sometimes that we cannot, stifle sincere convictions. In this matter, it is said, force is no remedy. Now, the State has nothing to do with the inward convictions of any man. It is when he tries to impress these convictions on others that he comes under the State's consideration. If the State is sincerely convinced that the convictions professed and propagated by some one of its subjects are subversive of political order and public morality, whose sincere conviction is it that must carry the day in practice? The essence of government requires that the convictions, sincere or otherwise, of the governed should on certain practical issues be waived in the external observance in favour of the convictions of the ruling power. The now famous saying, that force is no remedy, is, like other proverbs, a compendious statement, that needs eking out with sundry additions to make it the base of an argument set in scientific form. Force is no sovereign and all-sufficient remedy, no panacea by itself to stay the spread of pernicious politics and unsound morality. He is an ill pastor who neglects to catechize and instruct his people, and then burns them for turning heretics. But that force is no element in a cure, no manner of prophylactic, amongst other prophylactics, against the dissemination of noxious doctrine, that is no tenable sense of the axiom. If the preachers of revolution and indecency and blasphemy believe that force cannot check or impede the spread of their sincere convictions, why do they deprecate the use of force? Is it to spare their adversaries useless trouble?

But this talk of sincere convictions, in the men with whom I am dealing, is merely the canting phrase of the day. One cannot argue upon it, because it is cant, froth, and flummery. There is not a desperado in any secret society who will not talk of his conscience and his sincere convictions. The phrase means simply his wild humour and his headstrong determi-

nation. There are regions of falsehood in which sincere convictions are impossible, except to an ignoramus or a fanatic, and surely both these sort of persons need restraint, or they will become dangerous. There are other errors into which an honest and upright truth-seeker may fall, errors about dogmas and high mysteries and complicated relations of man with God : hereabouts, sincere, though mistaken, convictions are common enough in those who have never heard the voice of an infallible Church. And herein, as the welfare of civil society is not bound up with these high doctrines, the State must not interfere to prevent these worthy men from floundering in the abyss : neither must the Church interfere with them, for they are not her children : she has the right to preach to them, but no right to force them, nor to restrain them by force, except, as I have said, in self-defence, when they do her a gross outrage. But consider these sort of propositions : "Religion is all a delusion : " "A man may in conscience do as he has a mind to do, so long as he gives no pain or trouble to other men : " "Tyrants are to be extirpated, and instruments of tyranny removed." Consider these propositions, not left in the abstract, where some of them might pass muster with the unwary, but worked out into their logical consequences and practical applications, then I submit that such teachings are not the teachings of men sincerely convinced ; they deserve no respect, consideration, or tenderness on that score. I do not say that the teachers of these things are not convinced, but that they are not honestly and conscientiously convinced : they have blinded themselves, and been the guilty authors of their own delusion : and if they would but enter into themselves, and seek the right, and be sincere, they would recognize their error, unless the criminal perversion of their own conscience has gone so far as to carry them into the region of insanity. Not all strong convictions are honestly come by or virtuously entertained.

Arraigned for their convictions, men protest their sincerity, as parties indicted for murder do their innocence. But government and law cannot set much store by such protestations. It is a question of evidence to come from other sources than from the accused person's own mouth. A man indeed must be held to be sincere until he is proved to be the contrary. That is the general rule. But there are what Roman lawyers call *præsumptiones juris* ; circumstances which, if proved, will

make the court take a certain view of a case, and give judgment accordingly, unless by further evidence that view is proved to be a false one. Now, when a man proclaims some blatant and atrocious error in a matter bearing upon human conduct (and it is for the restraint of these errors alone that I am arguing), there is a decided *præsumptio juris*, that the error in him, however doggedly he maintains it, is not a sincere, candid, and innocently formed conviction. The light of nature is not so feeble as that, among civilized men. Let the offender have instruction and time to think: but if, for all monition to the contrary, the wilful man will have his way, and still propagate his error to the confusion of society, he must be treated like any other virtuous and well-meaning criminal, he must be restrained and coerced to the extent that the interests of society require.

It is urged, that the interests of society can never require the suppression of any opinion: for it is a question of either zeal or no zeal among the people against that opinion: if they are zealous against it, suppression is superfluous, as the opinion can never spread among them; while if they are lukewarm and careless, or in actual sympathy with the opinion, any attempt at forcible suppression will be in vain. I observe that in an individual, and much more in a nation, there are many degrees between zeal and no zeal. If the English people were not zealous for the doctrine of Transubstantiation at the accession of Elizabeth, a large section at least were enthusiastic for it, and the numerical majority wished to hold it: and yet that doctrine was stifled in the hearts of Englishmen, stifled in fear and in tyranny and in blood. There can be little doubt that much milder measures would have sufficed to keep Protestantism out of England than were requisite to bring it in. Suppression is not useless, when it is in accordance with the prevailing tone of public opinion. The silent force of that opinion is more valuable than the noisy machinery of penal law: that I allow, especially in our time, when no severities of law are encouraged; still pains and penalties are a valuable adjunct to public opinion: I suppose it is a truism to say that in any matter. But when an error, however flagrant and pestilential, has ceased to shock and scandalize the general mass of a commonwealth, when the people listen to the doctrine without indignation, and their worst sentence against it pronounces it merely "queer," there is little hope of legal

restraints there enduring long or effecting much. No regulations, it has been well remarked, can be maintained except in a congenial atmosphere—not at least under a popular government. I make this addition, remembering that in an age when popular government in England was at its lowest ebb, the religion of the country was altered by regulations, as a statesman of the time said, “against the stomachs” of the majority. But where the many are not coerced and concussed by the few—and no sane man wishes to live in a country where that is done—restrictions upon the expression of opinion, to be effective, must be borne out by the approval of the many. For that purpose the many must have their intellects opened to truth and their wills formed to justice by education and religion, one ounce of which is worth many tons of suppression; and yet, it must be said, to much education and much religion a few grains of suppression of poisonous opinions form a valuable adjunct.

It has been my endeavour to place most of this discussion upon ground common to Christians, Mohammedans, and Positivists alike. It is difficult to see how even a Positivist, who looks to this world alone, can adhere to the principle of never interfering with any man for the public advocacy of any doctrine, no matter how revolutionary, sanguinary, or immoral. But when the special case of the suppression of blasphemy occurs, the Positivist takes up ground of his own. The only count against the blasphemer which he will allow, rests on the feelings of the multitude, who are not yet ripe for that sort of thing, and must not be scared and troubled before their time, that is, before they are well on the move of transition from the theological stage. With this sort of man I will not argue. He is probably in the right in saying that the punishment for shocking people's feelings, feelings of an archaic order especially, should be something very mild—a fortnight's imprisonment, say, for a gross and indecent blasphemy. I have little more contention with those theists, who worship a quiescent and, for this world at least, all-suffering, all-condoning Deity, cast in the image of those figments of Epicurus:

The Gods, who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm.

I must confine my argument to those who believe in a God "strong and jealous," "a God from near, and not a God from afar," one whose political action, so to speak, is set forth in the Book of Kings. I speak to such as believe with old Hesiod, touching the judgments of God in this life,

Often a city reapeth the fruit of one bad man,
that is, unless the city do something to dissociate herself from him. To theists of this stamp, that saying of Tacitus has not a soothing sound: *Deorum injuriæ, Diis curæ*—"God will right God's wrong." It means in their ears: God will punish blasphemy, if man does not; and punish it in the community where it is uttered with impunity. If the Scriptures show anything, they show this, that God has some care of the honour of His Name even on earth.

JOSEPH RICKABY.

King Henry the Eighth.

CHAPTER X.

ANNE BOLEYN AND MARY TUDOR.

HENRY prided himself upon being the King of the people, and availed himself of every opportunity of winning the admiration and applause of his subjects. He delighted to appear in public spectacles, especially those which brought him conspicuously before them, and afforded him the means of exhibiting himself to advantage. His handsome person, his lofty stature, his great bodily strength, his skill in all athletic sports and exercises were employed by him in earning the popularity which was so freely conceded to him in the earlier years of his reign. Even when he had reached middle life his delight was to take his place in the first rank among the challengers of the tournament, or the triumphal procession. The state ceremonial of the day is never more eloquent than when it describes the profusion of the jewellery with which it pleased him to bedeck his portly frame, or the splendour of the gold and silver plate which decorated the royal banquet. But there is one marked exception to this general rule by which he was guided, so marked that it invites our attention. How are we to explain the singular fact that at his marriage there were no public tokens of rejoicing, no religious ceremony, no breaking of lances in the tournament, no dances, nor procession, no feast, nothing to mark the great event for which the nation had waited so long in such breathless anxiety? For Henry's marriage with Anne was the turning-point of the whole controversy. It was the final and conclusive proof that he had gained the victory over his great enemies the Pope and the Emperor. It was the inauguration of that new system of a national religion, as distinct from the Catholic religion, which yet holds its place in England. It was this, and much more than this; and yet the great hero of the day, the author and controller of the whole movement, he who by his own will and with his own hand had

overthrown "the Bishop of Rome," now, contrary to all precedent, shrouded the glory of his countenance from his people upon this auspicious occasion, and spent his wedding day quietly at home with his new wife, like one of the simplest of his own subjects. There is an air of mystery about the whole transaction which is puzzling. It has been a mystery from the beginning, and is a mystery still. It was kept a secret from Henry's own tool, Archbishop Cranmer, who, however much he knew of the previous history of Queen Anne, did not know when she became a married woman.¹ One thing, however, is certain. Happen when it might—if ever it did happen—this mockery of the marriage rite did not constitute a marriage. It did not change the position in which the guilty couple stood to each other. Anne could not become Henry's wife for the simple reason that Henry was a married man already.

Modern research has thrown some light upon this obscure question, and the result is too curious to be passed over without notice. Reference has already been made to a *History of the Divorce*, written by Archdeacon Harpsfield, a contemporary authority, which exists in a double form, in English and in Latin. The two narratives agree very closely in the account which they give of Henry's mock marriage, and the story which they tell us runs thus :

The marriage ceremony (such as it was) was said to have been performed in an upper room on the western side of York Place (Wolsey's sumptuous residence), which is now known by the name of Whitehall. None were present on the occasion but Norris and Heneage, two grooms of the Privy Chamber, the Lady Barclay being the only female who was admitted, for it was the King's opinion that nothing could be a secret if two women knew of it. The officiating priest was Rowland Lee, the King's chaplain, who afterwards, as if in recognition of his services, was made Bishop of Lichfield. Henry had told him some time previously that he had won his cause at Rome, and that the Pope had

¹ Hall and Holinshed agree in saying that the marriage took place on St. Erconwald's day (November 14), but this seems improbable, for that was the day on which Henry and Anne returned from France and landed at Dover. It was therefore ill adapted for the privacy which was considered necessary. Probably it was fixed upon at a later period in order to convey the impression that the coming child had been conceived in wedlock. Stowe fixes the 25th of January following for the date, that is, the festival of the Conversion of St. Paul, and says that the officiating priest was Rowland Lee, afterwards Bishop of Chester. Cranmer says that "she was married much about St. Paul's day last. . . . It has been repeated throughout a great part of the realm that I married her, which was plainly false, for I myself knew not thereof a fortnight after it was done."

given him a licence to marry another wife, yet, in order to avoid confusion, it must be done privately and without witnesses. Lee seems to have believed this at the time when he first heard it (for, remarks Harpsfield, he knew that kings ought not to tell lies), but when the time came for the ceremony, and he saw that every preparation had been made for Mass, "being in a great dump and staggering," as the English text gives it, he addressed the King thus: "I hope your Majesty has the Papal licence authorising you to marry and me to join you together in marriage." Henry having assured him that it was so, Lee returned to the altar and proceeded to vest himself. Yet he was not entirely satisfied, and in his perplexity he once more came to his Majesty, and said: "It is very important for the whole of us that the Papal licence should be read before all here present, for if this be not done we are all excommunicate—I for marrying you without the previous proclamation of banns and in an unconsecrated place, no divorce having yet been promulgated." The King looked at the chaplain very amiably, and said: "Why, Master Roland, do you think me to be a man of so small honesty and credit as to act so recklessly? you who have known my past life for so long, you who have just now heard my confession? Or do you think that I am of such slender forethought in the management of my affairs that I would venture on an undertaking so hazardous to both of us unless I had made ample provision for our safety beforehand? Assuredly I have the licence, but it is safely kept in a secret place where no one can come at in my absence, and if we had it here it would free the whole of us from all fear and danger. You shall see it presently; but as the day is even now dawning, if I were to go to fetch it I should be sure to be noticed, and my unexpected appearance at this hour of the morning and in this place would lead to reports and suspicions in the Court. You may safely trust my word, so please now to proceed with the matter in hand, for I will take upon myself all the responsibility." Lee was won over by these representations, and completed the marriage rite with the accustomed ceremonies.² So then, according to the account given by Harpsfield, the whole story told to Lee was a fiction, and Henry had acted with his usual disregard of truth and honour.

But if Anne Boleyn was not a wife, she was about to become

² MS. Arundel 151 f. 360 b, and Pocock's English edition, p. 234. Harpsfield does not tell us when this ceremony was performed.

a mother. Her condition could no longer be kept a secret. Her appearance at the coronation had revealed to the scandalized nation at large, what hitherto had been known only to the few, although suspected by the many. But the publication of the fact brought with it certain disadvantages. If Katherine was Henry's wife, what was Anne? The coronation just past, and the birth of the child, now close at hand, made it necessary to have this question settled; and Henry determined that Anne, and Anne only, should be recognized as his wife. He undertook to bring the proud Spanish woman to submit to his will and to confess that she no longer had any title to be considered Queen of England.

The coronation of Anne was a new attack upon Katherine's dignity, but she accepted it in silence. It was a cruel blow, for it was a proclamation to the world that Henry now disclaimed his former connection with the woman who for twenty years had passed under the name of his wife. It was a cruel insult, and Katherine felt the indignity as well as the injustice which it inflicted upon her daughter; but she bore it bravely, and as far as the outer world could perceive, she seemed to be unmoved. She made no complaint. She never referred to it in her correspondence with the Pope or the Emperor, nor did she allude to it in her conversation with the Spanish Ambassador. Yet she maintained with unwavering constancy that she was Henry's wife, and the nation supported her in this assertion of her right and her dignity.

The position thus taken by Queen Katherine was intolerable to Anne, and she urged Henry to interpose his authority. He did not dare to refuse, for it was safer to insult Katherine than to say No to Anne Boleyn. Accordingly about a month after the coronation he sent some of his nobles to explain to his banished wife the line of conduct which he wished her to pursue for the future, and he furnished them with instructions as to the way in which they should conduct themselves during the interview. They were to explain to her that his Majesty, finding his conscience "violated, grudged and grieved by that unlawful matrimony with her, which (as he tells her) had been declared to be detestable, abominable, execrable, and against the laws of God and nature,—his Majesty, being lawfully divorced from her, by the advice of his nobles spiritual and temporal and all the commons of the realm, had married the Lady Anne, who had been crowned Queen." Remarking that he cannot have two

wives, he tells Katherine that she must not persist in calling herself any longer by that title. She must be contented with the name of Dowager, as prescribed by Act of Parliament. If she is obstinate on this point, Henry will find himself compelled to punish her servants and to withdraw his affection from his daughter. Henry knew the power of this concluding argument, and he was in earnest when he threatened to use it. Armed with these instructions, the royal commissioners had an interview with her Majesty, a minute account of which was forwarded to Henry. The scene which it represents is so full of interest, and it gives us such a clear insight into the character and motives of this remarkable woman, that the attention of the reader is invited to the following abstract of the document.

The conference took place upon Thursday, July 3, 1533.³ Katherine had pricked her foot with a pin, and being unable to stand she was compelled to rest on a pallet. "Also she was sore annoyed with a cough." Surrounded, at her own especial desire, by her servants, she set herself to listen to the instructions with which the commissioners had been provided by her husband. As each successive article was read to her, she made comments upon it, and as they have been fully and faithfully recorded by the lords who conversed with her, we may accept them as a trustworthy report of what actually occurred during the interview.

As soon as Katherine found that she was styled "the Princess Dowager," she took exception to the title. She was not Princess Dowager; she was the Queen, being the King's wife.

Replying to the arguments which had been used, she spoke as follows:

As for the divorce, said she, all the world knew by what authority it was done, much more by power than by justice. The matter was before the Pope; and while it yet remained undecided Henry had removed the cause from the Papal Court, and had ordered it to be settled within his own realm. Was that justice? As for the Universities, their votes were secured by bribery, and the most learned persons among the Doctors in them were on her side. As to the assent of the Lords and Commons, the King may do what he will in his own realm by his royal power. "And furthermore she saith (continues the report) that her matter depends neither to be determined by

³ The documents here quoted are printed at length in the State Papers of King Henry the Eighth, i. 397, seq.

the Universities, nor by the authority of this realm, but in the Court of Rome before the Pope, whom she accounteth as God's Vicar and High Judge in earth."

Katherine had no difficulty in admitting Henry's truism that he could have only one wife, adding that she was the same, his lawful wife and queen. He says he is surprised that she should disobey his commandment; to which she remarks that she would rather disobey him than God and her conscience, and thereby damn her own soul.

It was showed to her by the commissioners, that by following the King's pleasure she might still enjoy her possessions; to which she answered that in the present matter she cared little about them.

The King had charged her with being vainglorious in desiring the name of Queen, and warned her that she was losing the favour of the people by her conduct. Her reply was that what she had done was for the saving of her right, and for no other cause. If she should lose the favour of the people, yet she trusted to go to Heaven through good report and evil report, "for it was not for the favour of the people, nor yet for any trouble or adversity that could be devised for her, that she would lose the favour of God."

The noblemen had advised her, from the King, to be obedient to his commands; she had always been obedient to him, she said, and so intended to persevere, not damaging her soul by acting directly against her own conscience.

The King had threatened that if she persevered in her opinion, he would be compelled to withdraw his whole affection from her, "and so conceive towards her some evil opinion of high displeasure." Her answer was, that there was no manner of offers, neither of lands or goods, in comparison of the cause that she had respect unto, and that as the suit was begun at Rome by his licence, so she trusted that in prosecuting it she should lose no part of his Grace's favour.

The deputies suggested that the course which she was pursuing would provoke the King against her servants to their utter undoing, and be an occasion for him to withdraw his fatherly love from her daughter. Katherine answered that her servants had served her as truly as any men might, and as truly would she recompense their labours, but in this case she would remit them to the King's goodness; and then she asked such of them as were present to be contented if she refused to put

her soul in danger for them. As to the Princess, she would render her unto the King as his daughter, to do with her as shall stand to his pleasure. And here she added, that neither for her daughter, nor family, nor possessions, nor any worldly adversity or displeasure that might ensue, would she yield in this cause so as to put her soul in danger. Before the commissioners left her she solemnly protested before God and man that she would never relinquish the name of Queen, save by the sentence of the Holy Father; and she asked to be furnished with a copy of these instructions, that they might be translated into Spanish and forwarded to Rome.

Her Majesty having required to see the report of the King's agents before it should be forwarded to him, they waited upon her on the day after their first interview, and produced a copy of the document which they had drawn up.⁴ She asked whether in it they had spoken of her as "the Princess Dowager," and being informed that such was the case, she asked to see the paper. It was handed to her, "which had, she called for pen and ink, and in such places as she found the name of Princess Dowager, she, with her pen and ink, struck it out, as is apparent."⁵ In other respects she admitted the general accuracy of their account of the conference.

In going through the document she made a few passing remarks as it was read. She protested that rather she would be a poor beggar's wife and be sure of Heaven than be queen of all the world and stand in doubt thereof by occasion of her own consent. If it could be proved that she had given occasion to disturb the King or his realm in any way, she desired to be punished according to the laws. She remarked that the King, after having consented that the suit should be referred to Rome, now wished it to be heard within his own realm, before a man of his own making, namely, the Bishop of Canterbury, whom she will not accept as her judge, thinking him to be no person indifferent in that behalf. The place also is much more suspect, the King here having declared himself the Supreme Head of the Church, and claiming as much authority as the Pope, or more. And she concluded by humbly requiring the King's

⁴ It is the same as that which has already been referred to in the text and last note.

⁵ In two places, namely, in the title of the report and at the beginning of that document, these cancels are still visible in the original in the Cottonian volume Otho C. x. f. 199 (See State Papers).

Highness that he would no further attempt her, neither by the present deputation nor by any other, with any message in this matter; for whosoever should come she would give him no hearing herein. And so terminated the interview.

When Henry understood the result of the mission he was furious, and had a conference with the envoys, as to the course which should hereafter be adopted with the Queen. He seemed resolved to act with greater severity than heretofore. Others however were of a different opinion as to the expediency of so doing; and even Cromwell was unable to refrain from saying that it was impossible to make a more virtuous and prudent answer than the Queen had done.⁶

We learn from Chapuys that about this time a quarrel of greater violence than usual took place between Henry and his "friend," as Anne is frequently described in the letters of the Spanish Ambassador. The miserable King was punished through his own sins and he did not take his chastisement meekly. Yielding to every passing temptation, his affection, such as it was, for Anne was on the decline, and it was surmised that he had already formed an attachment for another woman by whom she would ere long be supplanted. The palace became the scene of frequent brawls, for furious in her jealousy, Anne retorted in terms which were offensive to his Majesty, who, with brutal simplicity of speech advised her to be more prudent and to shut her eyes, as more deserving persons than herself had done before her. He reminded her that just as he had exalted her he could humble her. Anne retaliated, and a quarrel took place. For several days Henry did not address a single word to her.⁷ But Anne comforted herself by the thought that she would recover her ascendancy over her lover by means of the child which she was about to present to him, an heir to his name and throne. She knew that no gift could be more acceptable; for Henry, always sensitive to any expressions of public opinion, had been alarmed of late by certain unmistakable signs of popular dissatisfaction. His subjects had begun to inquire into the history of the Tudor family and were specu-

⁶ Brewer, 805. About a week after this conference between Katherine and the envoys Pope Clement the Seventh issued a sentence in which he declared the nullity of Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn, and pronounced that he had incurred the greater excommunication (Pocock, II, 677; Brewer, 807). The door was left open however for the prodigal if he chose to return home, for the sentence did not come into operation until some weeks afterwards.

⁷ Brewer, 1069.

lating curiously as to the legality of the steps by which Henry the Seventh had mounted to the throne. Anne was surrounded by a band of physicians, astrologers, sorcerers and sorceresses, whom she consulted as to the sex of the child which she was about to give to the nation, and they had assured her that she would become the happy mother of the future King of England. Great was her disappointment therefore, and great the wrath of her husband, when upon September 7, 1533, the Princess Elizabeth was born into the world.⁸

The baptism was celebrated on the 10th of September, in the church of the Observant Friars at Greenwich. The font in which the child was christened was of silver,⁹ to which she was carried, wrapped in a mantle of purple velvet, by the old Duchess of Norfolk, supported on either side by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk. Cranmer was the godfather, and afterwards confirmed the child. Like the coronation, the baptism was a cold and dreary ceremony. The spectators were few and unmoved. There was little or no expression of popular sympathy. There were no enthusiastic shouts of joy, no bonfires in the streets, no prayers for the long life and prosperity of the little child presented for the first time to the sight of the people. But the day was marked by an incident which occasioned some indignant excitement. It was noticed that a change had been made in the armorial decorations which were embroidered on the coats of the servants of the royal household.¹⁰ Hitherto the Queen's arms had been placed there in conjunction with those of her husband; now they were omitted. Henry had not the wit to learn that every act of unkindness or injustice done by him to his wife was sure to call out some corresponding expression of regard and respect for her from the people. Shortly before the baptism Katherine had been removed, much against her will, to Bugden, a house belonging to the Bishop of Lincoln. As she journeyed thither, every village through which she passed turned out its population to greet the persecuted woman. Great was the sympathy shown to her all along the route. Regardless of Acts of Parliament and Proclamations of Privy Council, they still regarded her as their Queen, and by that title they saluted her, and by no other. They wished her all joy, and all confusion

⁸ Brewer, 1069, 1112.

⁹ A modern author tells us that it was of gold, but this is an error.

¹⁰ Of this decoration a memorial yet remains in the costume worn by the so-called "Beef-eaters" at the Tower of London.

to her enemies. Knowing that she had been deprived of her income, they assured her that they were ready to serve her without wages, or indeed any payment of any kind. If Katherine was gratified, Anne was much offended, and was anxious that such demonstrations should be punished. But Henry knew that it was easier and safer to persecute his wife than to silence his subjects, and he wisely refrained from attempting the impossible.¹¹ But if he could not close the mouths of his people he could wring the heart of the woman whom they respected, and he took an effectual mode of doing so.

When Henry warned Katherine that if she persisted in calling herself his wife, "it would be an occasion that he should withdraw his fatherly love from her honourable and most dearest daughter, the lady princess," she must have trembled at the thought of the coming trial, for that poor mother knew that he was in earnest. In reply to the threat, she remarked to the persons who brought it that she trusted to God that Mary would prove an honest woman, and that, for her own part, not even the thought of her daughter would lead her to yield in this cause, or act to put her soul in danger.¹² But Henry knew how much she loved her child. He knew the power of the argument which he was about to employ, and he quietly remarked "that this chiefly should move her, if no other cause did." He had seen that she was firm, and he felt that she was too strong for him. But he thought that probably he would be more successful in his attack upon the constancy of his daughter. His first step was to separate her from her mother, and Mary was sent to reside at Beaulieu, in Essex.¹³ Her position was exceptionally trying. She stood alone; she was surrounded by hostile influences of all kinds; she had little experience; and she was a girl of seventeen years of age. But she had a brave heart, and much of her father's strong will and the deep religious convictions of her mother, and she was not left without direction and encouragement, for when the hour of conflict drew near she received a letter from Katherine, of which a copy has fortunately been preserved, and which is worthy of our notice. It is too long to be quoted in full, but the following abstract of its principal points will be read with interest:

¹¹ Brewer, 918, 1069, 1125.

¹² State Papers, i. 400.

¹³ Or Newhall. She was removed from it in the following October, when it was given to Lord Rocheford, Anne Boleyn's brother (Brewer, 1207, 1296).

"Daughter, I have such tidings to-day that I perceive (if they be true) that the time is near when Almighty God will prove you. I am very glad of it, for I trust that He doth handle you with a good love. I beseech you agree to His pleasure with a merry heart, and be you sure that without fail He will not suffer you to perish if you beware to offend Him. I pray God, good daughter, that you offer yourself to Him. If any pangs come to you, shrive yourself. First make yourself clean, take heed to His commandments, and keep them as near as He will give you grace to do, for then are you sure armed. And if this lady do come to you, as it is spoken, if she do bring you a letter from the King, I am sure in the self-same letter you shall be commanded what you shall do. Answer you with few words, obeying the King your father in everything, save only that you will not offend God and lose your soul. Go no further with learning and disputation in the matter, and wheresoever and in whatsoever company you shall come, obey the King's commandments, speak few words, and meddle nothing. I will send two books in Latin. One shall be *De Vita Christi*,¹⁴ with the declaration of the Gospels, and the other the *Epistles of St. Jerome*, that he did write always to Paula and Eustochium, and in them I trust you shall see good things. And sometimes, for your recreation, use your virginals, or lute, if you have any. I would God, good daughter, that you did know with how good a heart I do write this letter unto you. I never did write one with a better, for I perceive very well that God loveth you. I beseech Him of His goodness to continue it. And now you shall begin, and by likelihood I shall follow. I set not a rush by it, for when they have done the uttermost they can then I am sure of the amendment. I pray you to recommend me unto my good Lady of Salisbury, and pray her to have a good heart, for we never come to the Kingdom of Heaven but by troubles. By your loving mother, Katherine the Queen."¹⁵

The quiet confidence here shown by Katherine in the steadiness of her child's resolution in the hour of trial was justified by the issue. Articles drawn up under Henry's imme-

¹⁴ Ludolf de Saxonia, the author of this *Life of Christ*, was prior of the Carthusians of Strasburg. He was born about A.D. 1370, and died at Mayence in 1370. His *Vita Christi* has frequently been printed, and has always enjoyed a high reputation. The Epistles of S. Jerome to Paula and Eustochium have often been published separately, and occur in the fourth volume of the Benedictine edition of the works of that Saint.

¹⁵ Burnet, v. 563.

diate inspection, if not by himself, were presented to her, in which she was commanded to cease from usurping the title of princess, thereby pretending to be the heir apparent to the throne. The commissioners were instructed to point out to her the folly and danger of her conduct, and to warn her that by persevering in it she would incur the King's high displeasure and make herself amenable to the punishment provided by law. She knew that this punishment was death, and who would undertake to assure her that it would not be inflicted?

Mary's letter to her father has not been preserved, but Chapuys sent an abstract of it to the Emperor, and from him we are made acquainted with its contents. She promises obedience to her father's commands, but she has no right to renounce or to derogate from the titles which have been given to her by God, by nature, and her parents. As the daughter of a King and a Queen, she has a right to bear the title of princess, and she would not renounce it. He father might do with her as he pleased; but by no act of her own, either expressly or tacitly would she prejudice her own legitimacy or the cause of her mother, following whose example she commended all to the hands of God. Chapuys tells us that none of the King's Council dared to say a word for Mary, for by so doing they would incur the hostility of the new Queen. Throughout the whole of this conference Mary stood alone. The deputies wished her to hear them in private before they left Beaulieu, but she refused, fearing that her words might be misunderstood or misrepresented.¹⁶

When the result of the interview was communicated to Henry he lost no time in putting his threat into execution. Mary had rejected the terms which he had offered to her and must be punished. Like her mother she was proud, and he would teach her humility. The household of the little Elizabeth was now formed with a due regard to her state, as the King's only legitimate child, and it was announced that she should be sent into Norfolk, where, right royally attended, she should remain in a position due to her present rank and prospects for the future. Henry next ruled that Mary's household should then be broken up, her servants were to be removed, and she herself was to be sent to wait upon the Princess Elizabeth as one of her domestic attendants. Such was Henry's plan, and it was carried out to the letter, not however without some difficulty.

¹⁶ Brewer, 1186.

As soon as the necessary arrangements could be made on a scale consistent with the dignity of the Princess Elizabeth, she set out on her journey to her new home. There was no need why the procession should come round by London, but with the hope of creating some kindly feeling this route was chosen. The attempt was not successful, for the people looked on in silence. On the following day the Duke of Norfolk was sent to Beaulieu with orders that Mary should leave it and enter upon her new duties in the service of the Princess. Mary offered no opposition and professed her obedience to her father in all matters where it did not clash with a superior duty. The Countess of Salisbury, who until now had been at the head of the Princess's establishment, asked permission to accompany her, and undertook to provide an honourable train consisting of men and women who would think it an honour to serve her gratuitously. The offer was declined. Chapuys was alarmed for Mary's personal safety, and hints that she was passing into the hands of persons who were capable of resorting to any measures, however extreme, to attain their ends. The people were indignant and would welcome an invasion. The pedigree of the Tudors was discussed in no friendly spirit, and Henry had cause to tremble for the security of his throne. But there was no token of a return to a better mind, and the Ambassador concludes his letter with expressing his belief that "his sin carries him away, and he is bewitched by this accursed woman."¹⁷

When the Princess Mary arrived at the household of the little Elizabeth, she took her place among the other attendants. Norfolk, who seems to have accompanied her on her journey, asked whether she would like to pay her respects to the Princess, to which Mary replied that she alone was entitled to bear that designation, and that the daughter of the Marchioness of Pembroke had no such title. When the Duke left her, on his return to the Court, he inquired whether she had any message to send by him to her father. "Nothing," said Mary, "except to say that his daughter the Princess asks his blessing." Norfolk confessed that he did not dare to be the bearer of such a message, whereupon the Princess remarked that in this case he might leave it. When he reported his proceedings to Henry his Majesty told him that he had dealt too gently with Mary, and that he would tame the pride of both her mother and herself.

¹⁷ Brewer, 1528.

When writing to her daughter, Katherine had said that ere long it would be her own turn to bear the cross, and her prediction was soon fulfilled. Shortly before Christmas the Duke of Sussex and some other of the lords presented themselves at Hatfield, a house to which she had recently been transferred, and announced to her certain messages with which they had been charged by her husband. He repeated his old demands, but with increased violence, and Katherine, on her side, was no less resolute in her vindication of her honour as a married woman. "Persisting in her great stomach and obstinacy she made answer, with an open voice," say the commissioners, "that knowing herself to be Queen and Henry's true wife, she would give no heed to any orders or instructions which were addressed to her under any other designation." The Duke and his fellows were directed to remove her to Somersham—she refused to move. They were instructed to appoint her a new household—she declined to accept the service of any who did not address her as Queen of England. Her old servants were true to her, and they too refused to take a new oath which was inconsistent with that to which they had already pledged themselves. Her chaplains, Abel and Barker, stiffly stood in their conscience that she was Henry's Queen and lawful wife, and that no man, sworn to serve her as Queen, might change that oath without perjury. As they persisted in this their opinion, the royal commissioners committed them to the porter's ward, and left it to the King to decide how they should be dealt with afterwards. They had been directed to remove certain of her chaplains, but as these were the only priests who could speak Spanish, and as Katherine was unable to make her confession in any other language, the objectionable ecclesiastics were permitted to continue in the household. Still the difficulty was not entirely removed even by such concessions as these. What were the commissioners to do, they asked, if in her wilfulness she should feign herself sick and keep her bed? What if she should refuse to dress herself? No such cases were provided for in their instructions, and the woman with whom they had to deal was capable of thus or otherwise ordering herself by some imagination which at that moment they could not call to remembrance.

Along with the letter addressed to the King went one in which they make the Duke of Norfolk acquainted with the troubles they have encountered in dealing with the most

obstinate woman that may be. They were mightily perplexed to know what to do for the best. They tell him plainly that if Katherine is to be removed it must be done by force, and they ask him to obtain for them the King's express pleasure. They beg for money to be sent with diligence, and also commissions for provisions. They wrote on the 19th of December, and did not relish the prospect of spending their Christmas in such quarters.

In such a struggle as this the woman is sure to be victorious. The patience of the commissioners was exhausted, and after remaining as long a time as they thought would convince Henry that they had done their best for him and their worst for his wife, they prepared to return to London. They had not made much progress. Two priests were sent to the Tower. They left behind them, for the sake of decency, the Queen's confessor, apothecary and physician, all of whom were Spaniards and could not do much harm, for they could speak no English. They dismissed the greater number of her servants; but as she refused to accept any of those whom they had brought with them, they permitted two out of the former number to remain with her. The new servants whom they directed to continue in the house were regarded by Katherine as keepers, not as servants, and she declined their help. After remaining for six days to see if the Queen's spirit would fail her, and observing no tokens of submission, Suffolk and his party left the besieged garrison in possession of their fortress. Katherine locked herself in her chamber, and when the commissioners came to remove her by force she told them, through a hole in the wall, that if they were resolved to carry her off it must be done by force. This they did not dare to do, for the people seemed ready to arise and resent their cruelty, and expressed their sympathy by their tears and lamentations. Though the Queen had gained the day, yet her position was wretched in the extreme. There remained with her only one woman servant whom she could trust. Her victuals were cooked in her own room, for she did not dare to eat any food which was dressed in the kitchen. As if to prepare the nation for her death, the report was circulated that she was in failing health, which was not true. It was not forgotten, however, that a similar device had been employed shortly before Wolsey's death. "And the detestable malice of the lady will never rest until she sees the end of both mother and daughter."

Such then was the position of affairs at the beginning of the year 1534. It was anything but satisfactory to England. The country had lost much of the weight which it had acquired in Europe during the time of Wolsey, and its voice, if it attempted to make itself heard in the adjustment of the politics of the continent, was all but disregarded. As a monarch and as a man Henry had fallen to the lowest depth in the estimation of his own subjects. His morality had never been remarkable for its purity, but now he had made himself ridiculous and contemptible. The unmanly brutality of his conduct towards his wife and his daughter aroused the indignation of his people, and at the same time the brawls between him and his female friend, which were too frequent and too violent to be concealed, made him the mark at which every ale-house jester aimed his coarse ribaldry. The terror-stricken clergy, the cowed nobility, and the respectable men and women of the middle classes, shrunk from crossing the path of this embodiment of evil, in whom it was difficult to say which predominated, the spirit of lust or the demon of cruelty. If we may believe the indistinct foreshadowings of a coming scandal, the woman for whom he had bartered his soul, had already begun to play the traitor to him, and was listening to the addresses of a younger and more attractive lover. The people of England looked on in contemptuous disgust, and lamented the evil day on which they had given their allegiance to such an alien from the traditions of their earlier monarchy. The only fragments that remained out of the shattered glories of the past were the two women whose privilege it was to be persecuted by Henry because they represented in their lives the principles and the practice which were most opposed to his own character, purity, truthfulness, honour, and the love of God. It fared hard with them at the time of which I speak, and before them was a gloomy prospect. The few friends whom they had in England were poor and powerless. The cloud had already begun to gather over the head of Bishop Fisher, who, brave to the death in all that regarded himself and his own conscience, did not consider it his duty to push his way into Henry's privacy and warn him to dismiss the domestic abomination. Chapuys had found, by a long and painful experience, that every attempt which he made to better the condition of the Queen only exposed her to more cruel insults, and with Katherine's approval, he ceased to intercede for her. The Emperor, Charles the Fifth, held back from giving the help

which he might, and ought to have given, restrained by political considerations. The French King, a selfish voluptuary, encouraged Henry by word, by writing and example. Of the two women, the mother and the daughter, each was left to fight her battle alone, singly and apart from the other. Henry knew how much they leant upon each other, and he attacked them separately. It seemed an unequal contest, for in addition to the open violence of Henry they were henceforth about to be exposed to the secret and more dangerous machinations of an unscrupulous woman.

JOS. STEVENSON.

¹⁸ State Papers i. 415, 418; Brewer, 1571.

Alessandro Manzoni.

IT is just ten years ago at the present time since one of the most remarkable men of whom this century can boast, one of the greatest poets and novelists which Italy ever produced, died at the ripe age of eighty-nine years. Alessandro Manzoni was not only a man of exalted genius, but one who had consecrated his genius to the Catholic Church. Catholicity is not only incidentally introduced into his works when the subject leads to it, but the works themselves were undertaken to advocate all the ennobling principles of Christian teaching.

Manzoni was born at Milan, March 8, 1784. He was the child of noble parents, his mother being a daughter of the illustrious Marquis Cesare Baccaria, who, in his little book entitled *Crimes and their Punishments*, which has been translated into almost every language, exposed the enormity and barbarity of inflicting torture on men and women who were very often innocent, to extort from them a confession of misdeeds which in hundreds of cases they had never perpetrated. Manzoni received his first education from the Regular Clerks of the Congregation of Somasca, amongst whom was Father Francesco Soave, the distinguished philologist and philosopher. His intellect was rather slow in arriving at maturity, but at the age of fifteen he manifested a great taste for poetry, and wrote two sonnets of considerable merit. Having lost his father in early youth, in 1805 he went to join his mother, who was living in Paris, and who was herself devoted to literary pursuits; there he spent two years, mixing in the society of the so-called ideologists and other philosophers of Voltairian tenets. If such intercourse did not corrupt his mind, at any rate it involved him in serious doubt and perplexity, and for some time his life was perhaps not altogether in accordance with the religious education he had received. In after life he always spoke of this time with great sorrow and deep repentance, and when in old age some of his fellow-citizens were thanking him for the

services he had rendered to his country, he abruptly replied : "Listen to me ; my name does not deserve the weight you attach to it. Perhaps you do not know that I have been an unbeliever and even an apostle of unbelief, and worse still, for some time my life was in keeping with the doctrines I held. If Providence has granted me a long life, it is only in order that I may ever remember the aberrations of my youth." But it is evident that Christian humility and the fervour of his imagination led Manzoni to exaggerate his own errors. The poem which he wrote in 1806, on the death of his friend and benefactor, Count Carlo Imbonati, is an evidence that even at that time the aspirations of his heart were noble and pure. In fact, the words he puts into Imbonati's mouth as embodying the maxims and rules on which his own life should be modelled, betray the most elevated sentiments, and are besides characterized by sound practical sense.

It is said that during this period of mental anxiety and distress, Manzoni happened one day to be present at a *conversazione* where every one was speaking against Catholicism, as was the fashion in Paris at that time, when a learned Piedmontese nobleman rose and uttered his solitary protest in favour of religion, exclaiming : "But I believe in it" (*ed io ci crede*). The courage, the accent of conviction, the calm determination with which these words were pronounced, went to the heart of young Manzoni, and affected him so deeply that all hesitation was immediately at an end ; he resolved from that moment to be a Catholic in reality and not only in name. Others assert that one day entering a church to implore from Heaven light to illumine the darkness of his mind, he heard a sermon from a French preacher, and was so struck by the force of his arguments and the warmth of his eloquence, that his former indifference to the religion of his fathers was changed into deep attachment, and he vowed to employ all his powers to dispel from the minds of his countrymen the chilling mists of indifferentism and scepticism. In 1808 Manzoni married a young, beautiful, and highly gifted lady, Enrichetta Luigia Blondel, the daughter of a Genevese banker. She was by birth a Calvinist, but her love for her husband led her to embrace his creed and share his zeal for religion. They led a retired life, dividing their time between the pursuit of literature and the practice of good works. Owing to the dishonesty of an agent, Manzoni unfortunately lost the greater part of his fortune, and was compelled to sell

his paternal inheritance, including, to his great regret, the villa at Galeotto where he spent his childhood, and which he afterwards immortalized in his works. Although possessed of a very modest income in consequence of these losses, he invariably replied with great liberality to appeals made in behalf of those who were in misfortune, endeavouring meanwhile as far as possible to keep his good deeds secret. A true Italian at heart, he was deeply grieved to see his country crushed and smarting under the oppression of a foreign rule; but as there appeared to be no immediate prospect of redress and relief for his suffering countrymen, he exhorted them to patience and resignation to the will of God and confidence in His mercy.

It is in Manzoni's religious poems that we meet with the noblest thoughts of this most Catholic of Italian bards. They are far superior in originality of conception and elegance to any other of his compositions, and have for their subject the chief solemnities of the ecclesiastical year and the most sacred mysteries of our redemption; warmth of love and deep devotion breathes in every line. These lyrical effusions are little known in England. It was in reference to them that Goethe was compelled to acknowledge "that an argument oft repeated and a language almost exhausted by the use of many centuries may regain their first youth and freshness, when a young and vigorous mind enters upon the subject and adopts the worn-out language."

Curiously enough, when the author published these hymns at Milan in the course of the years 1815—1822, they remained unnoticed by the Italian literary world; but when the famous ode *Cinque Maggio* on the death of Napoleon appeared, although this poem was inferior in beauty and grandeur to the hymns, every one in Italy and throughout Europe greeted Manzoni as one of the greatest poets of the age. It is not generally known that the *Cinque Maggio* was first published in German, the author having sent it in MSS. to his friend Goethe, who, delighted with it, immediately produced a German version, which he printed and published previous to the appearance of the original Italian. Lamartine, although no friend to Italians or their country, which he was accustomed to call *la terre des morts*, when he read this ode, proclaimed it to be a masterpiece, and said he should be only too glad could he claim it as his own. It has been frequently translated into English, and will undoubtedly attain the immortality its author ventured to hope for it, when he spoke of it as *un cantico che forse non morrà*.

In the field of drama Manzoni was not less successful. The subject of his first tragedy was the death of the celebrated Piedmontese Condottiere, Count di Carmagnola; who after having faithfully served the Republic of Venice in many glorious campaigns, was, in consequence of some slight reverses, condemned to death and beheaded. This drama produced a great sensation; in it Manzoni introduced on to the Italian stage for the first time the chorus after the model of the Greek plays. The following stanzas give a vivid picture of the battle between the Venetians and Milanese in 1427: they form part of a chorus in the *Conte di Carmagnola*. We give them in their English dress.

Woe to the victors, and the vanquished woe!
 The earth is heaped, is loaded with the slain.
 Loud and more loud the cries of fury grow;
 A sea of blood is swelling over the plain.
 But from the embattled front already, lo!
 A band recedes—it flies—all hope is vain;
 And vernal hearts despairing of the strife
 Wake to the love, the clinging love of life.

As the light grain disperses in the air,
 Borne by the winnowing of the gales around,
 Thus fly the vanquished, in their wild despair,
 Chased, severed, scattered, o'er the ample ground.
 But mightier bands, that lay in ambush there
 Burst on their flight—and, hark, the deepening sound
 Of fierce pursuit!—still nearer, and more near,
 The rush of war-steeds trampling in the rear!

The day is won!—they fall—disarmed they yield,
 Low at the conqueror's feet all suppliant lying!
 'Midst shouts of victory pealing o'er the field,
 Ah! who may hear the murmurs of the dying?
 Haste! let the tale of triumph be revealed!
 E'en now the courier to his steed is flying;
 He spurs—he speeds—with tidings of the day,
 To rouse up cities in his lightning way.

Why pour ye forth from your deserted homes,
 O eager multitudes around him pressing;
 Each hurrying where his breathless courser foams,
 Each tongue, each eye infatuate hope confessing?
 Know ye not whence the ill-omened herald comes,
 And dare ye dream he comes with words of blessing?
 Brothers by brothers slain, lie low and cold!
 Be ye content! the glorious tale is told!

I hear the voice of joy, the exulting cry!
 They deck the shrine, they swell the choral strains;
 E'en now the homicides assail the sky
 With pæans, which indignant Heaven disdains!

But from the soaring Alps, the stranger's eye,
Looks watchful down on our ensanguined plains,
And with the cruel rapture of a foe
Numbers the mighty stretched in death below.

X The political events of 1821, the death of some friends, and the imprisonment of others by the Austrian Government, weighed so much on Manzoni's mind that he retired from Milan and repaired with his family and his beloved friend, Tommaso Grossi (the well-known author of *Marco Visconti*), to a country house not far distant, where he sought distraction in historical studies. Whilst reading the history of Milan by Ripamonti, he was struck by the narrative of the life and conversion of the *Innominato* (Bernardo Visconti), one of the haughty feudal nobles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who feared neither God nor man, and respected neither right nor law; who was converted and won to an orderly pious life by Cardinal Frederigo Borromeo, nephew and successor in the see of Milan to the great St. Charles. This he wove into a romance, which he entitled *I promessi Sposi*, and wherein he offers a graphic sketch of Italian social life in the seventeenth century, set in the framework of the simple history of the joys and sorrows of two country lovers, parted by the intrigues and villany of a depraved nobleman. This novel is like a panorama where the reader sees passing before his eyes the various classes of society, with their ideas and manners, with the peculiarities of the age and the country, with the different passions and feelings of humanity. The language is wonderfully varied and adapted to the position and character of each of the personages, and is by turns solemn and eloquent, humorous and pathetic, simple and ironical. The book would be well worth reading if only for the study of the characters introduced: each is perfect in his way, and drawn with a masterly hand. The description of the plague which ravaged Milan in 1630 is unequalled.

+ In 1833, five years after the publication of the *Promessi Sposi*, a great grief befel Manzoni in the death of his wife, the faithful partner of all his pains and pleasures, to whom he owed some of his best inspirations, and who had always aided and encouraged him in his literary achievements. In dedicating to her his tragedy *Adelchi*, he speaks of her many virtues, asserting that she had known how to fulfil in their highest perfection the duties of a devoted wife and prudent mother, whilst preserving the utmost simplicity and purity of mind and character. As if

this bereavement—which the poet felt most deeply—were insufficient to test his resignation and try his fortitude, in less than a year he was called upon to part with his eldest daughter, who had not long been married; and her death was quickly followed by that of two of her sisters, and of the aged mother of Manzoni, to whom he had ever been a most affectionate and dutiful son. Under these repeated blows, he sought consolation in that divine religion which was the guiding star of his life, and shortly after published the *Osservazioni sulla Morale Cattolica*, which were translated into English under the title of *A Vindication of Catholic Morality*. In this work Manzoni put forward in a systematic and dogmatic form the principles which he had zealously advocated in all his works, refuting the charges brought against Catholicism by Sismondi in his *History of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages*. This was the last work of any importance which came from his pen. In 1838, Manzoni married again, but his second wife, as well as seven out of his nine children, preceded him to the grave. During the last forty years of his life he took no part in political affairs, and lived in absolute retirement. In 1860 he was made a Senator of the kingdom of Italy, and he assisted, at the advanced age of eighty-four, in drawing up a statement of the best means of abolishing separate dialects, and establishing throughout the whole of Italy an uniform language, of which the Tuscan dialect should be the basis.

Manzoni's presence was dignified and imposing, his language graceful and well-chosen, and his conversation so instructive that one who was himself a writer of no small merit, declared that he had learnt more from listening to him than from all the books he had ever read. His private character was an unblemished one, and his life quite in accordance with the lofty standard proposed in his works. Seldom has so much intellectual power been united to so much modesty and humility of mind and manners.

The death of his eldest and favourite son, which occurred on April 28, 1873, was a blow from which Manzoni never recovered. In less than a month he followed him to that better life which was the continual object of his aspirations. Italy mourned his loss as a national calamity. His funeral was worthy of a monarch, no less than one hundred thousand persons coming from all parts of Italy to be present at it; and as a tribute to the merits of the departed poet, Verdi composed a Requiem Mass expressly for the occasion.

A. O.

Q

Birds and their Homes.

A COMMON object of man's futile ambition is the power to transport himself from one part of the world to another without the necessity of climbing mountains and traversing deserts, or being tossed on the billows of the dangerous sea. Attempts without number have been made to construct balloons or parachutes capable of being steered by some ingenious machinery in the teeth of opposing winds. Experiments, which had for their object to devise some kind of wings which might carry men aloft into the blue heaven, have amused oversanguine mechanicians from the time of Dædalus till now. In the desire to participate with the feathered tribes in the power of flight, men have forgotten that they do not share with birds the indispensable requisite of an anatomy suited to the purpose. Man's ponderous frame clings to its native earth. He is not provided with an organism enabling him to rise up on what the Greek poet calls "the swift oarage of pinions," whereas every part of the anatomy of the bird is calculated for swiftness. Being more or less designed to rise upon air, all its parts are proportionably light, in order that it may spread itself over a surface large in comparison with its weight.

The general form and the body of birds (and under this name we include all animals which have an internal skeleton and are covered with feathers) are adapted to rapid motion through the air. Most birds have under their skin great air passages which open into the lungs, and which, when the bird is moving quickly, do, to a certain extent, the work of supplementary lungs. A careful observer says that they also lessen the bird's specific gravity, and in diving birds, which drop from a great height into the sea, they lessen the shock on striking the water. The *grebes*, for instance, have the power of breathing out all spare air and sinking almost out of sight, as a balloon sinks when part of the air is let out. Great spaces in the bones of the birds of rapid flight are also filled with air. Indeed, the

bird has been well said to be little more than a drift of the air, brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, and it breathes through its whole frame, and glows with air in its flying like a blown flame. It rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, and outraces it.

The shape of the body is sharp in front (to enable it to pierce and make its way through the air), it then rises by a gentle swelling to its bulk, and falls off in an expansive tail, that helps to keep it buoyant while the fore-parts are clearing the air by their sharpness. From this conformation it is often compared to a ship making its way through water, the trunk of the body answering to the hold, the head to the prow, the tail to the rudder, and the wings to the oars, from whence poets have adopted the metaphor of *remigium alarum* in describing the wavy motion of a bird in flight.

The feathers, when they begin to grow, are like little grooved pimples upon the flesh that gradually sink down till a hollow is formed, and into this kind of cup, the soft layer under the outer skin sends out fibres, which afterwards form the pith. Round these fibres, horny rings begin to form, and it is within these rings that the true feathery barbs, then the shaft, and lastly the quill appear, as the feather grows from below.

The quill is fed by an artery running into the pimple. When full-grown, it is drawn in at the base, and rests complete and firm in the socket. The position of the feathers is much to be admired. Lying all one way, they answer all the purposes of warmth, speed, and security. They generally tend backward, being laid over one another in regular order, furnished with softest down next the body, and curiously closed externally to fence off the injuries of the weather. Lest, however, the feathers should be spoiled by their violent friction against the air, or imbibe the moisture of the atmosphere, birds are supplied with a gland behind, which contains oil that can be pressed out by its bill and laid smoothly over each feather as occasion requires. Each feather is composed of a quill, with its lateral filaments terminating generally more or less in a point at the extremities of the quills, lying over each other like the tiles of a house, allowing the wind and rain to pass over them with the least possible resistance, and forming a protection alike from the heat and the cold. In structure, feathers much resemble the scale armour assumed by man for very different objects; they are in fact exactly intermediate between the fur of beasts

and the scales of fishes, having the minute division of the one, and the armour-like symmetry and succession of the other, each in its most perfect form.

In birds that fly, the wings are usually placed where they can best poise the whole, and answer to the fore-legs in quadrupeds. These instruments of flight are provided with quills, which differ from the common feathers, in being very much larger, and also in springing from the deeper part of the skin, their shafts being embedded in the bone. What models of beauty and lightness are the wings of a gull! The bones are composed of the hardest possible kind of bony material arranged in a tubular form, combining the greatest possible lightness and strength. If we examine the wing of this bird or of an albatross, we shall find that it is a hollow cylinder, like a wheat-straw, but in order to increase the strength it has many little pillars of bone about the thickness of a fine needle, extending across from side to side. These buttress-like pillars are in themselves very strong and do not easily break under the fingers. Again, at the top of the bone we find two or three holes which communicate with the interior, through these pass tubes which are connected with the lungs, so that when the bird starts for a flight, he fills his wings with air, causing them to act somewhat like a balloon on each side of the lungs.

In order to move the wings, birds are provided with two very strong pectoral muscles, which lie on each side of the breast-bone. By means of these a bird can move its wings with a strength which, in proportion to its size, is almost incredible. The flap of a swan's wing, for instance, would break a man's leg, and a blow has been known to kill a man on the spot. No inventions of human skill are capable of imparting such force to so light an apparatus.

In all birds, except nocturnal ones, the head is smaller in proportion than in quadrupeds, and their eyes are more flat and depressed. A circle of small plates of bone is placed scale-wise, under the outer coat of the eye, attached to each pupil to defend it from injuries. Birds have also a kind of skin called the *nictitating* membrane with which, as with a veil, they can cover their eyes, though the eyes continue open. This membrane serves to wipe, cleanse, and also to moisten its surface. The eyes almost equal the brain in size, whereas in man the brain is twenty times larger than the orbit of the eye. The configuration and special mechanism of the bird renders the

impressions of external objects exceedingly vivid and distinct, so that the sense of seeing is in birds infinitely superior to that of other animals. A hawk, for instance, perceives a lark at a distance which neither men nor dogs could spy, and a kite darts down on its prey with the most unerring aim, from an almost imperceptible height in the clouds. The superiority of the eagle's sight would be realized by man if he were able, when seated in an express train going sixty miles an hour, to distinguish a grasshopper on a grassy bank.

A keen observer calls our attention to the unique adaptations of the beak of the bird, which is not only its mouth, but its hand, or rather its two hands. For, the arms and hands being turned into wings, all it has to depend upon, in economical and practical life, is its beak; which is in fact its sword, its carpenter's tool-box, and its dressing-case; partly also its musical instrument, and besides all this, the beak has to seize and prepare the food, in which function it becomes a trap, carving-knife, and teeth all in one. It is this need of the beak being a mechanical tool which regulates the form of a bird's face, as opposed to a four-footed animal's. If it were only a question of food, we might wonder why there were not more four-footed creatures living on seeds; or why those that do—field-mice and the like—have not beaks instead of teeth. But a bird's beak is by no means a perfect eating or food-seizing instrument. A squirrel is far more dexterous with a nut than a cockatoo; and a dog manages a bone much better than an eagle. The beak, however, has to do a great deal more. Pruning feathers, building nests, and the constant discipline in military arts, have all to be attended to, as well as feeding. Soldiership is especially a more imperious necessity among birds than quadrupeds. Neither wolves nor lions habitually use claws or teeth in contest with their own species, whereas birds are constantly fighting for their mates, their nests, their hunting-grounds, &c. Indeed, their courage is unequalled by that of any other race of animals. They are singularly capable of comprehending danger, and their pertinacity and endurance have in all ages made them an example to the brave and an amusement to the frivolous.

Birds are essentially musical, and though possessing no external ear corresponding to that visible in other animals, have yet a highly organized ear for music; on gently parting the feathers behind the eye, we may perceive a little orifice with

convolutions of delicate skin turned inwards. A recent writer states that the feathers are so planted round a bird's ears that however ruffled or wet they cannot be driven in, and probably they conduct vibration. Birds have no need to turn the ear to catch stray sounds, as they can turn the whole head wherever they please in the twinkling of an eye. They do not produce their sounds as we do, just below the back of the mouth, but at the lower end of the windpipe, exactly where it divides into two branches, one going to each lung. At this point, where the air rushes most rapidly, there is a complete apparatus moved by a whole set of muscles upon which the bird plays, and his whole body being so full of air, he is not exhausted by his song however long continued.

The sense of smelling is very acute in most birds, many of them scent their prey at an immense distance, while others are protected by this sense against their insidious pursuers. The legs and feet are both made remarkably light for easier transportation through the air. The toes are in some webbed, to fit them for the waters; in others they are separate, for the better holding of objects or clinging to trees for safety. Those that have long legs have also long necks, otherwise they would be incapable of gathering up their food. Long necks are found with fishers in more or less shallow water—that is long-necked—non-swimming birds must necessarily have long legs. But long-necked swimming birds like swans need not have long legs.

Every external part is as much adapted to the life and situation of the animal as are the inward organs. Not only are the bones extremely light and thin, but all the muscles, except those which move the wings, are particularly slight and compact. But the muscles of a bird's breast often weigh more than all his other muscles put together, as we see in the flesh or muscle of a pigeon or sparrow's breast. It is the great mass of muscle in front of the breast that works and pulls down the wing, while another smaller one, ending in a cord or tendon, passes like a pulley over the top of a bone that draws it up, thus by using these, one after the other, the bird flies. The tail, which is composed of quill feathers, serves to counter-balance the head and neck, and guides the animal's flight like a rudder, at the same time that it greatly assists it in its ascent or descent. The wings for their functions require to lie and to adhere, as it were, close to the ribs or sides of the chest,

consequently the trunk itself is lightened in weight, not only by the end of the wind-pipe opening indirectly into the bones, but by this pipe also opening into the cavity of the belly, and conveying the air drawn in by breathing into receptacles like bladders running along the whole length of the body. Thus a bird's lungs are continued into several large air-sacs, which in their turn open out into tubes which carry air actually into the bones, most of which are hollow. All birds have, properly speaking, one stomach, though it differs much in the various kinds of birds. They are peculiarly formed in those living on animal food, as well as in some of the fish-feeding tribe, the gullet in them being found replete with glandulous bodies, which serve to masticate the food, as it passes into the stomach, which is large in proportion to the size of the bird, and generally wrapped round with fat, to increase its warmth and powers of digestion. In the granivorous birds, the gullet dilates just above the breast bone forming itself into a pouch, called the crop. This is furnished with salivary glands, which serve to moisten and soften the grain and other food which it contains. After the dry food has been masticated it passes into the belly, where it is ground between two pair of muscles, called the gizzard, the coats of which, rubbing against each other and against the small gravel and stones swallowed by the bird for the purpose, grind the hardest substances.

The webbed feet of the swimming birds are the principal agents by which these birds propel themselves through the water, upon the surface of which most of them pass a great portion of their time. Their feet are generally placed very far back, a position highly favourable to their action in swimming and diving, but which renders their movements on land anything but elegant. Most of these birds live in societies, which are often exceedingly numerous, and inhabit high latitudes.

Birds are subject to few diseases, but most of them suffer more or less during the moulting season, and many of the weak ones die at this time. No feeding can maintain their strength during this process, they cease to breed, and the nourishment necessary for the production of the young is entirely absorbed by the demand required for supplying the coming plumage.

Birds, in common with all vertebrate animals, except mammalia, produce their young in an incipient state of development, enclosed within a brittle calcareous shell, and are hatched by the heat of the parent's body during *sitting*. Most of the

globular yellow mass within, called the yolk, becomes gradually absorbed into the bowels of the chicken for its nourishment.

NIDIFICATION.—In order to economize the animal heat while the mother is sitting, and to prevent rapid cooling when she is obliged to leave the eggs, as well as to protect them from accidental injury, that beautiful piece of workmanship, the *nest*, is constructed, which is entirely the result of untaught and unpractised instinct. Various materials are used for this purpose, and different degrees of care and skill lavished on the structure.

Each species of bird has, in building its nest, its own architecture, adapted to the number of eggs, the temperature of the climate, or the respective heat of the little animal's own body. Where the eggs will be numerous, the nest is made warm, that animal heat may be equally diffused.

Among birds there are many remarkable kinds of nidification. *Petrels* and *puffins* make their nests in burrows, which they excavate in the earth. The name of *petrel* has a singular derivation. They are said to run upon the surface of the waves with their wings closed, and have in consequence been compared with St. Peter's miraculous walking upon the Sea of Genesareth. Hence a diminutive of the Apostle's name was applied to the bird.

It is said by travellers that in Guadeloupe the great sulphur mountain is all bored, like a rabbit-warren, with the holes these birds excavate. Both the male and female petrels assist in this work, but among the *puffins* it is all performed by the male bird, who throws himself on his back in the tunnel he is making, and digs it longer and longer with his broad bill, and at the same time casts out the mould with his webbed feet. These burrows have usually several passages in them, and are about ten feet deep. *King-fishers* and *land-martins* also excavate burrows in which to build their nests.

Ostriches scrape holes in the sand to serve as nests, into which they drop their eggs, and cover them with a light coating of sand, for their incubation the sunbeams are sufficient to warm them during the day, the male bird sitting on them by night. But sometimes several female ostriches deposit their eggs in one common nest, and sit on them by turns. The *house-martin* builds its nest of clay, which it sticks on the side of a wall, and to make it firm and tough, works into it bits of straw and splinters of wood. Mr. White, of Selborne, says, in order that this work may not, while it is soft and green, fall

down through its own weight, the provident little architect has foresight enough not to advance his work too fast, but by building only in the morning about half an inch, and devoting the rest of the day to food and recreation, gives it sufficient time to dry and harden. Thus, careful workmen, when they build mud-walls (having perhaps taken a hint from these little birds) raise but a moderate layer at a time, and then stop, lest the work should become top-heavy, and be ruined by its own weight. In the course of ten or twelve days the martin forms a hemispheric nest, with a small opening towards the top, strong, compact, and narrow, perfectly fitted for the purposes for which it is intended.

The *missel-thrush*, which derives its name from the mistletoe, the berries of which it is very fond of, places its nest generally in the fork of a tree. Outwardly it appears a mass of coarse stems of plants, moss, withered grasses and lichens, within it is strewn with mud and clay, and then lined again with most delicate grasses. This bird is very apt to avail itself of any soft materials for building its nest. A lady lost a lace cap one day in the spring; next autumn, when the leaves began to fall, something whitish appeared in one of the trees, which proved to be the missing cap, which had been used by one of these birds in constructing its nest.

The *orchard starling* suspends its nest from the branches of a tree, with materials of any tough kind of grass, weaving the blades curiously together. These blades have been found to be twelve or thirteen inches long, woven in and out about thirty times. The *weaver* intertwines slender leaves of grass, and thus produces a net strong enough to protect its young. Mr. Gould had a *bull-finch's* nest which had been set in the fork of a sapling tree, where it needed an external foundation, and the bird had built the first story of its nest entirely of withered stalks of clematis, interweaving the twigs lightly, and leaving the branched heads all on the outside, thus producing an intricate Gothic boss of extreme grace and quaintness, apparently arranged with triumphant pleasure in the art of basket-making in definite ornamental form. The *larks* and *warblers* sew together the leaves with which they make their nests, actually using for this purpose cotton and thread, whenever they find it. Professor Forbes, describing how the *tailor-bird* of the East Indies forms its nest, says, he saw it choose a plant with large leaves, then gather cotton and regularly spin

it into a thread by means of its bill and claws, and afterwards sew the leaves together, using its beak as a needle, or rather an awl. A quantity of soft downy cotton is next pushed between the leaves, and a convenient hollow scooped out in which the eggs may lie and the young birds rest at their ease. There are birds in India that hang their nest from a projecting bough, twisting it somehow into the shape of a bottle with a prolonged neck ; the opening is inverted, so as to prevent the entrance of tree-snakes and other reptiles. According to H. A. Severn, "the Indian *bottle-bird* protects her nest at night by sticking several glow-worms round the entrance by means of clay." He mentions watching three rats on a roof-rafter of his bungalow, when a glow-fly lodged very close to them, and the rats immediately scampered off, so that the bird's device is no doubt effectual.

Some birds build in wood, the *tom-tit* and the *wood-pecker* excavate a hole in a tree, carefully carrying away the chips, that there may be no indication of the whereabouts of their nests. The American *wood-pecker* makes a tortuous excavation five feet deep, to keep out wind and rain. The common *wren*, after it has completed one nest, generally constructs another before the eggs are laid, and sometimes the first nest is preferred, sometimes the second. The *sociable* *beavers* excel any of the feathered race in the extent of their habitations. Usually selecting a large lofty tree, they find under its ample shade and strong wide-spreading branches a good shelter and support for their erection. Having chosen the site, the framework is constructed by the combined efforts of the fraternity at large, who will derive from it a common advantage. The nest is always firmly interwoven with the branches of the tree on which it rests, and often a large part of a principal branch is included within its substance. This being done, each pair of birds proceeds to the construction of its own special nest, which, like the roof, consists of grass. M. le Vaillant, in his *Travels in Africa*, says :

I observed, on the way, a tree with an enormous nest of these birds, whom I call Republicans. Arrived at my camp, I sent a few men for it with a waggon. When it came, I cut it to pieces with a hatchet ; the chief portion of the structure consisted of a mass of Bushman's grass, without any mixture, but so firmly basketed together as to be impenetrable to rain, under this canopy each bird builds its particular nest. Imagine a huge, irregular, sloping roof, all the eaves of which are

completely covered with nests crowded one against another. As all the nests are in contact with one another, they appear to form one building, and are distinguishable from each other only by a small aperture, which serves as an entrance to the nest, and even this is sometimes common to different nests, one of which is situated at the bottom, and the other two at the sides.

Those living jewels of nature, the *humming-birds* of America, build beautiful delicate nests of leaves, grass, and spider-webs, interwoven together like fairy cradles. The *swift* makes a yet stronger nest of hair and feathers, grass, and moss, all glued together with saliva from his mouth, and fastens it under the eaves, or on the top of some high water-spout. The Indian and Chinese *edible-nest swiftlets* construct their nests entirely of saliva, and they are eaten as a delicacy by the natives.

The *brush-turkeys* and *megapodes* of Australia scratch together all kinds of rubbish and dead leaves, carrying them in their long-curved claws, and adding them to the heap till they have raised a mound sometimes more than seven or eight feet high and twenty feet across at the base. Yet these brush-turkeys are not nearly as large as a good-sized turkey, and the megapodes not larger than a common hen. To these mounds the female bird goes every ten days to lay an egg *upright*, and when they have each laid about eight or nine they go no more, and after a few weeks the little ones work their way out fully fledged. The reason of this curious habit of *mound-building*, says Mr. Wallace, is, that the eggs are so immense that the mother can only lay one in ten days, and that if she sat upon them she would be exhausted by fatigue and want of nourishment before they were hatched.

A curious instance of the eccentricity of some birds in the choice of a site, and their determination to return to the same spot, is given by Mr. Bingley, who states that a pair of swallows built their nest upon the body of a dead owl, which was hanging from the rafters of a barn so loosely as to sway about with every gust of wind. The owl, with the nest upon it, was sent to the museum of Sir A. Lever, who directed that a shell should be hung on the rafters in the place previously occupied by the dead owl. The following year the swallows returned to build their new nest in the cavity of the shell. Mr. Waterton thus describes the great peculiarity in nest-building of the *domestic swan*:

When it lays its first egg its nest is of a very moderate size ; but as incubation proceeds, we see it increase vastly in height and breadth. Every soft material, such as pieces of grass and fragments of sedge, is laid hold of by the sitting swan as they float within her reach, and are added to her nest. This work of accumulation is performed by her during the entire period of incubation, be the weather wet or dry, settled or unsettled, and it is perfectly astonishing to see with what assiduity she plies her work of aggrandisement to a nest already sufficient in strength and size to answer every need. The swans generally form their nests in an island quite above the reach of a flood, and still the sitting bird never seems satisfied with the quantity of materials which are provided for her nest, already very large, and not exposed to destruction had the weather become ever so rainy.

The *ravens* build their nests in the crevices of rocks, or on the summit of an isolated tree. They are composed exteriorly of branches and roots, bones of quadrupeds or fragments of hard substances form the second coat, and the interior is lined with moss, wood, &c. In the vicinity of these nests may generally be found a considerable accumulation of grains, nuts, fruits, and other things which they hoard together.

It is believed that a permanent change of climate causes many birds to modify the form or materials of their nests, so as better to protect their young. Mr. Wallace states that many facts have been observed which show that birds adapt their nests to the situations in which they place them, and the adaptation of eaves, chimneys, and boxes by swallows, wrens, and other birds, proves that they are always ready to take advantage of changed conditions. Among the strangest of the special instincts shown by birds is that of the cuckoo. Many of them are parasitic, that is, instead of building nests for themselves they deposit their eggs in the nests of others. Besides the cuckoos, there are several other species of parasitic birds. The American *melothius*, which is allied to our starlings, never lays more than one egg in a foster-nest, so that the young bird is securely reared. Humboldt gives an account of some nocturnal birds which had a remarkable taste in selection of a site. They built their nests in the cave of Carife, in New Andalusia, in the funnels with which the roof of the grotto is pierced like a sieve—living in fact in the chimney, not of a house, but of an Egyptian sepulchre. The cavern is fifteen hundred feet out of daylight, they have consequently the trouble of carrying in the seeds to feed their young, and the

floor of the cave is thus covered, by the seeds they let fall, with a growth of unfortunate pale plants which have never seen day.

There are about five hundred and fifty species of *birds of prey*, which are distributed tolerably evenly over the world, being, however, more abundant on continents than islands. They are almost exclusively meat-eaters, but some feed altogether on dead animals. The most destructive characteristics of these birds are their bills and feet. The bill is always rather short and strong, with the upper mandible strongly hooked and very sharp at the point. The feet are short and powerful, with four toes armed with long curved sharp talons. With these they seize their prey, holding it while they feed on it. Their wings are always large in proportion to their bodies, and they are very powerful birds of flight. D. G. Bennet says of the *griffin vulture*—

When it has once made a lodgment on its prey it rarely quits the banquet while a morsel of flesh remains, so that it is not uncommon to see it perched upon a putrifying corpse for several successive days. It never attempts to carry off a portion even to satisfy its young, but feeds them by disgorging the half-digested morsel from its maw. Sometimes, but very rarely, its makes its prey of living victims, and even then of such only as are incapable of offering the smallest resistance; for in a contest it has not the advantage which the falcon tribe possess, of being able to lacerate its enemy with its talons, and must therefore rely upon the force of its beak alone.

The *carrion-crows* are carnivorous in the fullest sense of the term, and will poke their beaks into everything they can find, from a boiled potato to a dead horse. The same author also in his *Gatherings of a Naturalist*, in Australia, says of the *king-fishers* of that country that, "in the stomach of specimens he had dissected he found the remains of lizards, snakes, and small mammalia, together with caterpillars, gold beetles, and other coleopterous insects, which constitute its usual food. Unlike other king-fishers they were never observed procuring food from the water." Frank Buckland writes :

One of my pets, now sitting beside me, has just eaten three mice which the cat has caught but disdains to eat herself; he is an Australian king-fisher—the giant king-fisher. Raw meat and fish seem to be equally palatable to him, he would eat almost anything, any amount of sprats or little birds. One day a friend brought me a canary-bird

that was a wonderful singer. The little bird-cage was left open for a moment, but that moment gave my king-fisher an opportunity. He instantly seized the canary and swallowed him right down, feathers and all. When he first came my monkeys made terrible faces at him, and shook their cage at him. The parrot also ruffled up her feathers and looked double her age; she can tolerate any number of quadrupeds in her room but no birds.

The most carnivorous among the insect-eating birds are the *shrikes*, which in their attacks upon small birds, manifest a ferocity and daring scarcely inferior to the falcons. Perched upon a projecting spray, they sit for hours patiently watching for some large beetle or grasshopper, or perchance some small bird, on which they dart suddenly, seize it with their strong, sharp beak, and strangle it instantly. They have the remarkable habit of impaling the prey thus taken upon thorns, where it may occasionally be seen remaining, the bird often leaving it. From this habit the genus has obtained the name of *butcher-bird*. The object of this singular habit being to fix the prey, while it is torn into morsels with the beak. Mr. Selby, in his *Illustrations of British Ornithology*, tells how he watched this operation of the shrike upon a *hedge-chanter*, which it had just killed.

After killing the bird it hovered with it in its beak for a short time over the hedge, apparently occupied in selecting a thorn for its purpose. Upon disturbing it, and advancing to the spot, I found the chanter firmly fixed by the tendons of the wing on the selected twig.

The *fly-catchers* also form another of the great branches of this numerous family. In habit as well in form they resemble the shrikes, as sitting on a post or the summit of a bush, they sally out, upon passing winged insects, capture their prey by a snap of the beak, and immediately return to the same spot to eat it. In this peculiarity of alighting to eat the captured prey, they differ from the *swallows*, which eat on the wing and resemble the dragon-flies among insects. This bird moves as a consuming and cleansing power; it is said that one thousand flies a day is a moderate allowance for a baby swallow! The *warblers* also are fly-catchers, but instead of watching for their prey, they seek it most industriously among the twigs and leaves of trees. Extended over the whole globe, their office is to keep down the myriads of little insects, so small as to be almost invisible to man, but which, from their numbers would otherwise

be very injurious to vegetation. The chief peculiarity which runs through this numerous family is their very small size and delicate structure. Excepting the humming-birds they are the smallest birds in creation.

Our English *robin-redbreast*, which feeds on worms and insects, takes an earth-worm by one extremity in its beak, and beats it on the ground till the inner part comes away. Then it seizes it in a similar manner by the other end, and entirely cleanses the outer part, which alone it eats. The reason of this very unpleasant operation for the poor worm on the part of the fastidious robin is, that as a worm lives by passing earth through its body, the bird finds it necessary to get rid of this indigestible matter. The robin's beak is a most formidable instrument, he can kill an adversary of his own kind with one blow of it in the throat. "It is so pugnacious," says Linnæus, "that no single tree can hold two cock-robins," and for precision of seizure, the little flat hook at the end of the upper mandible is one of the most delicately formed points of forceps which can be found among the grain-eaters.

In the *woodpecker* every part of its structure points to a single instinct, and is marvellously adapted for it. The food of these birds is almost exclusively of insects, which dwell safe from all other enemies in the solid wood of trees. To obtain these many contrivances are necessary and many deviations from the ordinary form of birds. The large and strong toes which are arranged in pairs give them great power of maintaining their footing on a perpendicular surface, while the body is additionally supported by the stiff and horny tail, composed of very strong feathers ending in sharp points, which, being thrown in against the tree, act as a prop. The woodpecker, instructed—no doubt by the sense of hearing—of the presence of his prey, comes to the scene of operation and sets to work to dig it out. For this purpose he has a beak shaped like a wedge, almost as strong and hard as steel, terminating in a fine edge like a chisel. With this admirable instrument, moved by the powerful muscles of the neck, he taps the tree in rapid succession, and in a short time having chiselled a hole, he lays bare the small grub. The worm has then to be extracted, and for this purpose another beautiful piece of mechanism shows itself. The tongue is projected far out of the beak, by means of a slender elastic bone, which passes round the back of the head, and it terminates in a horny point which is also furnished with little barbs pointing

backwards, and moreover is covered with a thick glutinous secretion.

Wilson says of the *ivory-billed woodpecker*:

He may be called the king of his tribe, and nature seems to have designed for him a distinguished characteristic, in the superb carmine crest, and bill of polished ivory, with which she has ornamented him. . . . Even his manners have a dignity in them superior to the common herd of woodpeckers. Trees, shrubbery, orchards, rails, fence-posts and prostrate logs are alike interesting to him in his humble and indefatigable search for prey; but the royal hunter scorns the insignificance of such situations, and seeks the most towering trees of the forest, seeming particularly attached to those prodigious cypress swamps, whose crowded giant sons stretch their bare and blasted arms midway to the skies. In these almost inaccessible recesses, amid ruinous piles of impending timber, his trumpet-like note and loud strokes resound through the solitary savage wilds, of which he seems the sole lord and inhabitant. Wherever he frequents, he leaves numerous monuments of his industry behind him. We see enormous pine-trees with cart-loads of bark lying around their roots, and chips of the trunk itself in such quantities as to suggest the idea that half-a-dozen axemen had been at work there the whole morning. The body of the tree is also disfigured with such numerous and large excavations that one can hardly conceive it possible for the whole to be the work of the woodpecker.

The following interesting account is given by a sportsman of a *nuthatch* which he had shot.

The bird fell and concealed himself in holes at the bottom of a ditch so long as he heard the noise of motion, but when all was still he tried to scud out and to make his escape. At length I got hold of him; he was small but very fierce, and his bite would have made a child scream out. The elbow-joint of his wing being shattered, I cut off the dangling limb, and put him into a large cage with a common lark. The wound did not in the least diminish his activity, nor yet his pugnacity; he instantly began to investigate all means of escape, he tried the bores, then tapped the wood-work of the cage, and produced a knocking sound which made the room re-echo, but finding his efforts vain, he turned upon the lark, and so alarmed his gentle companion that they had to be separated. The *nuthatch* was put into a smaller cage of plain oak-wood and wire; here he remained all night, and the next morning his knocking or tapping with his beak was the first sound I heard, though I occupied a distant apartment. Food was given to him—minced chicken, bread-crumbs, and water. The moment he had satisfied himself, he turned again to his work of battering the frame of his

cage. He had a particular fancy for the extremities of the corners ; on these he spent his most elaborate taps, and though he only occupied the cage a day, the wood is pierced and worn like a piece of old worm-eaten timber. He must have had an idea, that if these main beams could only be penetrated, the rest of the super-structure would fall and free him. Against the doorway he had also a particular spite, and once succeeded in opening it ; and when, to interpose a further obstacle, it was tied in a double knot with a string, the constant application of his beak quickly unloosed the knot. In ordinary cages, a circular hole is left in the wire for the bird to insert his head to drink from a glass. To this hole the nuthatch perseveringly went ; not for the purpose of drinking, but to try to push out more than his head, but in vain, for he was a thick bird heavily built, but the instant he found the hole too small he would withdraw his head, and begin again to dig and hammer at the circle, where it is rooted in the wood, with his pickaxe of a beak, evidently with the desire to enlarge the opening. His efforts were incessant, and his hammering was peculiarly laborious, for he did not peck as most other birds do, but grasping his hold with his immense feet, he turned upon them as upon a pivot, and struck with the whole weight of his body, thus assuming the appearance with his entire form, of the head of a hammer, or, as I have sometimes seen birds in mechanical clocks, made to strike the hour by swinging on a wheel. We were in hopes that when the sun went down he would cease from his labours and rest ; but no ! at the interval of every ten minutes, up to nine or ten at night, he resumed his knocking. At length an awful fluttering in the cage, now covered with a handkerchief, announced that something was wrong ; and we found him at the bottom of his prison with his feathers ruffled and all turned back. He was taken out and lingered for a short time in convulsions, with occasional brightenings up, till at length he expired.

The *brown creeper*, which in winter associates with the woodpecker, the nuthatch, and the titmouse, is an extremely active, restless little bird, and follows in the rear of these birds, gleaning up those insects which their more powerful beaks had exposed and left, its own slender incurvated bill being unequal to the task of penetrating into wood though it does into holes and behind the scales of the bark. As the other birds advance through the woods from tree to tree, says Wilson, "our little gleaner observes a good deal of regularity in his proceedings, he alights near the root of the tree, directing his course very nimbly upwards to the higher branches, moving rapidly and uniformly along, with his tail bent to the tree, and not in the hopping manner of the woodpecker, whom he far surpasses in dexterity

of climbing, running along the lower side of the horizontal branches with surprising ease."

Calculations have often been made to ascertain the probable number of insects consumed by a single bird—some of them are almost incredible. Mr. Bradley tells of a friend of his who watched for one hour a pair of birds that were rearing a young brood. They went and returned continually, bringing every time a caterpillar to the nest. He counted the journeys they made, and calculated that one brood eat about five hundred caterpillars a day, so that the number destroyed in thirty days at this rate by one nest would amount to fifteen thousand. Supposing that every square league of territory contained a hundred nests of this species, there would be destroyed by them alone in this space one million five hundred caterpillars in the course of one month!

But here we must take leave of our little friends for the present, hoping in our next number to have something more to say of their many interesting characteristics.

MARIANNE BELL.

*French Diplomacy under the Empire.*¹

DISUNION and unstable government at home are the certain forerunners of a weak and vacillating policy abroad. This is one reason why France, with its chronic changes of *régime*, has had for the last fifty years so few names of any mark to show in the diplomatic profession. Credit and influence are not to be had here except by long use and familiarity with the art, and constant change of government, entailing as frequent change of Ministers, is not a favourable condition for the production of diplomatists as eminent as were Nesselrode and Metternich, Palmerston and Gortchakoff, in their respective countries. The French statesman who in later times has come the nearest to these distinguished statesmen is the late M. Drouyn de Lhuys. Diplomacy was the staple of his life, and he passed through all its grades before attaining to its high places. His tastes, natural aptitude, and varied acquirements, all tended to draw him to questions of foreign policy. For thirty years his house was the rendezvous of men of all parties, who had taken part directly or indirectly in the management of the foreign policy of their country. His society was courted and his opinions were listened to with deference even by those politicians who differed most widely from him in home and foreign politics. He held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs at four distinct periods, but his influence was scarcely less great when he was out of office than when he was in it, for the agents of the Foreign Office continued to seek his advice even after they had ceased to take his orders.

A few dates, sometimes a single date, will sum up the life of a politician. That of M. Drouyn de Lhuys is comprised, as we have said, in the four periods during which he held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. These the Comte Bernard d'Harcourt,

¹ *Les Quatre Ministères de M. Drouyn de Lhuys.* Par M. le Cte. Bernard d'Harcourt, Ancien Ambassadeur. Paris: E. Plon et Cie., Imprimeurs-Editeurs, Rue Garancière, 10, 1882.

himself a distinguished diplomatist, has judiciously selected as the outlines of a work in which, with the help of notes and correspondence left behind him by the Emperor's Minister, he has thrown not a little light on some of the principal events of the Second Empire. M. Drouyn de Lhuys was, during a long political career, actually in office only seven years, but during those seven years he was concerned with the Expedition to Rome in 1849, with the Conference of Vienna in 1855, with the Convention of September in 1864, and last, but not least in importance, with the negotiations which preceded or followed the Battle of Sadowa in 1866, the results of which have weighed so heavily on the destinies of France.

To follow M. Drouyn de Lhuys' able and agreeable biographer over so wide a field is obviously impossible in a necessarily short article. Briefly it may be said that Drouyn de Lhuys was a link between contemporaneous French diplomacy and the men, who in previous generations have made for themselves a great name in the direction of foreign affairs. His political career coincides with the more fortunate times which marked the opening of the Imperial reign, and with its decadence dating from the fatal campaign of Sadowa. From 1852 to 1855, M. Drouyn de Lhuys gave a remarkable impulse to the foreign policy of France. In these three years he established the closest union between France and England, made considerable advances towards Austria, and laid the foundation of a triple alliance so solidly that Prussia, fearing to find herself isolated, made every effort to be admitted into it. As the result of the Crimean War Russia though beaten was not alienated from France, who now and henceforth found herself endued with so much power and consideration, that no great European question was settled or even discussed without reference to her. But the acceptance by the Emperor of M. Drouyn de Lhuys' resignation in 1855 marks a notable, not to say fatal, change in the policy and in the ideas of the Emperor. His ambition was now no longer confined to assuring the greatness of his own country, but aimed at giving life to another. The dream of Italian unity began to haunt the Tuileries, of which Cavour availed himself so adroitly to give a definite shape to hitherto vague aspirations. Then followed the campaign of 1859, ending in the Peace of Villafranca. From that day dates all the subsequent trouble which came upon the Empire. The Treaty of Zurich and the plan for an Italian Confederation

were set aside, every ruler of the Peninsula was either threatened or actually dethroned, the Piedmontese took armed possession of a portion of the Pontifical States, and the French Government was made the accomplice in an invasion which it did not prevent. The diplomacy of France, which of old had been so careful to preserve the balance of power in Europe as an essential condition of her own political existence, took little notice at the time of this wiping out of the lesser Italian States; it was only in later years that men discovered how vital their preservation was to the security of France.

But the Emperor was not altogether so indifferent about the temporal power of the Pope. He was clear-sighted enough to perceive that the French Government would incur a grave responsibility, if it permitted a campaign started by the Emperor to end in the overthrow of a Power, whose importance the greater part of mankind were in the habit of considering as inseparably linked to the greatness of France itself. So when Napoleon the Third found that the movement he had set on foot was advancing further than he had anticipated or wished, he once again sent for M. Drouyn de Lhuys, not certainly as a Minister who was agreeable to him, but as a man of experience and capacity, able to furnish him with a means of escape from a situation which was becoming daily more and more embarrassing. It is only just to Drouyn de Lhuys to bear in mind, when we speak of the September Convention, that, on his return to power, he was called upon to meet a set of difficulties in Italy which he had done nothing to create, and which he had never had the means of preventing. The adviser of a sovereign who is harking back is forced to use no ordinary amount of circumspection, if he is to exercise any influence at all. The measure of his power is, moreover, determined alike by what the present moment permits and the past forbids him to do. No Minister would have been able to persuade Napoleon the Third to take back from the Italians in 1864 the provinces, which they had invaded without any opposition on his part in 1860. Drouyn de Lhuys was therefore constrained to accept accomplished facts, and, with a view to preventing greater mischief, to look for the solution of the Roman question in an arrangement with the Italians themselves. The result was the well-known Convention signed on the 15th of September, 1864. It was at best but a poor compromise, although it was sincerely intended by Drouyn de Lhuys as an effectual means for keeping Italy

out of Rome. For its efficacy in this respect it depended on the stability of the Imperial Government, public confidence in which was, at the time when these stipulations were made, practically unlimited. But the least check to the policy and power of France had a baneful reaction on the good faith of Italy, which let no opportunity slip by to wriggle out of its engagements. Every blow to the prestige of France lessened the value of the guarantees given by her to the Pope. The events of 1866 shook the Convention of September by diminishing the influence of France in Europe ; her disasters in 1870 dealt it its death-blow.

As to the great events of 1866, the Emperor has been censured by his critics as well for having permitted the treaty offensive and defensive to be concluded between Prussia and Italy, as for not having taken up from the first a more decided attitude in presence of the differences which had arisen between Austria and Prussia. The treaty between Prussia and Italy was regarded by the Emperor with secret satisfaction, by Drouyn de Lhuys with indifference. The former still clung to his dream, the foundation of the Kingdom of Italy ; the latter was anxious to secure perfect liberty of action for his country in the present and for the future. But when the successes of Prussia had taken the world by surprise, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, judging that the time for action had arrived, decided upon making a military demonstration, not as a beginning of hostilities against Prussia, but as a protest against the redistribution by a single Power of German territory settled and guaranteed long ago by European treaties. Napoleon the Third appeared to yield to the advice of his Foreign Secretary, and at a Council of Ministers, at which he presided in person, it was determined, that a decree should appear in the *Moniteur* of the following day convening the Corps Législatif for an extraordinary session. No decree, however, appeared. The Emperor had in the meantime listened to Rouher and Lavalette, who had talked him into the belief that to send an army of observation to the Rhine was equivalent to a declaration of war. Drouyn de Lhuys was of a contrary opinion, stoutly maintaining that it was only one of those decided steps which in ticklish times so far from compromising, insure peace. The more timid counsels prevailed, and the opportunity was lost, never to return.

Every fresh document coming to light tends to establish the soundness of the view taken by Drouyn de Lhuys at this

critical period, that the formation of an army of observation on the Rhine would have resulted, not in an attack of Prussia upon France, a proceeding which would have been fraught with danger to the former in her then difficult position, but in immediate overtures on the part of Bismarck with a view to an understanding between the two countries. The Imperial Chancellor himself bore witness to the embarrassment which a military demonstration on the part of France would have caused at Prussian head-quarters, when alluding to the events of 1866 he told a German audience in Berlin in 1874, that a by no means considerable army would have sufficed to force the Prussians at once to fall back upon Berlin and abandon all their successes in Austria. Unfortunately for France, the final determination rested with a man whose will was paralyzed by a cruel disease. A prey to physical suffering, Napoleon listened to his advisers, but could never make up his mind to decisive action. The communications which passed between him and his Foreign Minister present a curious spectacle in the six weeks which elapsed between the beginning of July and the middle of August, 1866. The Emperor, on the one hand, incapacitated by illness, leaned invariably to the course which would entail the least effort. Drouyn de Lhuys, on the other, with a view to future contingencies at a time when events were marching with terrible rapidity, consented to be his master's tool for the execution of a policy of obvious feebleness, formulated notes the futility of which no one understood better than himself, took bravely and loyally upon himself the responsibility of a vacillating conduct which he deeply deplored, and waited patiently either for a turn in European affairs or a glimmering of returning energy in the Emperor, which might have restored France to her old position of prestige and influence in the counsels of Europe. Neither expectation was realized. The balance of power once disturbed, the natural consequences soon followed. The sequel has shown how well grounded and patriotic was the policy which Drouyn de Lhuys had advocated. The French Government signed away the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine in 1871: she had lost them in the July of 1866.

The insecure tenure of office which is the lot of heads of department in France must be taken into account in gauging the merits of a Minister who held power altogether for only seven, and those not continuous, years in a department which has suffered most of all from the chronic political vicissitudes

of his country. These seven years are marked by alternate diplomatic success and failure. It must nevertheless be allowed that M. Drouyn de Lhuys, both under the Second Republic and under the Empire, upheld the interests of France in her foreign relations, with an ability which entitles him to a high place amongst French diplomatists, because he represented, so far as the character of his times allowed, those sound traditions which, the same under all *régimes*, are the basis of national influence abroad. The part he played under the Napoleonic dynasty was that of a counsellor, respected rather than relished, whose powerful help could always be invoked and relied upon at critical moments. His warnings, which not unfrequently proved to be predictions, tended invariably to lead the Emperor back into those paths which experience has proved to have been the safest and the surest. Napoleon the Third turned his back upon fortune on the day when he separated himself from the Minister, who had borne a very large part in some of the best and most honourable transactions of his reign.

WILLIAM LOUGHNAN.

A Husband's Story.

CHAPTER XII.

NEXT of Kitty. She entered on her new duties. She was a handsome, high-spirited creature, and with some hesitation ventured to make a stipulation that no hindrance should be put in the way of her religious duties. On Sundays and other festivals she would ask to be allowed to practise devotion; she had been brought up so strictly. This was considered by Doreen of the highest promise; but in my mind it started the gravest doubts. However, both said that we should see, and so we *did* see eventually.

The first thing that I saw, three weeks after engagement, was the spectacle of Kitty returning from church. I rubbed my eyes. She was fashionably attired, with parasol, black silk, veil, flowers—bonnet as inappreciable as any worn by her betters—chignon (or “sheenon,” as she always called it), and, above all, a not at all unsuccessful imitation of what was then called a “panier.” But this was not all. She was in an animated conversation with two gentlemen belonging to different services of the country; one being in her Majesty’s Guards, the other in the police force of our city.

It was evident that the conversation was of a rallying kind, the two gentlemen dealing in rough and noisy gallantries, which were met with a readiness of repartee that must have come from long practice. On stern interrogation she had a story ready. Surely he was my brother’s old regiment. “I thought,” she added, “I should have dropped! And when they began to talk of old times, and ask questions about the old people,” &c.

All this story was set out with a richness of detail that conveyed everything—excepting conviction.

We had a very young but steady cook, and a composed but intelligent man-servant, of whom more presently, who seemed to concentrate himself on his business with an ascetic devotion.

These elements, we thought, *must* insure steadiness, acting as a sort of ballast. Within a short time, however, sounds of hilarity would ascend boisterously through the house, clearly to be traced to a sort of story-telling gift which the new Kitty possessed. Indeed, her influence in this direction was appreciated by her mistress, who confessed to me, with some hesitation, that "it was *really wonderful how clever Kitty was*;" how she would, when arranging hair or otherwise decorating, humbly beg leave to be allowed to spin a short yarn, or relate the diverting adventures of some friend or acquaintance. One night at the theatre we had been amused by the antics of a certain Miss Fitz-Smith, who wore blue satin trousers and a velvet jacket, and whose entry, I perceived, was greeted by Doreen with something like pleased recognition. I was then told that before this young person had reached her present high position, she had been on probation at some country theatre—a most excellent, well-brought-up girl, with a hard-working mother and sisters—the father a drunkard, who had run away—the girl the prop of the whole family, a model of propriety under the usual temptations, with other details of the fullest kind, related with some little confusion, yet not without a certain pride.

"Why, how on earth," I asked, in amazement, for I had hitherto plumed myself on a monopoly of theatrical information, "do *you* come to know all this?"

She answered, "Oh, Kitty told me all about them. She has often taken tea with the Fitz-Smiths—is quite intimate, indeed."

It then transpired that most of the Scherazade tales with which she used to beguile the three hundred and sixty-five nights and mornings of hair-dressing, &c., were usually based on legends of the stage; and this, too, accounted for a certain familiarity with the lives of actors and actresses which I had lately noted in Doreen. I was henceforth a prey to doubts, to uncertainties. Who, what was this Kitty? It really looked as though she had been herself on the boards, or perhaps had tried to secure entrance there without success. There was a theatrical air about her. The worst was, she had gained over her mistress, who thought her "a very good girl," full of a proper spirit, all heart and real affection. And once indeed, when Doreen was taken with a sudden faintness, the first object seen on recovery was the faithful creature on her knees with clasped hands and streaming eyes.

Yet there could be no doubt but that she was introducing

the reign of license and pleasure into the house. A little remark of hers, "how curious it was that *we were all, every one of us, in the house, young*—cook, maid, and man, master and mistress," made a deep impression, conveying that we were made for life and jollity, and that work was more for the aged. She always conveyed the idea of being an old retainer, and though with us only a few weeks, had contrived to exhibit this in a highly ingenious way. She discovered little anniversaries—my birthday, the mistress's birthday, a festival of the Church, her own birthday, the "anniversary of master and mistress's marriage;" and on such occasions, as I descended to breakfast, I would find a little bouquet in a breakfast cup filled with water, with a little scroll attached. On the scroll was a legend, "*Many happy returns to master, who will excuse the liberty.*" These little artless tributes delighted mistress, though master, it must be confessed, always accepted them with only a grimace. It was the too sure prelude to an elaborate banquet and jollification—in our honour be it observed—and to which we were expected to contribute a quart of spirits to be made into the punch with which our health, "many happy returns," and the rest of it, was to be drunk. What excited my distrust in all this was the wedge-like fashion in which progress was being made, for I was acute enough to see that repetition would soon make precedents, and that precedents would make right. Punch and jollification, after all, lose half their charms when celebrated in a comparatively private and domestic fashion. You really want a friend "and a bottle to give him," to insure the true festivity. "Poor Susan," the cook, pleaded Kitty, had influential relations in the bacon business out at Clapham. She was an orphan, we were reminded; the poor girl's worldly prospects depended on those potentates being conciliated, and would it not be permitted that they be invited? In a weak moment this was granted, and, as I foresaw, was to be made precedent of. Accordingly the apartments below were filled with an invited party—a country person in a blue coat and brass buttons, with his "missus," and the rest of his family, and a person who was suspected to be a member of the Force, though he came in plain clothes, and a female acquaintance or two. The sounds of solo singing presently arose, each being called on in turn, and required to name some one else, the member of the Force giving "Red, White, and Blue," with effect, and full chorus; "Our Sue," "Come back to Erin," in high sentimental style,

Blue Coat and Gilt Buttons nothing; but the feature of the night was the irrepressible Kitty, who gave "I love the Military," from the *Grand Duchess*, with extraordinary vigour and effect. Shuffling sounds were then heard, attended with obstreperous applause and delight, from which it was almost a certainty that she was giving the company an idea of the rather indecorous dance that succeeds the melody. The Kitty, it must be said in justice, seemed to be the life and soul of the party. She, indeed, described the whole scene later with an extraordinary vivacity. In vain I warned. It was, according to my favourite illustration, the small end of the wedge. The creature would grow demoralized and demoralize others. But I was not listened to.

We had to go abroad the following winter, and with us went abroad the indomitable Kitty. In the very packet she displayed her foibles, and was discovered behind the funnel engaged in a flirtation—if her rustic advances deserved the name—with a person she called "a gentleman;" but this she ingeniously justified on the pretence of picking up foreign information for us. At our destination, which was a lonely, rather unfrequented spot in the south of France, supposed to have great healing virtues, she had an ample field for the exercise of her qualifications. There was a large fishing population, and a number of gay young shopkeepers, and the good-looking young English "mees" or *bonne* was much esteemed. She set to work almost at once. She would come in with a complaint of the dreadful attentions to which she was subject, but at the same time never relaxed a moment in decorating herself with finery to invite what she affected to deprecate. She received letters in broken English—so she told us—from innumerable gentlemen (all were "gentlemen" that came within her net), and would come with something like tears in her eyes to beg protection from their attentions. There was some truth in her statements, though she could embellish—a habit she had unconsciously learned from her story-telling. It was remarked, too, that at this time began that invariable postponement of her regular duties to the incidents of the various little romances in which she lived—the regular service, as she seemed to suppose, for which she drew her wages. This delusion would have been amusing were it not that it was attended with inconveniences. Dress, finery, perpetual expeditions, and "slipping down" to some corner or other, these things were incompatible

with anything like the business of a servant. She was treated with amazing indulgence, and the artful hussy knew that she could always extenuate her neglect by an amusing tale or delineation of some admirer clumsily making known his devotion. But presently she was actually to become a sort of heroine, and after that it seemed as though the question were not so much whether we would keep her, or whether she would keep us.

A young grocer, who supplied us with groceries—such as wine, and indeed he would have resented being described as a mere *épiciér*—had, strange to say, become a genuine admirer. He came every morning for orders, a custom not at all familiar to the place, and generally brought some little present selected from his stock. He was really a worthy youth, hard-working, money-making, and prosperous. We little knew, however, that our burly landlord's niece—a plain and somewhat elderly virgin—had long marked him for her prize, and that the burly uncle and the virgin herself had, previous to our coming, been paying him such honourable attentions as in other countries and ranks are supposed to lead on young men to hymeneal offers.

A perfect storm of fury burst upon the Kitty's head when the young man's homage became conspicuous. It was the one topic in the little place, and the whole town took the side of the deserted niece. The Kitty relished it with a mischievous enjoyment, and purposely used to take her way through the market-place for the purpose of inflaming the fish-women and others who congregated there, and greeted her with fierce glances, squared elbows, and noisy denunciations. Fearful scandals were set abroad about her; the supplanted maiden would have torn her eyes out. The stout uncle came to me mysteriously to speak about what he called "a very grave matter," namely, that "the young girl" had been seen in the dark walking with *all* the young fellows of the place. Every one was talking of it. His was a respectable house, and he wished it to be so. Though never feeling indulgence for Kitty's vagaries, this speech put me on her side, or it may have been that the old national antagonism was roused. I replied, with dignity, that if he felt any scruples we would be glad to leave. This alarmed him, and he hurriedly explained away what he had said. It was in the girl's interest; the young man was gay, as we all had been when young (though he had no warrant to include me in his compliment); but as for marriage, why—here the burly landlord made a sound with his lips like "Pouah!"

At last we left the place, taking with us our Kitty, who had contrived to embroil all the natives. The young man attended us at the station, and could not conceal his tears. This was all very well in an international or holiday view, but for the work-a-day purposes of life it was now to be discovered that our Kitty was of no use. What could be expected from a heroine? She began to complain of her nerves and to languish. She was found gazing abstractedly in the glass, when she should be "doing" her mistress's hair. When it was announced that a servant-acquaintance was going to be married, our Kitty declared with ineffable conceit, "I declare, ma'am, *I think I'll take away her lover from her.*" This, in fact, she seemed to think was the service for which she was engaged, mere vulgar humdrum attendance or labour being outside the contract. It was to be all romance, agreeable anecdote, parties of pleasure, with such few moments as she could reasonably spare to be devoted to those low offices of hair-dressing, &c. She lay in bed of mornings, and came down undecorated and ungarnished, grumbling at being disturbed. A heroine has her privileges. This was endured for a time, but at last came the straw which broke, morally speaking, both our backs. She demanded leave to attend a junketing. "Oh, ma'am," she added, "there's Lady Judkins's own maid to be there, with the groom to whom she's to be married, and I'll have such fun, making her jealous!"

This proposal was coldly received, and it was strictly ordered that the heroine should forego the promised luxury. I foresaw what was coming, and enjoyed the opportunity which I had longed for. With this view I proposed going out, as if to the play, thus baiting the trap as it were. Kitty fell into it. When we returned she was absent at Lady Judkins's, and on the following morning was informed that we could not any longer treat ourselves to the privilege of maintaining a heroine. She wept a little, but it was in vain. That failing, she took leave with some indignation, as though her talents had been rather thrown away on such like.

Oh, these weary mornings, and the aching chill when it was announced that there was a fresh breakdown, and all was wrong below once more. The series of "faithful maids" turned out the worst. All "went to the bad" regularly, as it is called, one after another: the more faithful, the worst the issue. There was the original faithful maid, "reared on the place," foster-sister almost, who began to be afflicted with sleepiness or lethargy in the day,

and had to lie down after—fits that were curiously connected with the disappearance of bottles of my French wines, an odd taste in one of her condition. This lady I had eventually to escort in person in a cab to the hospital. I found myself lecturing Doreen seriously on our catastrophes, exactly as Copperfield did: "I am persuaded we have no right to go on in this way. We are positively *corrupting* people." Certainly it was a serious responsibility, and I fear it was from not holding these people in check that this wreck came about. But, as usual, it was hard to lecture her seriously—she was not made for a solemn pragmatic household.

But, *en revanche*, there was one who was certainly "faithful amid faithless found"—our trusty and trusted henchman, Drinkwater, who entering the mansion some thirteen years ago, set himself to his avocation within an hour, as though he had been there a month, and with an air of confidence in himself, which often goes to make a great man. As I write, I hear him now pursuing his work precisely as he used to do then, without change in mode or manner. He kept unflinchingly to that standard of excellence. It was nothing to him the vagaries of the women below—their loud laughs and frivolities, which bespoke their vacant minds. "England expects every servant to do his duty" was on his flag, nailed to the mast.

It was astonishing, too, the esteem he gained from visitors and others, in whom he contrived to inspire respect and even esteem. There was a good-nature and friendliness about him in matters of small offices, and it must be said a deftness and certainty in anything he undertook. If there was anything to be "found out"—the best way of doing a particular thing which involved trouble—it had only to be put into the hands of Drinkwater, who immediately sallied out and soon returned, with everything that could be ascertained. You might rely on him with perfect certainty and leave your case in his hands. All, I fancy, he required was confidence and trust. Any cooperation of your own, by way of making the matter sure, seemed to enfeeble his efforts, if not to wound his feelings. There are other servants who profess to be "handy" and efficient. They know many things, as they think; but they are generally smug impostors, and servant-information is generally unreliable. I have known one who never confessed to ignorance on any question put to him. He would have been shocked had he been called a liar, and was really a truthful

person in all serious matters ; but this seemed to be an appeal to his imagination. I think he fancied things ought to be as he described them.

Such was our Drinkwater, faithful, honest as the sun, giving no trouble, saving trouble to others, and desiring most to be let alone and not "encumbered with help." At this moment I am looking at him, as he has come up on one of his periodical visits to *poke the study fire*—knowing, cautious fellow ! that his master is certain to let it go out, and thus entail a formal re-lighting.

CHAPTER XIII.

As I look back and see these days, it is hard for me to give an idea of the spirit, energy, and gaiety with which Doreen entered on her new life. She saw nothing difficult and nothing troublesome. Whereas *my* tendency was to forecast that things no bigger than a man's hand must to a dead certainty grow into a cloud ; likely enough in most instances. When this was gravely—nay, solemnly—pressed, she would answer quietly that "all would come right," and so it generally did. No anxiety, indeed, but that arising from neglect or unkindness seemed to weigh on her. At serious things she would be overcast a moment, trying to be serious ; but on the slightest invitation the smiles would come : "of course all would be right again." Her flowers, in which she delighted—a few pots often satisfied her desires—and her dog, her old dog Toby—a faithful, ugly, splay-footed, large-headed, solemn looking creature, black as a coal, with the most unearthly gamut of expostulating tones to express his enjoyment or attachment—these were her familiars. Toby was content to snooze all day on the rug, and detested low life, save in her absence, when he condescended to go below for company—a right trusty fellow. As some one sang :

Who flies aloft, as if on wing,
 Whenev'r he hears the welcome ring,
 A welcome genuine to bring—
 My Toby !

Who strolls unchecked from floor to floor,
 Unbidden enters every door,
 Or by the embers loves to snore—
 My Toby !

During the pressure of these first few months, the great object, so necessary, somewhat languished. One, looking on at our little *ménage* from afar off, who loved both dearly, affectionately cherished Doreen with a watchful tenderness. It seemed like the solicitude of Miss Trotwood for Dora, in *Copperfield*, whose character Doreen seemed to reproduce in the most marvellous way. This person was unwearied in her warnings and wholesome counsels, and, if anything, tended to the side of Doreen, well knowing that I was always secure in her own affections :

My dearest [she wrote to me],—I know you do write, and most kindly ; but I like a letter to myself best. It is the only thing I look forward to with anxiety and interest during the weeks and months since you left. You know it was always so when you were away. Your affection for me is now the only bright remembrance, and sometimes the longing I have to see you is the greatest pain to me. Six months is not long enough to make any change, nor as many years, so you will not grudge me a letter very often. I do not see that you have any reason to be depressed, as you are getting on so well, and you are as yet only two. No one expects newly-married people to entertain during the first year of their marriage—rather, they are to be entertained—and in the quietest way it is always expensive. You never tell me the time at which you propose to leave your house. I am most anxious to know, as it will be something to look forward to, and we may *then* see you. My dearest, you say nothing of Father — coming, or of D.'s ideas on that most important of all matters. Of course you can do nothing but give her every opportunity, and above all your own example. It is a constant weight upon my mind, but it seems to me I hear less of it now than some time ago. It is really all that is wanting in her. Every letter she writes makes me think more of her. You are especially called upon to be good, and have not one excuse to be otherwise ; and, besides, you have new studies and new cares which require God's help to get through them.

A wise and affectionate letter, as affectionate as sensible.

But all the while the serious matter was going on. The little head was often sorely strained poring over books of controversy, and there used to come a serious cast over the gentle face. She was determined "to see her way" before taking any step. There was in her, indeed, a quaint vein of Biblical piety, that seemed to belong to some pretty Puritan maiden. But I know she longed for "the truth," and, what came in aid a little, a wish "to be the same as you"—an aspiration often repeated in a devout way. It was touching to hear her earnest, simple prayer

for light in this great matter. She had from the first given up going to her church, and used to repair diligently to the Catholic church, where she used to follow the services with a kind of mixed awe and curiosity, though she declared that she "never could keep the place." Once or twice indeed when I was somewhat out of humour, at some outside crosses, she found a mode of punishment. She would repair to her *own* church, with a little air of triumph—"How would I feel *this*!"

At last, however, one day she came bounding in, all brightness and delight, with such news—a surprise for me—a *bonne bouche* indeed: she had been received into the Church that morning!

In starting on our "wild career," never was there found such a pair, so happily careless, and so determined to look on everything as *coulcur de rose*. Perhaps indeed all who start as we did take something of the same view, more or less. This may be owing to the air of good-natured indulgence and encouragement assumed by all around—friends, neighbours, tradesmen particularly: the truth being that most of these persons have a sort of pity mixed with contempt, or contempt without pity, for those whose smiling course must so soon bring them to grief—or bring grief to them. This was a truth to be gathered from instructive examples in our own neighbourhood. In our street there was much to be seen, and Doreen, who was quick and lively at observation, having marked particular characters, used to follow them up, like the chapters of a story, repeating in a keen, vivacious style, pleasant and piquant details picked up through underground channels or noted by herself. To this hour I have an interest in all these people of our street, whom I know by sight, and who know me, though we have never spoken. Thus, one day the long-vacant house near us, it was announced, was taken! There was great new furnishing, and new doing up. A pair just married—he dark, good looking, and young; she rather plain and older—came into residence. We soon learned all about them. He was in one of the public offices on £90; but his bride was a dowry in herself. Was she not niece of Lord —, then high in office, all-powerful in the Ministry. He would necessarily provide sumptuously for his niece and her husband. Friends came: it was evident what congratulations were given, with pokes in the ribs, and "sly dog!—you know how to feather your nest." Then followed charming, happy little dinners. One to my lord himself, who came in a stately way—

the windows thrown open, the softened lamp within, Mrs. — seated on a chair in a balcony, the gentlemen smoking around, and probably thinking "sly dog," &c. Nothing could have been more promising. Suddenly the Ministry fell with a crash, the lord went out of office abruptly (never got in again to this hour). Without hearing anything officially, we saw what a blow this was. A short time after arrived an infant. There was a long illness, carriages with red wheels waiting every day, the young man with a hopeless and crushed air; then a flight to the country, the house let—after a short reign, or "rig" as the profane call it, of fifteen months.

Against some of these unknown, nameless neighbours we had prejudices: for others a partiality. There was a boarding-house, which was christened "Todgers," and we knew every one in it by sight, followed their flirtations, &c., with much interest. But all this I saw through the eyes of Doreen, whose pleasant fancy invested these characters with many little touchings of her own, which imparted vitality.

We, of course, appeared to others much as the unlucky pair had appeared to us. We had our little dinners, and sittings on the balcony, and softly shaded lamps, &c. It was "youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm,"—pleasant sailing always, while it lasts. It amazes me as I look back and see the happy unconcern, the carelessness as to the future, and cool assumption that all must go right, and contrast it with my later caution and needless dread that something must occur. "There they go! They fears nothing because they knows nothing," the sagacious remark of the Brighton tar as he gazed at the foolish tourists in a sail boat, applied perhaps to us. Yet who does not envy the happy *insouciance* and sense of irresponsibility of the spendthrift, who jokes about duns!

How delightful was this delusion, yet how incomprehensible. I suppose it is only experience that can teach us after all. It never dawned on us, that art of measuring your mode of living with your resources. I even recall myself one day gravely announcing to a wise, long-headed friend, who spoke his mind freely, that we proposed "setting up our brougham."

"Pooh!—folly, nonsense! Put such stuff out of your head!" he answered. "You *can't* keep a brougham. You don't know what it is. Don't, my dear boy, *begin* with too much. There is time enough to add; but it is mortifying to have to lay it down or subtract."

However, in these flourishing times we had plenty of ready money, and cash payments were the rule—for all *menus plaisirs*, at least, but not for tradesmen and necessities of life. On this system it was wonderful how much cheaper living in London appeared to be, in opposition to what people in the country suppose. We had “books,” of course, for everything: very nice little red, gold-lettered things—the items neatly entered—and Doreen took a vast pleasure in “going out” with a packet of them, as if to prayers, not with a view of *paying* them. Thus they “ran on,” as it is called, and ran on uncommonly fast, too. Nice little carts came regularly every day to get orders. But at the end of the first six months the total amount seemed rather serious, and caused me a sudden start. We were certainly living beyond our means. The inconveniences, however, of this course do not declare themselves for a long time. It is like the progress of a dire disease. So shutting our eyes, we went on merrily as before. There was still cash for the amusements. We were tremendous play-goers, which we enjoyed largely, going about twice or three times a week, a very costly pastime it may be said, when you add up your cabs and stalls and little “dinners out” for convenience. I suppose no one takes the trouble to add up their “cab money” in London, but it is incredible what a sum may be disbursed in these shillings. There seems to be a strange fascination about the London “gondola” and its handiness. People “take a Hansom” almost for the pleasure of taking one. And a young fellow who used to visit us, and who enjoyed but a slender income, actually took pleasure in detaining his vehicle at the door for hours—half a day often—scarcely getting off under half a sovereign, though he might have been quits for a couple of shillings. His was not indeed that class of *viveur* who declare that they cannot *afford* to go in Hansoms, and are forced to keep a brougham to travel about in—on the ground that the former entails cash payments, the latter only credit: and is therefore *within their means*. But here is enwrapped a system, philosophical after its kind, akin to that of the gentleman who was heard to boast that he had dealt for twenty years at a certain eminent fishmonger's, and without making him a single cash payment. He explained it that, after a certain number of years during which he indulged, the stake embarked in by the tradesman became so serious that he could not afford to let him go. The only chance of payment was waiting, as there were fair prospects of payment.

But if he waited, he must continue to supply. "Hope thus springs eternal" in even a fishmonger's heart, and it led him on and on, till all was hopeless.

Pleasant junkettings were those! Doreen was the most agreeable companion in the world, never out of humour, never unreasonable, never requiring comforts, but roughing it as though we were two *bourgeois* cits out for a holiday. Her small but undaunted spirit showed itself all through the same to the last. She had always that little bright smile in reserve, to put on when she was looked at, as if to say, "It is very pleasant; I am enjoying it." It was extraordinary, this constant amiability and sweetness. Thus she was liberal, generous, prodigal even in money matters; but when it was a transaction or anything like overcharging, her spirit was up in arms. Often from my study I have heard her arrive in her Hansom, plunging with flashing eyes and flushing cheek into hot debate with the driver. The point in dispute was but a sixpence, but she would have fought to the death on it. Indeed, in many points she recalled, and with an amazing similarity, Dickens' little heroine, Dora Spenlow—so strongly that I once went carefully through the whole of that pretty and touching episode, marking carefully all the innumerable points of likeness. Her little elaborated fits of economy were quite of that pattern: as when on special occasions she would order a brougham, partly for visits, but partly to give a surprise in this direction, and show "really and truly" the way to save. There was some mystery about this, but it usually came out to be that afar off, at the remote end of London, there was a marvellously cheap shop. We should see—leave it to her! My poor dear wise head could not grasp these things. Accordingly, late in the evening she would drive up, after such a day! the brougham freighted. Meanwhile it had been 'some four or five hours on this expedition, and the charge had to be fairly added on to the price of the articles. When this was gently pointed out, her face fell. But she contended the principle was right. After all, only a pleasant contribution to the study of character.

At this early festival time, too, set in the usual compliments, "post-nuptial" festivities, taking the shape of dinners, when Doreen was "led out" before all the world. Very brilliant she looked in her choice costumes, diamonds, and other decorations.

often think of her, as she would come down before starting,

arrayed in all her finery, and it was one of the prettiest and most natural and unaffected too, to see how with what bird-like pride she displayed her attractions. She smiled and laughed with delight, as she received the expected compliment: "You like me? really now? I thought you would. Do you think me nice?" It was as though she had done something specially for *me*, and expected praise and reward. We had our own little dinners, too, when she would deck herself out with great pains, and at the end of which the same praise would be invited. "You liked me, dear? Really now?" On these occasions of gala, balls, dinners, &c., a curious flutter came upon her, a sort of gentle excitement, that mantled over her face, a smiling to herself, an almost child's delight. And this was not excited by the prospects of diversion, but a genial sense of happiness, and that she was going to give happiness, as she fancied, to others. Later, when Madame Whilemena—"Wheeler-meaner" she was called below stairs—sent in very long bills for dresses and decorations, and a cloud fell on the mansion—sometimes a storm—she would plead gravely: "Now, now it was *all* to please you." A plea, I confess, received with doubt. Yet I recall her assurance, made solemnly: "O *do* listen to me. I know you think me dreadfully extravagant. But I declare, really and truly, all I *ever* wish is to set myself off in your eyes! I don't care *that* how I look to any one else." Of course, after this pretty and earnest affirmation, there was nothing to be done but to hint at less expensive modes of showing regard. I do believe it was all perfectly genuine, perfectly true, and formed part of her own pretty faith.

Among our other jovialities, we broke out into "private theatrical," and for beginners in society in London were really surprisingly successful. We had the street blocked with carriages, the link-boys, the *Morning Post*, man in the hall, the neighbours well distracted and kept away—all just as well as if we had been old, practised party-givers. Our heroine performed herself, with much spirit and grace. I remember that among our audience was the author of *Pelham*, that charming, interesting man—one of his last appearances in public.

But life, as it has been coarsely but intelligibly put, "is not all beer and skittles." Our beer and skittles was to go on for about a year or eighteen months, when the inevitable troubles and crosses were to set in. We had set off on a visit to some relatives—a long journey—where various galas and "dinners of

honour" were given. At one of these she was very silent and *distract*, and next morning the reason was revealed in a severe attack of sickness. She was always delicate—her chest very frail, and tender as her nature—and some years before had to make a voyage to Madeira. Indeed, all through her short married life a regularly recurring incident was a visit to one or other of the eminent medical personages who were at the head of the profession in London. It was always pleasant to see the manner of these eminent professors to her: grave smiling reproof and lecturing—especially "Sir William," of whom she was a favourite. "We must take *great* care. There is nothing serious at present; but you are very incautious." She would return laughing and pleased, as if complimented. This, however, proved to be a very serious attack, borne with great sweetness and patience. After a few weeks she began to mend. I was called away on some business, which detained me some three weeks. This is but an ordinary domestic incident or trouble, common in much more serious shape to every household; but any little incident associated with her somehow falls into the shape of a picture more or less dramatic, or at least characteristic. And this one of her, as she presented herself on my return, is often before me. On getting out of the railway at a seaport to which she had been ordered, I noted a little spare figure, which I scarcely recognized. She was in black, having just lost a relative: but alas! so changed! Her face grown small and thin; her eyes bright as ever, but full of a delight she could not restrain; her little hands were fevered, and there was a nervous tremor all over the frail form.

"Don't think of me," she said; "I am well now, as I have got *you* back again."

But I felt a pang as I saw this change. It was plain that the illness had struck on her chest, and she was never the same again. But in our seaside home she soon rallied her old spirit, and after a month or so we were back again in our old house, and in the old way.

These "old ways," new enough then, did not, as I have shown, conduce to thrift. But the amazing part, as I have also said, is that there was no anxiety or hesitation as to the future in the person who was to be responsible. Wise people shook their heads. "Your style of living is beyond your means: your house too large, your servants too many." So it was, so they were. But how were we to go back, or set our limbs free from

the octopus that had wound itself about us : the tradesman with his daily cart and book. Pay him off, of course, was the only mode : otherwise he was to come as before.

"I *do* wish we could pay off Jinks," Doreen would say, despairingly, "going over" the books—"and Jones, and—Shapland, and—Jackson."

"And Jones and Whilks, and all the rest!" I said.

This "going over," or into the books, was what I was ever inculcating on Doreen. She should learn to control them, "go into" them. This she made desperate efforts to do—heaping them into a pile before her. But, as I might have seen, however well the books might have been "gone into," it would have made no difference, and would not produce economy. The candle was burning all the time. Her own little embarrassments were serious. The bills to Madame "Wheeler-meener" and other ladies had run up with "leaps and bounds." I always knew when one of these claims was presented, by her anxious, wistful look ; and then came the old explanation—"Now, really and truly—and I know you won't believe me—but it is all for you, to look well for you!" This excuse, however flattering and affectionate, when often repeated, I must confess, made me sometimes impatient. However, there was always a promise of reformation and of turning over a new leaf.

After a serious and solemn expostulation, a new system was determined on, and a solemn engagement entered into that, on condition of a fixed allowance, everything should be paid in cash, and no debts "run up." Madame Whilemena, Madame Marie, and Madame Felice (I notice it is the pursuit of these romantic appellations to supply bonnets) should be cleared off. And *apropos* of this operation I again seized the opportunity to inculcate habits of order, of balancing accounts, of "making a Budget," as I called it : so much for dress, so much for this and that ; and to encourage this, I bought a "nice" little book, and showed how on one side was to be entered all receipts, on the other all payments, and on this system "she would see at a glance how she stood." She was quite delighted with this, as she was also with the notion of a diary, begun during the last year of her life. But as I look at the little account-book, both have only an entry or two. The truth was, as one who knew her well, and knew human nature even better, would often impress on me, "you could lead her with a thread, if you would only *take her* properly—on the side of her affections." And

nothing was more true. But these things were not in her way. Affection was her only arithmetic. If she was extravagant, it was because she cared little for money in comparison with what was *her* wealth. She had an instinctive dislike to ready money payments, and really delighted in the state and dignity of "ordering on credit."

When quarter day came, and she was to receive her allowance—always an occasion of some solemnity—there was a pleasant little anticipatory flutter about her, especially when the moment came for counting out the notes. Now was the season for a few words of "advice" or even examination. A grave beginning—"Now,——"

On which a little serious air of disturbance would come on her face.

"Now, won't you set down in your book exactly what you owe? Give so much to each: so much to Madame "Wheeler-meaner?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," with infinite eagerness.

"If you'd only make a *Budget*—put down on one side all the debts, on the other."

There were earnest protestations, as she trotted away in delight with her spirit. Indeed the carriage was ordered purposely to go round and pay the bills. But it was too much for her. She was not made for the Gradgrind school.

In this state of things, I confess to looking rather ruefully on the prospect before me. So gradual is the progress in such cases, that disasters rarely come with a shock. A disappointment opens the eyes more effectually. Had I reflected seriously, and gone through the disagreeable office of carefully measuring liabilities, I fancy it would have seemed certain that by that time next year we should, like our young neighbours, have found ourselves in a modest house in the suburbs, living on a new and better regulated scale. But one of those extraordinary turns of fortune, which have somehow attended me through life, was now to occur, at what is called the "nick of time." It almost seemed to belong to one of the last chapters of a novel.

I had a cousin a very few years older than myself, who enjoyed a good estate of £2,000 a year. He could scarcely be called a bachelor, for he had been on the point of marriage more than once, and was now approaching the age when others would be said to marry him, instead of his marrying them. His health was not very good, and he was one of those who was ill

all his life, more or less, and was likely therefore never to be seriously ill. He lived by himself, and I was his nearest relation. We were on very affectionate terms, but he lived in a special *coterie* of his own.

One evening, after a hard day's work, I determined to give myself a treat, or "shoemaker's evening." On this occasion I would go and dine by myself at "The Cock Tavern," and fancy myself Will Waterproof, studying reflectively and dreamily the curious Temple faces and figures that come here, like myself, solitary and meditative, and following the curling fumes of a pipe. That night there was a dreamy sort of play at the Adelphi Theatre—Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame*—in which the monk, I see him now, with a sort of pre-Raphaelite head, flitted through the scenes of the piece. The house was full and overflowing. Seated in the dress circle, I followed it with much interest. When the first act was over, I saw a rather unusual spectacle, a gentleman's servant introduced by the boxkeeper into the stalls, the tenants of which he scrutinized carefully. This attracted the attention and comments of my neighbours, as well as my own, and it was not until he had left that the reflection occurred to me that he much resembled my own faithful henchman. It seemed an odd coincidence, and it is a singular proof of the fashion in which we are led, even against the evidence of our senses. It *was* my own servant, looking for me in vain—but I never expected him in such a situation. So I gave it no more thought.

On coming home late, I found that a telegram had arrived from some friends, saying that my cousin was seriously ill, that is, *more* seriously ill than usual, and that I ought to be with him. My little woman, conceiving this to be of much importance, had sent after me in this melodramatic manner. I confess that I "poohed" and "nonsensed" all this a good deal. A journey of twelve hours, in this sudden fashion, needless and not necessary as I knew it would be, was a serious expense and interruption. She was eager that I should go, and at a late hour I agreed, not without grumbling.

Accordingly, I was up betimes, at five, and in the cold steel blue of the morning was trundling away to Euston Station, as dismal as could be. Even under the happiest auspices, this season induces depression, and the spectacle of the coffee-stalls and the rueful beings who are snatching their penny cup and treacled slice, and loom out of the fog, seems a sad sort of

opening for the day. I had a real regard for my cousin ; but I said to myself, as we drove along, "These are luxurious tributes of affection for rich men. Here is a ten-pound note clean thrown away, and which I can ill spare. This is only crying 'wolf' once more. My poor friend will get over this, as he has done over all the others during his long life."

The long day went slowly by. I had the carriage all to myself. After a long and weary day, by six o'clock precisely I was in a cab at his door. As I entered the house, I was met by gloomy figures and told he had expired just half an hour before. Shortly after a hint was conveyed to me that he had left me heir and successor ! with a comfortable rent roll, a country seat, library, plate, pictures, statues, with all easements, and appurtenances whatsoever !

Reviews.

1.—MARY STEWART.¹

WE live in days in which history is being made ; and this not only in the sense that our time is full of the events that history cannot fail to record, but also with respect to the past—every fragment is being carefully sought out and fitted into its proper place, and day by day history is being rewritten. The time will soon come, no doubt, when all our earlier historical treasures shall have been brought to light, and from our ancient records the last witness shall have been produced, and the last piece of evidence be given. There will still be abundance of room for diversities of judgment on the value of the evidence and in appreciation of the facts, but the day of discoveries and surprises will be past. We have still the interest of the freshness attaching itself to the unexpected production of authorities long forgotten, or hitherto unknown.

Father Joseph Stevenson is a veteran worker in the field of history, and our readers have often profited by his researches. Some portions even of the important and interesting narrative of Claude Nau, which forms the nucleus of the stately volume before us, first saw the light in our pages. The narrative is a discovery of the highest interest. It has lain, like a nugget of gold on the surface of the ground, accessible for many years to the multitude of students who frequent the national library at the British Museum ; but Father Stevenson is the first who has been at the pains to identify, decipher, and transcribe it. The manuscript has been protected by the fact that it is in French, that it is but a fragment, having neither beginning nor end, that the handwriting is far from easy to read, and that a colourless

¹ *The History of Mary Stewart, from the Murder of Riccio until her Flight into England.* By Claude Nau, her Secretary. Now first printed from the original manuscripts, with illustrative papers from the Secret Archives of the Vatican and other Collections in Rome. Edited with Historical Preface by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J. Edinburgh, William Paterson, 1883.

entry in the Museum Catalogue gave no clue to its authorship or value. Father Stevenson's perseverance has placed it in the hands of all, and historians have to thank him for one of the finest additions that has been made for a long time past to their collection of materials.

Nau's narrative, as we have said, is fragmentary. It begins, of course, abruptly, for we have but half of the first sentence, in the midst of the discussion of the Scotch lords by whom David Riccio had been murdered. It ends with the escape of the Queen of Scots from Lochleven, and her unfortunate retreat from Scotland into England. The story, therefore, tells the events of about two years of her eventful life, which two years contain the turning-points of her history. We have them now, we may almost say, recorded by herself. Nau was her secretary for full ten years of her imprisonment, and this narrative, which was seized at Chartley in 1586, on the well-known occasion when Mary was decoyed out under pretext of a hunt, must have been written, if not from Mary's dictation, at least while her account was fresh in the writer's mind, and whilst he had every opportunity of recurring to the Queen herself for explanations or further details. The two years here recounted include the flight from Holyrood, the birth of James the Sixth, the murder of Darnley, the imprisonment in and escape from Lochleven Castle, with the miserable episode of Mary's marriage to Bothwell.

Father Stevenson has not contented himself with printing Nau's narrative in the original French and in an English translation, but he has also carefully written the whole history of this period, working into it all the materials furnished to him by Nau, and availing himself further of other very valuable documents from the Vatican Archives and elsewhere that his researches have brought to light. He has done this in a most interesting Preface in seven chapters, occupying with the supplemental notes and illustrations to each chapter, more than two hundred pages. Nau's narrative is followed by five other documents arranged as Appendices, all of them absolutely new to historians, and all derived from various Roman sources. To this part of the book, as well as to the former, the Barberini Library, the Archives of the Society of Jesus, and the Secret Archives of the Vatican, have been laid under contribution.

We have said enough to show our readers that Father Stevenson has published a volume, the fruit of laborious research

of very unusual extent. A lifelong familiarity with the sources of history has given us in Father Stevenson the very fittest man for this undertaking. It is but the literal truth to say that no other living man could have produced this volume. We are naturally proud of it, and our earnest hope is that we may have from his diligent pen not less weighty contributions to English as well as to Scottish history. The chapters relating to the times of King Henry the Eighth that it has been our privilege to publish, are an earnest and a promise of volumes in preparation that shall lay writers of English history under as great an obligation as Scotsmen have here received.

2.—IRISH HISTORY.¹

That curiosity as to the past, and willingness to pore over its musty old documents which is characteristic of our age, has begun to turn itself at last, and not at all too soon by the way, to the eventful and little-known history of Ireland. Indeed, we must regard it as little less than a national reproach that while Irishmen have won distinction in so many of the walks of literature, and bear so large, perhaps even the lion's share in the formation of opinion through the English public press, they should have left the history of their own country almost uncultivated, uncommented on, untold. Unhappily, others, no lovers of the race, have been too ready to seize on the opening thus afforded them; and if Mr. Froude by his *English in Ireland* has not thrown much light on the subject of which he treats, he has at least put upon record a memorable warning of how far passion may overpower the judgment, and how a brilliant style can trick out error in more than the graces of truth. However Mr. Froude has done this service to Irish history, although of course against his will, that he has sent to it several able men to refresh and enlarge their acquaintance with it in order to refute him, and we observe that Father Murphy, who has no quarrel with him at all, and who desires to live at peace with all the world, is led, nevertheless, in the plain course of his narrative, to convict him of two misstatements of not unimportant facts (pp. 86, 105).

¹ *Cromwell in Ireland, a History of Cromwell's Irish Campaign.* By the Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J. With maps, plans, and illustrations. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 50, Upper Sackville Street.

But since we have mentioned Father Murphy's name, we are glad to turn to him and to his recent book, and we only wish it were possible for us to invite our readers' attention to it in as much detail and fulness as its subject requires. Such monographs are at once the forerunners, and almost the necessary conditions, of any complete history of Ireland which should be worthy of the name. The materials now thrown open to the inquirer are so complex and abundant that no one of even first-rate ability can hope to master and order them without aid from others, and even if a genius able to embrace the whole without losing sight of the parts were granted to our wishes, it is far from likely that he would be equally great in every division of his work. At any rate, the less must always yield to the greater, and he would have to sacrifice, if need be, the interests of particular parts to the harmony, the proportion, the symmetry of the whole.

The work before us, however, recounts the history of no more than nine months—from August, 1649, to May, 1650—nine terrible months, indeed, which more than nine score years since past have not wiped out of Irish memory, and it is therefore able to treat its subject with a fulness in which the reader's mind finds contentment as though it had its due, without any feeling of satiety. Indeed, various as are the sources from which **Father Murphy** has drawn in order to complete his narrative, we have been much more tempted to crave for more information on the many interesting points which start up in his story, than to repine at what is given us. Any one who wishes to follow Cromwell from Dundalk in the north (where Lord Plunket, a Royalist officer, is said to have flung a naked sword at him as he watered his horse at a ford, and wounded him in the face,) as far south as Skibbereen, can do so in the pages of this volume, along a route laid down for him on an excellent map showing every turn and double of the wily strategist, with capital plans too of the strongholds attacked, and prints of famous places. But what are we to say of the narrative itself, to which these are only the aids, though most useful ones? **Father Murphy** has shown both modesty and judgment in allowing the actors in its tragical scenes to tell their story in their own words wherever it was possible. Then most of all we appreciate his skill when we forget the compiler in the smooth flow of the narrative, and never pause to think how many rivulets rising in far-off mountains must have fed the brimming stream

which we are now borne so swiftly down. Assuredly the horrors of the Cromwellian campaign do not need to be heightened by any of the rhetorician's art; their darkness is thick and palpable, a frightful night in which the lights of mercy, of generosity, even of common humanity were quenched altogether, and the awful sanction of the Divine good-pleasure was invoked upon the riot of sectarian hatred and the antipathies of race. It is hardly possible that the deeds ascribed to Cromwell's soldiery during those frightful months could ever have come to be believed by sober men, if we had not his own reports and approval of them in his letters, mingled with frequent thanksgiving to God for these "great mercies" vouchsafed His servant.

It is difficult by short extracts to give the reader a true idea of a book of which the chief merit lies in its skilful mosaic of materials pieced together out of many different authorities. The research necessary before the accounts of the siege and capture of Drogheda (two chapters), or of the capture of Wexford, could have been written, cannot be fully estimated by the number of references in the notes. Places mentioned are fully described, and their state at the time of the siege and now—in fact the details are almost as full as we look for in topographical guides or county histories. Thus Sunday's Gate (at Drogheda) suggests a note to explain its name and give the history of the Dominican priory after which it was called.² The "country disease" often mentioned in Cromwell's letters, and of which Carlyle vaguely speaks as "a pestilence, raging in the rear of famine and the spoil of war,"³ is shown to have been a kind of dysentery as fatal to natives as to strangers. Peter Lombard is then quoted for the remedy commonly used. "Against this disease," says Peter Lombard, "they employ a remedy which is common and easy to be had, as is well known, viz., a certain most excellent liquor which they call usquebaugh, so well mixed that it has the power of drying up, and does not inflame, like that which is made in foreign countries."⁴ These are slight matters, but they will serve to show the care and labour which has been bestowed on every point belonging however indirectly to the general subject of the book. The horrors attending the treacherous capture of Wexford, lightly touched by Cromwell in his despatch to the Speaker of the House of Commons, are set before us with terrible vividness

² P. 89 footnote.

³ *Cromwell's Letters, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 78.

⁴ *De Hibernia Insula Sanetorum*, p. 38.

in a narrative of Father Francis Stafford (a MS. in the Arundel library, Stonyhurst,) and in the letters of Dr. French, Bishop of Ferns, who, after the destruction of the city, lived for five months in the woods, and owed his safety at last to the swiftness of his horse when his pursuers had tracked him to his hiding-place. We may quote Father Murphy's description of one memorable incident in the sack of the city, and his vindication of its genuineness against the scepticism of some writers.

A tradition still current in Wexford says that three hundred women were put to death in the public square. They had flocked round the great cross that stood there in the hope that Christian soldiers would be so far softened by the sight of that emblem of mercy as to spare the lives of unresisting women. But the victors, enraged at such superstition, and perhaps regarding their presence there as a proof that they were Catholics, and therefore fit objects for their zeal, rushed upon them and put them all to death.

M'Geoghegan, who published his history in 1758, was the first writer who made special mention of this incident of the siege, and from the silence of contemporaries, some of our historians have inferred that the tradition refers only to the general massacre of the inhabitants in the market-place. In reply it may be said that no one of the contemporary writers whose works have come down to us intended to give an exhaustive account of all that took place. Besides, it must be borne in mind that M'Geoghegan had special opportunities of learning the traditions on such points; he was chaplain to the Irish Brigade in the service of France at a time when probably it had in its ranks the children and the grandchildren of those who were witnesses of what he relates. "Some have questioned the accuracy of the statements made by M'Geoghegan and Lingard," writes the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, "as to the massacre of these three hundred females round the cross at Wexford; they say Dr. French and other contemporary writers could not be silent in regard of this particular. But these contemporary writers sufficiently describe the wholesale massacre of the inhabitants without mercy being shown to either age or sex; and any particulars that are added have a special reference to themselves."

We are firmly persuaded, indeed, like Father Murphy, that as Cromwell's rule was no true remedy for Irish ills two hundred and fifty years ago, so would it fail even more signally now, if any one were inclined to repeat it. We are not surprised to be told that after the lapse of so many years, the name of Cromwell lives in the vocabulary of the Irish peasant to-day as a synonym for fiendish cruelty.

3.—PATRON SAINTS.¹

Every one who is fond of children must regret the comparatively small number of attractive Catholic books suitable for the young. Children's stories indeed abound, stories of every description, goody stories, stories with a moral, stories of young converts, stories of boys and girls of wonderful piety, stories of early struggles and ultimate success, stories in which virtue is rewarded and vice punished with a retributive justice which does not appear quite so clearly in actual life. But such stories, unless painted with a master-hand, are rather harmless than effectual in implanting a solid love of virtue. What we want is books which tell of realities with no element of fiction in them, books that will leave their impress on young hearts, and arouse in them the same enthusiasm for supernatural virtue as is excited in favour of natural courage and hardihood by the countless tales of adventure, heroism, and daring that are so justly popular with our boys and girls. Yet the Catholic Church has heroes unequalled on the battlefield, heroines whose courage is unapproached by all the brave women who have distinguished themselves by their unselfish devotion to child or husband, to mother or to father. Her roll of saints exhibits every phase of heroism. No story can surpass in interest the story of deeds of valour which her heroes performed; no life of self-sacrifice can equal the perfect sacrifice of themselves that they made to Him Who had bought them with His own Blood; no tenderness of human devotion can come up to the lifelong devotion that priests and religious, missionaries and nursing sisters have shown to the sick and to the outcast, to little children and to feeble men and women in their querulous old age. How is it, then, that so comparatively little interest is taken in the lives of the saints?

We believe that hitherto the saints have in some cases been very unfortunate in their English biographers. Most saints' lives in English are translations, and often inferior translations, from French or Italian lives, either in themselves inferior, or else quite unsuited to the taste of English-speaking nations, sometimes consisting in great measure of a long and tedious string of miracles worked after the saint's death. For the most part, too, saints' lives in English are not written for the young. There is

¹ *Patron Saints.* By Eliza Allen Starr. First and Second Series. Baltimore: John B. Piet and Co.

a want of that simple picturesqueness of vivid detail which is so pleasing to children. There is a want of ease in the style and of grace in the mode of telling the touching tale of their lives. Very often they are abridged from larger works, and who is there, especially school-boy or school-girl, to whom the very name of abridgment does not suggest a dull compilation of condensed facts?

In the Preface to *Patron Saints*, Miss Starr remarks on this deficiency, and in the book itself she sets her skilful hand to remedy the evil. In the two volumes she has already issued, she chooses out a number of the best known of the saints, and tells their story just as we believe it must be told if such books are to take their place among the favourite books of youth. She tells it with an unpretending simplicity, a freshness of manner, a wise appeal to present facts and modern ideas that helps much to make the saint a reality to the children and an influence in their lives. Take, for instance, the following extract from the Life of St. Antony of Padua. She is telling of a little girl in Philadelphia who had a great devotion to the Saint:

Little Mary not only loved St. Antony, but St. Antony dearly loved little Mary, as was proved by the ready way he had of getting her everything she asked for.

One blessing little Mary was always begging of St. Antony, which was to find lost souls, the souls of sinful or of unbelieving people, and especially of Catholics who believed but did not practise their religion. Many such souls were saved by the prayers of St. Antony, urged on by the prayers of little Mary. Now comes a wonderful part of this devotion practised by our little friend. She only lived to one month of thirteen years, dying in the odour of youthful sanctity, her holy confessor declaring that he "believed she passed straight from earth to the immediate presence of God," the object of her love. To her parents and friends she left her devotion to St. Antony; and the Novena of Nine Tuesdays to this Saint, and a medal in his honour, have through them come into general use. Favours and blessings beyond counting have been given in answer to the faithful practice of this novena to those who asked St. Antony to find not only lost watches, lost health, lost goods of all sorts, but above all lost souls. Bishops, priests, monks, and nuns have caught a new love for St. Antony, and a fresh confidence in the intercession of saints, from the example of this little girl, to whom St. Antony has shown so many favours even since her death (vol. i. p. 206).

The idea of praying St. Antony for lost souls is a very beautiful one, one likely to enlist children in the holy practice.

It is suggestive without directly advising, and the advice thus indirectly suggested is far more likely to be followed.

We will take another life, almost at hap-hazard, that of St. Barbara. Who of our readers knows the history of St. Barbara? or has heard of the letter she wrote to Origen, and of the Christian philosopher's reply? or of her father's discovery of her conversion by the three windows she had built into the tower in honour of the Blessed Trinity? This story, so little known, is beautifully told by Miss Starr. We quote a few lines describing the Saints early doubts when she was living, a young maiden, in the Temple of the Sun, at Heliopolis:

When she looked forth from her high tower at early morning, she could see the sun rising near the tall obelisk east of the city covered with hieroglyphics that told the history of her country and the worship of its gods. As she looked forth the same high tower at evening she saw the same burning sun setting behind the three mighty pyramids that stood in a cluster beyond the Nile, towards the west and toward the vast Libyan Desert. "The one who created that sun must be greater than the sun itself!" Barbara would say as she watched the last rays disappear behind the lower hills on the horizon. "Why then do we worship the sun instead of Him Who created it?" (vol. ii. p. 457).

If our readers wish to learn themselves more about the saints, or want some book to read to their children to which they will listen with interest and certain profit, we cannot do better than recommend these two beautiful volumes. We only regret that the illustrations are not equal to the text. The artist's pen and the graver's tool have done but scant justice to Miss Starr's artistic and life-like descriptions.

4.—HYMNI USITATI LATINE REDDITI.⁰

In these days of fading versification a little volume of amateur verses is a pleasant sight, and we are glad to think that Trinity College fosters in her children a taste of so much practical utility as translation of English poems into Latin verse. Dr. Lawson has chosen some of the best modern hymns and rendered them now into classic, now into fanciful metres, and he has done his work with care and ability. We think that some

⁰ *Hymni Usitati Latine Redditi*, with other verses. By J. A. Lawson, LL D. Trin. Coll., Dublin. Kegan Paul and Co.

that he has chosen do not suit the genius of the Latin language very well. The same is true of some too literal renderings. For instance, in the well-known Protestant hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," it is a correct idea in English to say, "E'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me." But to translate this *Etsi crux me levet*, is to give to *crux* a metaphorical meaning inadmissible, or at least unclassical. Sometimes, too, his Latinity a little at fault. In the following stanzas, which are a version of the opening of Keble's hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,"

Morare mecum, vesper adest cito,
ne me relinquo, iam tenebrae ruunt,
fallunt amici, et spes recedunt,
Tu, miserans inopes, maneto,

exception might be taken to several words and phrases. *Moror* is not used in classical Latin as equivalent to *manere*, any more than in English we could say, Delay or linger with me. So *miserans inopes* does not mean "Help of the helpless," but in general, "In thy present pity for us who are helpless," and if Dr. Lawson meant to individualize it, he ought to have written *inopem*. *Maneto* is used as if it was simply identical with *mane*, and *nesciens mutare mentem*, in the following stanza, as an equivalent for "Thou Who changest not," is in itself weak, and is open to the same objection as *miserans*.

Another criticism that occurs to us is, that Dr. Lawson shows no acquaintance with the mediæval Latin hymns. We miss their phraseology and their magnificent rhythm. The result of this is, that he is compelled either to be more classical than his subject admits of, or to reproduce the English in a Latin dress which somehow sits unsuitably on it. In the inferior hymns he generally chooses the former course, and we must say that his Latin is sometimes better than the English. Thus

Ast infideles mentibus insciis
frustra Supremi conspiciunt opus ;
Ipse Auctor Interpretæque nobis
cuncta Deus manifesta reddet

seems to us superior to the verse of Cowper's of which it is a translation—

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

In those hymns, which breathe true poetry, he is generally drawn almost into the metre of the original, *e.g.*,

Hark, hark, my soul ! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

which he renders

Audi, anima, exaudi, haec carmina angelorum,
per virides campos, et maria agitata,
quae dulcia, quae vera hi chori ministrorum,
de nova vita referunt maculis purgata.

Angeli Jesu,
Angeli lucis,
voce vocantes
nos nocte vagantes.

This sort of translation is perfectly legitimate, but the result is English poetry Latinized rather than Latin poetry.

One set of verses not by Dr. Lawson himself we think was hardly worth insertion. It is Mr. M'Kay's translation of "Lead, kindly Light." It is very literal and will construe, but beyond this there is not much to praise, as the reader may judge by the two concluding lines,

. . . donec
nox abit, et mane angelicae facies mihi rident
quas, dudum venerans, amisi per breve tempus.

which are a sad perversion rather than version of

. . . , till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

But while we notice these individual blemishes we are pleased with the little volume as a whole, and are well aware of the difficulties of translating modern words and ideas into the language of classical antiquity.

5.—ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE ROSSI.¹

The thought that naturally occurs to us as we read the *Life of St. John Baptist de Rossi* is one of surprise that he was not raised to the episcopate. As a rule, an exceptionally holy and zealous secular priest is sure to be made a bishop. His ecclesiastical superiors will bestow upon him, force upon him if necessary, the lofty and responsible office of one of the chief pastors in the Church of God. We can only account for the exception in Rossi's case by the fact that God desired to give a confessor and a model to the secular clergy as such. We cannot imagine anything more calculated to inspire the parish priest with a high conception of his ordinary every-day duties than the study of a life spent in these ordinary every-day duties, but yet the life of a great Saint. It requires a higher sanctity to labour and suffer in obscurity and in a life of monotonous routine, like that of our Saint, than in some position where the stimulus of renown combines with natural energy and enthusiasm of character. It is a characteristic of the saints to hate renown and to love obscurity; and as they love obscurity, so they love the obscure rather than the rich and the great. St. John Baptist de Rossi's work was essentially among the poor, the fallen, the outcasts. He had drunk deeply of the spirit of His Master, of the "wine that inebriates the dearly beloved" of God, and makes them intoxicate with the love of souls, and ever thirsting for more. Among the most miserable of the sojourners in Rome are the "Fienaroli," the poor who come into Rome for the haymaking during the summer months, just as the inhabitants of Mayo and Kerry come to England for the harvesting. To these nomads Rossi turned his thoughts of anxious love and concern.

Night after night, accordingly, John used to crawl into their wretched hovels, and talk to them kindly and lovingly, while he never interrupted their different occupations. Some were already in bed, others eating their supper, while a few would sit down by him. They were always glad to see him, for he made himself quite one with them, talking first of their work and their homes, and then going on to speak of the greatness and mercy of God, of the sufferings of the Divine Redeemer of mankind, of the holiness and the use of the sacraments, and of the

¹ *The Life of St. John Baptist de Rossi.* Translated from the Italian by Lady Herbert. With Introduction, on Ecclesiastical Training and the Sacerdotal Life, by the Bishop of Salford. Richardson and Son, London and Derby.

happiness reserved for the just in a better and eternal life. This gentle but earnest voice, coming out of the dark, as it were, for there was hardly any light in their poor dwellings—and he generally contrived to hide himself in a corner out of sight—had a most marvellous effect on these wild, uncultured minds. They used to listen eagerly, hanging upon the words which fell from his lips, especially when he spoke of the magnificent promises of the Gospel, and the way to obtain their fulfilment. What surprised them still more was, that a man and a priest, unknown to them altogether, should so love them as to seek them out in this way, unrepelled by the dirt and misery of their surroundings.

John never wearied of this work. He seemed to forget all the fatigues of the day, and night after night renewed his apostolate, having but one thought—how he could bring back these poor souls to God (pp. 110, 111).

Of his missions, his confessions, his sermons, his faith, his mortification, his humility, his last sickness, his death, and the vision of his glory seen by one of his friends at the moment that he breathed his last, we would fain tell did our space allow of our doing so. We hope we have said enough to whet the appetites of our readers for the perusal of the book itself. Secular priests especially ought to have this *Life* upon their shelves and its contents written on their hearts. Their first Confessor Saint claims their loyalty, and the lessons he teaches them by his life are worthy of a Saint.

To the secular priesthood Dr. Vaughan gives, in the Introduction, much valuable advice, founded on the life of the Saint. He insists on a careful training, a study of the Fathers, a spirit of mortification and obedience as essential to all priests. He speaks with the authority of one who knows by experience the needs of the clergy, and the best means of leading men on to perfection. On one point we must venture to differ from him. He advocates the introduction of selections from the Fathers as classical text-books for the young, in the place of at least a portion of the masterpieces of Pagan times. Such a change we think would (we say it with all respect) be an unfortunate one. Already the Protestant clergyman is better trained in written rhetoric, in style and turn of phrase, in versatility of language and of thought, than the Catholic priest, and derives his advantage mainly from his study of the exquisite models to be found in the Pagan classics. Those who write when a language is in its decline have not the same educational power as those who lived at the acme of its glory. There is no Christian writer in

Greek or Latin who approaches Æschylus or Thucydides, Tacitus or Horace, in the power of imparting a vividness and brilliancy of style, an accuracy of thought, a skill in tossing words about like counters and placing them where they produce the most telling effect. He who has made his own the intricate speeches of Thucydides is far more likely to read and far more sure to appreciate the beauties of St. John Chrysostom than he who has had to practise his knowledge of grammar and of the rules of syntax in the Panegyrics of the Saint. The Catholic tradition is in favour of a careful study of the ancient classics: to maintain this tradition seems to us more important now than ever. It is true that a beautiful style is possible without a study of the classical models. Lady Herbert herself, whose English is full of grace and easy elegance, is an instance in point. But for those whose talents are ordinary, and whose literary style needs every aid that can be given by education, we think it would be a misfortune if any part of their classic training were abandoned.

6.—THE SUPERNATURAL IN NATURE.¹

After what we in our last number said about another work by the same author we have nothing substantially new to add about the present volume. The fact of its reaching a third edition shows that it has appealed to the wants of a number of persons, and we can well believe that the author has had the satisfaction of doing some of that good which he laudably desires to do. Still we have to repeat our regret that his arguments have not, for the really scientific mind, more power of carrying conviction. They may put away the difficulties of those whose objections were never very deep-lying, but they would not satisfy the doubts of the more penetrating sceptics. For example, when trained intellects come to the second chapter, entitled, "The Supernatural," they will still have in mind the full title of the book, *The Supernatural in Nature, a Verification by the Free Use of Science*; and they will begin to have strange misgivings when they read in the opening paragraph, and in its first sentence, "We are apt to forget, in listening to denials of the supernatural, that they enter into a region of thought where absolute demonstration, in a scientific sense, is impossible." The writer, however, begins with such proof of the supernatural as he supposes possible, by an

¹ *The Supernatural in Nature.* By J. W. Reynolds, M.A. Third edition. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1, Paternoster Square, 1883.

argument from the First Cause. We subjoin a sort of analysis of the argument, and the reader will see that the course of thought pursued is (we are sorry to have to say it) far more calculated to promote than to check the spirit of scepticism.

(1) Atheism cannot be proved ; for even if no God were seen in the world, "God might hide Himself." The Absolute cannot strictly be known, being incomprehensible to all but God ; therefore, the Absolute cannot be denied. No rational being can properly deny the existence of that concerning which, essentially, he knows nothing.

(2) We must assume the existence of a First Cause : "The evidence of matter or of energy from eternity is incomprehensible, even as in the existence of God from eternity ; nevertheless, despite the impossibility, we cannot enter into any inquiry concerning causation without eventually postulating some First Cause. We are forced to do this from sheer inability to follow out an infinite series of causes."

(3) "This First Cause must be infinite, for if not we must think of a region beyond its limits and uncaused, which would be virtually to abandon causation. This First Cause must likewise, to be independent, have no necessary relation to any other being ; for if the presence of anything else is necessary for completeness, *quod Deo minus est, Deus non est*, it is dependent and not the First Cause ; therefore the First Cause is infinite, is independent, is supernatural." This position is said to be impregnable, and from before it the enemy are reported to be in retreat !

(4) We must conceive God as a Person. "It is possible that there may be a mode of being as greatly transcending intelligence and will as these exceed mechanical motion ; but our minds are utterly incapable to form even an approach to, conception of such a Being, and we are not responsible to any Being, whoever and whatever he may be, of whom we cannot know anything. We are to think of God as transcending all thought, yet dwelling in our thought ; as without parts and passions, yet manifested in our every limb, and abiding in all our affections." And we are to pay Him, not only internal reverence, but external worship likewise.

Mr. Reynolds' arguments logically pursued would land him in agnosticism pure and simple. Happily for himself, but unhappily for his readers, he does not see the conclusion to which they infallibly lead.

7.—A WOMAN OF CULTURE.¹

The modern *Kulturkampf* has given a new and unwelcome meaning to the word culture. It is no longer a term for the refinement and cultivation not merely consistent with, but intimately allied to Christianity and practical piety, but is applied to designate that vague philosophy which would place enlightenment and progress of thought in direct hostility to the truth, making religion consist in the worship of the beautiful and emancipation from superstition, and setting up the so-called duties of humanity instead of the obligations of God's revealed truth. In this sense the word is employed in the novel before us, a *roman de tendance*, it is true, but one displaying such rare power and striking ability that the interest of the narrative—and this is of no common order—is never interfered with by the undercurrent of opinion which gives it life. The reader is shown the sad shipwreck made by a human soul, a fair vessel indeed, but sailing without rudder or compass, disdaining the assistance either of helmsman or pilot; the mental history of Nano M'Donell, whose father, originally a Catholic, left the faith from the love of wealth, power, and high standing; robbed the helpless orphans of his friend; and forgetting everything but the golden calves worshipped, abandoned his only daughter to the care of her "religious hybrids," "disciples of culture," "transcendentalists." The lively affection she naturally felt towards her father was early chilled by ill-training and neglect, and the impulsive, talented girl submitted to the moulding process of her teachers with wonderful meekness. The worship of self supplanted the worship of the Deity, and a disastrous moral blindness followed. Her state of mind at the age of twenty-four years is best described in her own words:

"What reproach is it for me if I have no religion—in fact, despise all creeds? The mummeries of Romanists and the quarrellings of Protestants—what have they that can allure any but the most ignorant minds or the most bewitched? I have no religion, if to despise the world's superstitions be that; but my heart is human, the love of my race is my religion, the religion of humanity, of culture, of refinement.

"I would peril my soul to retain my wealth? I have no soul in the sense which is theirs—a part of me which is to live in eternity, and as it has lived in time, so to suffer or rejoice when time is ended. *That* the

¹ *A Woman of Culture.* By John Talbot Smith. 1 vol. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1883.

mightiest intellects of the world have looked upon as a myth. I peril nothing, for I have nothing to peril. . . . The God of Christians is an impossibility, beautiful, but unapproachable and intangible. Mine is a reality which begins and ends in time—myself. . . . I have no God, no religion, in the bad sense moderns have given these words. I love wealth and power, and despise and dread poverty and weakness. What if they should ever claim me, who detest them so much?"

In the whirl of distressing thought which this idea brought upon her she allowed her head to sink low on her breast, and said no more. Later the servant entered quietly, and lighted the lamps in the rooms. She then rose and stood before the mirror. The face and form reflected there, in spite of the suspicion of care that rested on the brow, were very, very beautiful, and she smiled her approbation.

"Let them speak of you as they may," she said with a harsh laugh, "let them think of you meanly or kindly, you have that which will subdue the fiercest of them—beauty, and birth, and wealth, and intellect. You may be wicked, an atheist, unprincipled, but those qualities can gloss over so-called defects. And yet, poor figure! you have no stability. You want a soul. There should be an immortal part of you to preserve that which is so frail and beautiful. Would that this much of the Christian superstition had some truth!" (p. 16.)

Temptation was not long in coming to one so ill prepared to resist it. M'Donell's physician, a needy adventurer, having obtained a clue to the secret of his patron's past life, hoped by use of this knowledge to rise at a single bound to wealth and station, by obtaining the hand of the brilliant and haughty heiress. And when the old man, stricken with sudden paralysis, desires in his terror and remorse to do what religion requires of him, and restore his ill-gotten gains, the doctor schemes to prevent this, and preserve the dowry of his hoped-for bride intact, by working on her morbid love of power and wealth and her intense dread of poverty and humiliation, and thus obtaining her consent to seclude from the world a parent for whom she cared but little.

A gentle restraint might be employed, and lunatic asylums were not yet without abuses. It would be a severe strain upon Miss M'Donell's virtue to stoop to things so eminently at variance with her education. Culture had no principles, however, to face necessity, and he felt sure she would reason wrong right on the present occasion.

So the doctor argued, and his surmise proved right. As strength and health returned, the price of confession seemed too tremendous, and the merchant postponed the intended restitution, though he did not dismiss the obligation, and Nano saw the glitter of the mental Damocles' sword over her head.

Any moment might ring the knell of her grandeur and present state, unless she provided against it. Like a discrowned queen she was to come down from her throne, and have the world point at her and say: This was once our mistress, who is now a nobody. She was wealthy long ago, whose estates are now so sadly diminished. Then she was proud enough, who is more than humble now. There was her stumbling-block—pride! Since her babyhood that had been nourished with as much care as if it had been a virtue. It was become a deadly parasite, twisted round her soul in horrible folds, sucking her life away.

How was she to battle with the danger that menaced her? . . . There was no escape, unless — And she put up her hands to her forehead with a moan of dreadful anguish.

"Oh! that I should ever dream that," she whispered with pallid lips. "Whither am I drifting? What crimes will yet stain my soul? Unhappy me! Wretched woman, that meditates lifting her hand against her father! O God, Thy bitterest curse is not too bitter for that sin! God!" she repeated with a scornful smile. "There is no God. The cant thoughts and phrases of these people have poisoned me a little."

The dalliance with temptation reached its natural result. By little and little the strands of the rope were formed, and the links of the chain forged together (p. 89).

The mental conflict of the old man is admirably depicted. His conscience leaves him no rest, and he at last resolves on making a clean breast to his daughter, and she who might have been his good angel in that hour preferred the opinion of society, the love of money, to the eternal welfare of the man who gave her life.

"And you would give the wealth," she rejoined, "which for twenty years you have guarded, increased, and grown grey and paralytic over, to the beggars in the streets, or to the priest whose debts demand such windfalls; and you would leave me, your daughter, brought up in the splendour which this house displays, to be laughed at and jorled over by the rich vulgar rabble of the city! Father, are you dreaming, or are you mad?"

"I wish it were one or the other," he said, in a feeble way, "that I might awake to know it was not my daughter who uttered those words. My honesty was brittle enough, God knows, but it had life. Yours seems dead."

He bowed his head in his hands, like one stunned. Her emotion was not less severe, but her determination was invincible. She had begun the hideous drama, and would carry it out to the end.

"Do not excite yourself, sir," she said, "over a phantasy. But it is as well for you to know that I will not submit to any such disposal of

your property. It is yours to do with as you please, but I shall make strong opposition, and if the world says rightly, I shall be successful" (p. 151).

We have not space to give the conclusion of this forcible scene. This was the punishment of the man, to be accounted mad, debarred from access to a priest, and confined in an asylum by his only child. He accepts his punishment, however, acknowledging its justice, and bearing with sublime patience and penitence every trial, and embraces the opportunity of atonement, until such time as it should please God to release him, by death or otherwise, from his imprisonment. Meanwhile the heartless, godless Nano, felt no uneasiness. Free from troubles of conscience, prospective mistress of a large estate, surrounded by friends and admirers, she fancied herself as happy a woman as the world knew, as happy as one could be with a ghastly skeleton in her closet.

The story is extremely well worked out. All the characters brought upon the stage revolve round the principal actors, and are necessary to the whole. They serve, moreover, to brighten what would otherwise be a painful picture. The cheerful pure lives of the young doctor and his sister, the heirs to the stolen property, shows how true religion brightens humble circumstances, and sheds over them a sunshine which gilded atheism can never know, though it mistake a temporary calm for settled peace. Clouds soon gathered, and the storm, when it broke upon the unhappy heroine, was terrible indeed. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they ground in this instance exceeding small. The old man escaped from the asylum, and died a confessor's death, at peace with God and the world. In the time of the evening there was light. But the fate of his daughter was, as the reader of this powerful novel will see, the logical outcome of her character and circumstances, and justifies our most mournful predictions. Poor Nano! wrecked in mid-ocean, whilst barks less fair, less fortunate, and more careless, go on in serenity to the haven, she so full of promise and so beautiful, founders on the way. But we are allowed to hope that in her greatest desolation she was enabled at that last hour to recognize and make a dying act of faith in that God whose mercy stretches far out to the suffering.

8.—THE GOLDEN CHERSONESE.¹

Entertaining books are expected from Miss Bird, and her last volume by no means disappoints the anticipations of the reader who has already followed her on her visit to the Sandwich Islands, her wanderings in Japan, her rides across the Rocky Mountains, and enjoyed many a laugh at the amusing adventures and original modes of proceeding of that clever and adventurous lady. It is no easy matter now-a-days to get off the beaten track of travellers, but the Golden Chersonese, of which Milton speaks, is still somewhat of a *terra incognita*; there is no point on its mainland at which European steamers call, and the usual conception of it is as a vast and malarious equatorial jungle, sparsely peopled by a race of semi-civilised and treacherous Mohammedans. Some reliable information concerning this very attractive country is now placed before us by "a *blasé* old campaigner," as Miss Bird is pleased to call herself, whose chief object in visiting these remote and almost unexplored regions was to escape for a time from the restraints of civilisation, and "the amusements that make life intolerable;" the loss of comfort being more than made up for by the intense enjoyment of wandering about alone in the wilds.

The volume is mainly composed of letters written to her sister, and almost unaltered before publication; they are on this account valuable as all descriptions written on the spot and at the moment must be, and enable the reader to share the impressions of the traveller in their original vividness. Miss Bird never wearies us with pages of statistics and geography, only introducing short chapters containing such information of a solid character as is necessary to render her letters useful and intelligible. She gives the results of her own intelligent observation, set off by an attractive style and graphic description; and if her diction is at times somewhat exuberant, it is doubtless in keeping with the tropic scenery amid which the letters were penned. It is difficult for us to realise the "Glories of the Jungle" through which she journeyed in the month of January, thus describing the wealth and lavish prodigality of nature at a season when with us withered plants were shrivelling in the frost-bound earth, or shivering in the north-east wind.

¹ *The Golden Chersonese and the Way Thither.* By Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop). London: Murray, Albemarle Street, 1883.

Do not think of a jungle, as I used to think of it, as an entanglement or thicket of profuse and matted scrub, for it is, in these regions at least, a noble forest of majestic trees, many of them supported at their roots by three buttresses, behind which thirty men could find shelter. Under these giants stand the lesser trees grouped in glorious confusion. . . The great bamboo towers up along the river sides in its feathery grace, and behind it the much-prized Malacca cane, creeping along the ground or climbing trees and knotting them together, while ferns and lycopodiums struggle for space in which to show their fragile beauty, along with hardier foliaceous plants, brown and crimson, green and crimson, and crimson flecked with gold; and the great and lesser trees alike are loaded with trailers, ferns, orchids, and beautiful creepers which conceal the stems. To realise an equatorial jungle one must see it in all its wonderment of activity and stillness—the heated, steamy stillness through which one fancies no breeze ever whispers, with its colossal flowering trees, its green twilight, its inextricable involvement, its butterflies and moths, its brilliant but harsh-voiced birds, its lizards and flying foxes, its infinite variety of monkeys—sitting, hanging by hands or tails, leaping, grimacing, jabbering, pelting each other with fruits; and its loathsome saurians, lying in wait on slimy haunts under the mangroves. . . At sunrise, as the great sun wheeled rapidly above the horizon and blazed upon us with merciless fierceness, all at once the jungle became vociferous. Loudly clattered the busy cicada, its simultaneous din, like a concentration of the noise of all the looms in the world, suddenly breaking off into a simultaneous silence; the noisy insect world chirped, cheeped, buzzed, whistled; birds halloed, hooted, whooped, screeched; apes in a loud but not inharmonious chorus greeted the sun; and monkeys chattered, yelled, hooted, and quarrelled and spluttered. The noise was tremendous (p. 175, seq.).

Then the travellers in the boat had breakfast—"a slim repast of soda water and bananas"—while the Malay boatmen prepared for themselves an elaborate curry of salt fish and *blanchang*, a condiment compounded from decomposed shrimps; after which the betel-nut was got ready, this being as essential to a Malay as tobacco to a Japanese and opium to the confirmed Chinese opium-smoker. Of this Miss Bird says:

It is a revolting habit, and if a person speaks to you while he is chewing his *quid* of betel, his mouth looks as if it were full of blood. People say that the craving for stimulants is created by our raw, damp climate; but it is as strong here at the equator, in the sunny, balmy air. I have not yet come across a region in which men, weary in body or mind, are not seeking to stimulate or stupefy themselves. The Malay men and women being prohibited by the Koran from using alcohol, find the needed fillip in this nut (p. 180).

Miss Bird's absolute fearlessness in coolly entering upon a journey into the interior, through the midst of a region lately the scene of war, where lawlessness and violence were known to reign, herself unarmed and unescorted except by two Malay guides, with whom she had no language in common, is certainly surprising. The only qualms she felt—if indeed she felt any—were in regard to her mount—a huge and vicious elephant, on whose back she was slung in a basket, and who, when not permitted to “gang his ain gates,” revenged himself by squirting dirty water over the fair load he carried. On her arrival at her destination, the British Resident was absent, so that she found herself alone in his bungalow in the heart of the jungle, and, as far as she could learn, the only European in the region. However, her brave heart did not fail her; far from betraying the timidity usual to her sex, she merely remarks: “It is so good to be away for a time from the wearying world, from all clatter, chatter, strife of tongues, in the unsophisticated society of apes and elephants! Dulness is out of the question.” The account of her reception is amusing:

I was received by a magnificent Oriental butler, and after I had had a delicious bath, dinner was served. The word *served* was strictly applicable, for linen, china, crystal, flowers, cooking were all alike exquisite. . . My valise had not arrived, and I had been obliged to re-dress myself in my mud-splashed tweed dress, therefore I was much annoyed to find the table set for three, and I hung about unwillingly in the verandah, fully expecting two government clerks in faultless evening dress to appear, when Assam (the butler) more emphatically informing me that the meal was served, I sat down, much mystified, at the well-appointed table; when he led in a large ape, and the Malay servant brought in a small one, and a Sikh brought in a large retriever and tied him to my chair! This was all done with the most profound solemnity. The circle being then complete, dinner proceeded with great stateliness. The apes had their curry, chutnee, pine-apple, eggs, and bananas on porcelain plates, and so had I. The chief difference was, that whereas I waited to be helped, the big ape was impolite enough occasionally to snatch something from a dish, as the butler passed round the table, and that the small one, before very long, migrated from his chair to the table; and setting by my plate, helped himself daintily from it. What a grotesque dinner party! What a delightful one! My *next of kin* were so reasonably silent, they required no conversational efforts, they were most interesting companions. Silence is golden, I felt; shall I ever enjoy a dinner party so much again? (p. 306).

The towns of Canton, Saigon, &c., described in the first letters are better known, but the account of the writer's visits

to the prison and execution ground of Canton, of her glimpses of Anamese villages, of the huge, mingled, coloured, busy, Oriental crowds in Singapore, where "all is fascinating," and of the New Year's festivities and rejoicings amongst the Chinese in Malacca, will be found to be of much interest.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

MR. AUBREY DE VERE has gathered into a handy little volume a series of characteristic selections from English poets¹ from the time of Chaucer to the present day. The interest of the pieces themselves is increased by the little biographical account given of the author. In the Preface Mr. de Vere dwells on the educational value of poetry. His handy little collection is an excellent introduction to a wider range of poetical reading. To those who have but scant time to read, it will give a good idea of the varied beauties of style belonging to the poets of Great Britain.

*All for Love*² is a simple and very edifying exposition of the Divine beauty of the character of the Son of God as manifested to men. The author first speaks of the Human, then of the Divine nature of our Lord; then of the various epochs of His Life, His Infancy, His Hidden Life, His Public Mission, His love of man to death upon the Cross and beyond death in the Blessed Eucharist. Father Moriarty wisely introduces a number of testimonies and quotations from modern sources which give a pleasant variety and additional interest to his own pious and touching words.

*The Angel of Love, and other Poems*³ make up a little volume which shows much natural power and poetic feeling. Some of

¹ *Select Specimens of the English Poets*, with Biographical Notices. Edited by Aubrey de Vere, Esq. London: Burns and Oates.

² *All for Love*; or, *from the Manger to the Cross*. By Rev. J. J. Moriarty, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Chatham, New York. Dublin: Gill and Sons.

³ *The Angel of Love, and other Poems*. By R. V. Sturges. London: Provost and Co.

the shorter pieces and sonnets are very prettily expressed. For instance, the following, which is entitled "Old and New:"

Why is old love just like new love?
Because the only love is true love;
And though years may pass away,
Love has one sweet summer day.

Why is new love just like old love?
Because true love is still untold love;
And though time in love be sped,
All the best remains unsaid.

There is some unevenness here and there, and an occasional expression which jars on our taste. We do not, for instance, admire the little poem termed "England's Glory," in which the following stanza occurs in a description of the Resurrection:

Myriads of pauper coffins gaped,
And lean and lank diseased and shivering
Their inmates with a moan escaped,
And soon a horrid breadth they shaped,—
A feeble mass of quivering!

But this is no specimen of the whole volume, which certainly shows a talent well worth cultivating.

One of the charges often brought against Ireland is, that its inhabitants are incapable of commercial enterprise. It is true that industries now scarcely exist there; but why? Because England in former times ruthlessly crushed them out. In proof of this and for an account of the manner in which the work of destruction was accomplished we refer our readers to the pamphlet on "Irish Wool and Woollens,"⁴ reprinted from the *Irish Monthly*. Bound up in the same covers is an account of the Life and Works of Foley, the great Irish Sculptor.

Every day the world is becoming smaller and the road across the Atlantic becomes practically shorter, and the rich lands of Central America seem more and more to be lying almost at our doors. An enterprising scamperer has lately written a description of an American tour, in which, in the short space of sixty days, he crossed the Atlantic, visited most of the great American cities, the Yosemite Valley, the Rocky Mountains, Denver, Colorado, and New Mexico, and returned safe and sound to England, all within the short space of sixty days. Young men go to farm in Manitoba and Minnesota as in former

⁴ *Arts and Industries in Ireland*. (1) Irish Wool and Woollens. (2) J. H. Foley, R.A. Dublin: Gill and Son.

times they might have gone to Scotland or to Wales. Father Byrne in his little pamphlet⁵ sets forth the advantage of including Arkansas, Texas, and New Mexico in the popular resorts of intending colonists. Speaking of Texas he says: "The chances for immigrants and settlers are not surpassed, perhaps not equalled, in any state or territory of the Union," and he quotes from a private letter of an immigrant there.

You ask my opinion of Texas. Well, I must say that I do not think this State can be excelled anywhere for immigrants, labourers, and working people generally. Those who want to buy land can get all they want—and that good land—for fifty cents an acre and upwards, according to the locality and the settlements around it. . . . There is a splendid chance for labourers and working men, as there are several roads being built and others projected. Common labourers get from \$1.75 to \$2.50 a day, according to the kind of work they perform; and, what is still better, they need lose scarcely any time the year round, for the cold amounts to almost nothing. Besides this, living is cheap in this country (p. 35).

In these days when so many of our young men are looking towards the States, such information is well worth having. The Irish Catholic Colonization Association, of which the author of this pamphlet is a member, gives all possible assistance to emigrants, and has specially for its object to direct them in their choice of homes. It has its head-quarters at Chicago, and we are glad to hear that under the active and energetic management of its Secretary, Mr. W. J. Onahan, it is obtaining a well-merited success.

Father O'Haire, late of South Africa, is conferring a boon on both the English and Irish Catholic public, amongst whom he possesses a deservedly high reputation as a zealous missionary, popular preacher, and lecturer, by placing within the easy reach of all some of his most stirring and telling discourses. Amongst them we notice with pleasure two sermons, which take the interesting and attractive form of a review of the struggles and victories of the Church, and which therefore give the most unanswerable of all answers to the question so constantly put explicitly or implicitly by her enemies: "*When and how shall the Catholic Church perish?*"⁶ The author answers his own question,

⁵ *Catholic Colonization in the South-West.* By Rev. S. Byrne, O.S.D. Chicago: Rand, M'Nally and Co.

⁶ *When and how shall the Catholic Church perish?* By the Rev. Father O'Haire, late of South Africa. Twenty-sixth edition. Dublin. M. H. Gill and Son, 50, Upper Sackville Street, 1883.

and shows the "truth of the Lord remains for ever," by a skilful and, as far as the limits of a sermon will permit, a sufficiently full recital of the persecutions of the Church from the earliest dawn to our times. This is the subject of the first of these two sermons. The second solves the same problem by a very striking parallel between the life of the Church and that of her Divine Founder on earth, which was throughout a series of humiliations and bitter sufferings, alternating with transfiguration, victory, and glory. The merit of these sermons and the esteem in which they are held is best declared by reminding our readers that they have now reached a twenty-sixth edition.

We have to notice also from the same pen and from the same firm of publishers two sermons on the Apostle of Ireland, and another panegyric of the same Saint preached last March, at St. Patrick's, Soho, by the Rev. Father J. D. Murray, O.S.A.⁷ In all three sermons a well-worn and familiar subject is handled with considerable skill and eloquence.

*Sister Agatha*⁸ contains the oft-told but ever interesting story of how a pious soul finds her way through the mazes of error to the Catholic Church. The false glitter of Puseyism may dazzle and captivate her for a time; but one who, like Sister Agatha, is thoroughly in earnest, cannot fail soon to discover that its ceremonies are mere mimicry and its dogmas delusions, and will not long mistake the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal for the call of the true Shepherd. Each member of Agatha's family professed a different form of Protestantism, and each was perfectly satisfied with that form; she alone was groping after the truth, and having obtained permission to dedicate herself to God's service, she entered a well-known Puseyite Convent. Her ardent enthusiasm and generous devotion met with chilling disappointment, and she learnt, as every one whose piety is intelligent and conscientious must learn, that despite "daily Mass," "auricular confession," and the doctrine of the "Perpetual Presence," true charity and true humility cannot exist outside of the Church, and without these all is cold and hard and dark. But her intention was good, and she really sought to do God's will; so she offered to Him of her poverty, and He in due time turned it into abund-

⁷ *Ireland's Apostle and Faith.* By the Rev. Father O'Haire, late of South Africa. Sixth edition. *Panegyric of St. Patrick*, preached on his festival, 1883, at St. Patrick's Church, Soho, London, W. By the Rev. Father J. D. Murray, O.S.A. St. Monica's Priory, Hoxton Square, London, N. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

⁸ *Sister Agatha.* By M. J. H. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. 1883.

ance by full knowledge and ardent love. Her rising doubts were at first suppressed forcibly, and drugged into temporary repose, only to awake with irresistible force and ripen into certainty; and when we take leave of Sister Agatha she is sheltered under the secure protection of the Holy Mother of God.

Many important questions are arising respecting the interpretation of certain clauses in the Irish Land Act. Among them is the *multum vexata questio* as to the meaning of an "improvement," and whether an improvement is to be compensated in proportion to the labour and capital expended by the tenant or to the increase in the value of the land improved. The decision of the Irish Court of Appeal on this point is discussed by Father Humphrys in a little pamphlet,⁹ which we recommend to all of our readers who wish to gain a just view of the matter in dispute.

II.—MAGAZINES.

It is one of the most lamentable features of the present day that so many scientists and savants are atheists or agnostics; and not only refuse to recognize a personal God, either as original Creator or continual upholder of the universe, but attack religion with eager animosity. In contradistinction to these, as the *Katholik* remarks, the late Father Secchi stands out in enviable prominence, to prove that faith and science are not antagonistic, nay, more, that one who is not only a pious Christian but a Jesuit theologian, may be one of the most eminent natural philosophers of his day. Father Secchi's conviction of the existence of a wise and beneficent Power, controlling and energizing in the material world, has been expressed in two lectures delivered in Rome, on the Grandeur of Creation, to be considered in a future number of the *Katholik*. Another article in the same periodical gives a notice of Melchior Paul von Deschwanden, a modern religious artist, and allied to the Düsseldorf school. Born amongst the mountains of Switzerland, as a tiny child he displayed such remarkable talents, especially in an artistic direction, that even the most undis-

⁹ *The Irish Court of Appeal and the Healy Clause.* By the Rev. David Humphrys, C.C. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

cerning could not fail to see that he would be great, either for good or for evil; happily the influence of early religious training turned the scale in the right direction. His biography has just been published by Dr. Kuhn, and is of no small interest as the history of a life equally devoted to art and religion. The *History of the German People*, by Janssen, has already been brought before the notice of the readers of the *Katholik*, and their attention is now directed to the reply to his critics—and it is a second one—which the author has been obliged to publish, not so much in self-defence, but as a sacred duty in behalf of truth. His character as an historian has been impugned by Protestant writers, who accuse him of partiality and misrepresentation of facts wherever the strife of religious parties comes upon the stage of history. Those who condemn the Catholic Church as “one huge lie,” and the Papacy as a system of injustice and oppression, would do well to read Janssen’s calm statements and unanswerable arguments.

The *Stimmen aus Maria Laach* for April opens with an article from the pen of Father Jürgens on Darwinistic theories as propounded by their latest and boldest exponent, Professor Haeckel, of Jena. The writer points out how any hypothesis however improbable as to the origin of the human race, is considered preferable by these philosophers to the admission of the theory of a supernatural origin at the hands of an omnipotent Creator. Father Langhorst, in treating the subject of the comparative science of religion, considers the position taken by Professor Max Müller in regard to the Old and New Testament. The revelations of the Eternal God, the truth of which is supported by accredited historical facts, are placed on a par with the grossest superstitions of idolaters. Nay, more, the contents of the Holy Scriptures are asserted to be drawn in great measure from the ancient religions of Brahma and Buddha. And what is to be the outcome of this science? The formation of a new religion of the future, to arise out of the ruins of the old, as Christianity rose out of the Catacombs, something “purer, truer, and older,” a religion free from distinctive dogmas and oppressive obligations, wherein all existing religions may meet and be merged, each contributing its best characteristic, its most costly jewel, to be set in the circlet; as, for instance, the Brahman’s indifference to this life and firm belief in a future existence; the Buddhist’s recognition of a submission to an eternal law; the Mohammedan’s temperance and abstinence; the Jew’s steadfast faith in

the one just and eternal God, &c. Father Langhorst concludes by referring to Max Müller as a sad example of the truth that great knowledge of one branch of science may lead a man into strange errors in other directions. Father Kreiten in his second article on the influences which left their mark on the genius of Westphalian poetess, Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, gives some specimens of her earlier productions, formed most unmistakeably on the model of Schiller's graver poems. Father Baumgartner contributes another of his sketches in the Netherlands, which will be found quite equal to, if not more entertaining than the preceding ones. He does not confine himself to one or more particular towns, but enlarges in his lively and picturesque manner on Holland in general, Dutch manners and customs, manufactures and industries; the productions of the soil and the hydraulic apparatuses in use for reclaiming and cultivating it. The sight of an old Gothic Cathedral, desecrated to the use of Protestants, leads him to apostrophize at some length these misguided people, on the errors in which they have been nurtured.

HEATING APPARATUS

The Most Economical and Effective.

J. L. BACON AND CO.,

34, UPPER GLOUCESTER PLACE, LONDON, N.W.,

AND

8, COLLEGE STREET, DUBLIN,

& 27, CHICHESTER STREET, BELFAST,

Will Furnish Estimates Free of Cost

FOR WARMING AND VENTILATING

Cathedrals, Churches, Convents, Colleges, Schools,
Institutions, and Private Houses,

WITH THEIR IMPROVED SYSTEM OF SMALL HOT WATER PIPES.

REFERENCE CAN BE MADE TO MANY OF THE

**Largest Catholic Institutions in
the Country.**

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET POST FREE.

WILLIAM S. BURTON, General Furnishing Ironmonger AND HOUSE FURNISHER.

Sends CATALOGUE, gratis and post paid. It contains upwards of 850 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock of GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY, CABINET FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, &c., with lists of prices.

88 (LATE 39), OXFORD STREET, W.;

1, 1A, 2, 3, & 4, NEWMAN STREET; 4, 5, & 6, PERRY'S PLACE; & 1, NEWMAN YARD, W.

BEDDING AND CABINET FURNITURE MANUFACTORIES, 84, NEWMAN STREET, & NEWMAN NEWS.

FENDERS, FIREIRONS, STOVES, RANGES. SIXTY TILE HEARTHES fixed for inspection.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Fenders, Bronzed or Black ..	from	0	3	9	10	0
Ditto, Steel and Ormolu ..	"	2	0	"	20	15
Fender Frames for Tile Hearths ..	"	0	16	0	"	0
Marble ditto ditto ..	"	2	0	0	"	10
Pierced Brass Fenders ..	"	1	0	0	"	10
Register Stoves ..	"	0	9	0	"	36
China-tiled ditto ..	"	2	2	0	"	36
Dog Stoves and Tile Panels ..	"	0	12	0	"	20
Fireirons, Set of Three ..	"	0	4	3	"	6
Do. Rests for Tile Hearths, pair ..	"	0	9	0	"	15
Fire Brasses, set of three, from ..	"	0	14	0	"	4
Coal Scoops and Boxes ..	"	0	2	4	"	8
Chimney Pieces, Dish Covers, Tea Trays, Waiters, &c., Gasaliers, Hall Lamps, Garden Seats, &c., Umbrella Stands, Bronzed Tea Urns and Kettles, Lamps, Range, Gas, and Hot Water Work.—Estimates free.						

BATHS AND TOILET WARE.

Sponge Baths, Best make ..	5s.	gd.	to	25s.	6d.
Sitz do. do. ..	12s.	"	"	21s.	"
Plunge do. do. ..	14s.	"	"	55s.	"
Hip do. do. ..	15s.	6d.	"	27s.	6d.
Travelling do. do. ..	17s.	"	"	44s.	"
Gas Furnace do. ..	190s.	"	"	245s.	"
Travelling Trunks do. ..	17s.	6d.	"	26s.	"
Toilet Ware, Bath Can, and Pail ..	17s.	"	"	26s.	"
Hot and Cold Plunge, Vapour, and Camp Shower Baths.					

BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, AND FURNITURE.

Iron Bedsteads of best make only ..	from	10s.	6d.	to	25s.	6d.
French Bedsteads ..	"	14s.	6d.	"	31s.	6d.
Iron and Brass Half-Tester Bedsteads ..	"	34s.	"	"	330s.	"

BEDDING of guaranteed quality, made on the premises.

FOR BEDSTEADS.—Wide	1 ft.	4 ft.	6 in.	5 ft.
Palliassees, Best Straw ..	8s.	od.	12s.	od.
Mattresses, Cocoa Fibre ..	13s.	od.	20s.	od.
" Good Coloured Wool ..	14s.	od.	21s.	od.
" Best Brown Wool ..	23s.	od.	33s.	od.
" Good Serviceable Hair ..	33s.	6d.	49s.	od.
" Good Horse Hair ..	44s.	od.	64s.	od.
" Superior ..	65s.	od.	95s.	od.
German Springs ..	65s.	od.	95s.	od.
German do., hair stuffing ..	67s.	od.	95s.	od.
Feather Beds, Bolsters, Pillows, Blankets, Sheets, Quilts, &c.				

FISH KNIVES and FORKS.—WM. S. BURTON.

Silver Plated.	Knives, per Doz.	Forks, per Doz.
Fine Ivory Handles, Chased Blades ..	£2 5 0	£1 19 0
Ditto Richly Chased Blades ..	3 6 0	2 8 0
Silvered ditto ditto ..	3 0 0	2 14 0
Mahogany Cases for 12 knives, 8s.; 12 knives and forks, 15s.		
Fish Carvers, in Cases ..	£6 10 0	£4 4 0
Tea and Coffee Sets, Four Pieces ..	3 15 0	21 0 0
Dish Covers, Set of Four ..	7 0 0	24 0 0
Entrée Dishes, Set of Four ..	5 10 0	18 18 0
Biscuit Boxes ..	0 10 6	5 10 0
Cruet Frames ..	0 12 0	10 10 0
Butter Coolers ..	0 5 6	3 3 0
Candelabra, per pair ..	6 8 0	18 0 0
Claret Jugs ..	1 0 0	8 0 0
Ice Jugs, from ..	2 2 0	—
Ice Pails ..	0 7 0	1 18 0
Liquor Frames, 3 Bottles ..	1 19 0	8 0 0
Soufflet Dishes ..	2 5 0	2 18 0
Teapots ..	0 15 0	5 5 0
Vegetable Dishes, 3 Divisions ..	2 2 0	5 15 0
Waiters and Tea Trays ..	1 0 0	18 0 0

CUTLERY.—The most varied assortment of Table Cutlery, all warranted.

Handles Rivetted.		Table Knives	Dessert Knives	Carvers per pair	
Blades of the Finest Steel.					
		s.	d.	s.	d.
3½-inch Ivory Handles, per doz.		15	0	11	0
do. do.		20	0	16	0
3½ do. to balance		22	0	17	0
4 do. do.		28	0	20	0
do. fine do.		36	0	25	0
do. extra large		40	0	30	0
do. African		44	0	35	0
do. Silvr. Ferrules do.		44	0	35	0
do. do.		54	0	44	0
Black Horn Rivet. Handles do.		7	6	7	0
Do. large size do.		9	6	7	6
Do. to Balance do.		12	6	11	0
White Bone do.		12	6	10	6
Best do. do.		17	6	13	6

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.—

The real NICKEL SILVER, introduced thirty-five years ago by William S. Burton, when strongly Silver-plated, is the best article next to Silver that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no test can it be distinguished from Silver.

With ordinary usage this quality will wear 20 years. A small, useful Set, guaranteed of first quality for durability and finish, as follows:

Best Quality, strongly Plated.			Fiddle or Old Silver.	Bead or Thread.	King's or Shell.	
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
12 Table Forks	1	10	0	2	1	0
12 Table Spoons	1	10	0	2	1	0
12 Desert Forks	1	2	0	1	9	0
12 Dessert Spoons	1	2	0	1	9	0
12 Tea Spoons	0	14	0	1	0	0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls ..	0	9	0	0	12	0
2 Sauce Ladles	0	6	0	0	8	0
1 Gravy Spoon	0	6	0	0	8	0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls ..	0	3	0	0	4	0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl ..	0	1	6	0	2	0
1 Pair of Sugar Tongues ..	0	2	6	0	3	6
1 Pair of Fish Carvers ..	0	18	6	1	3	6
1 Butter Knife	0	2	9	0	3	6
1 Soup Ladle	0	9	0	0	11	0
1 Sugar Sifter	0	3	0	0	4	0
Total	8	19	0	3	11	0

Any Article to be had singly at the same prices. A Second Quality of Fiddle Pattern Table Spoons and Forks, 25s. per dozen; Dessert, 17s.; Tea Spoons, 12s.

DESSERT KNIVES and FORKS.—ELECTRO SILVER PLATED.

Fine Ivory Handles, Plain Blades, 12 pairs ..	£2 14 0
Finest Carved do., Chased Blades, 12 pairs ..	4 4 0
Pearl Handles, Plain Blades, 12 pairs ..	3 18 0
Fine Carved do., Chased Blades, 12 pairs ..	6 0 0
Silvered Handles, Plain Blades, 12 pairs ..	3 6 0
Silvered Handles, Chased Blades, 12 pairs ..	3 18 0

AMERICAN WALNUT MACHINE-MADE CABINET FURNITURE.

A large Stock of Cheap, Useful, and Sound Furniture, of the above make, on view at prices usually charged for ordinary Deal. Furniture for Bed, Dining, and Drawing Rooms, and every article for complete House Furnishing.

Carriage paid to any railway station. Samples at above rates post free.

William S. Burton begs to intimate that he Furnishes Houses of any size throughout, at a few days' notice, and that he will make Special Arrangements with reference to Credit, without in any way altering his system of Plain Figures and Fixed Prices, thus retaining to the purchaser all the advantages of prices arranged for Net Cash.

elled
DS,

able

vers
pair

d.
o
o
o
o
6
6
o
o
o
o
6
6
o

R,—
y-five
ated,
ed as
can it

dura-

ing's
or
hell.

s. d.
5 o
5 o
11 o
11 o
2 o
13 6
9 o
9 o
4 6
2 3
4 o
4 6
3 9
12 o
4 o

o 6

ns and
s.

ELECTRO

4 o
4 o
8 o
o o
6 o
8 o

MADE

ture, of
red for
s, and

t, at a
redit,
aining